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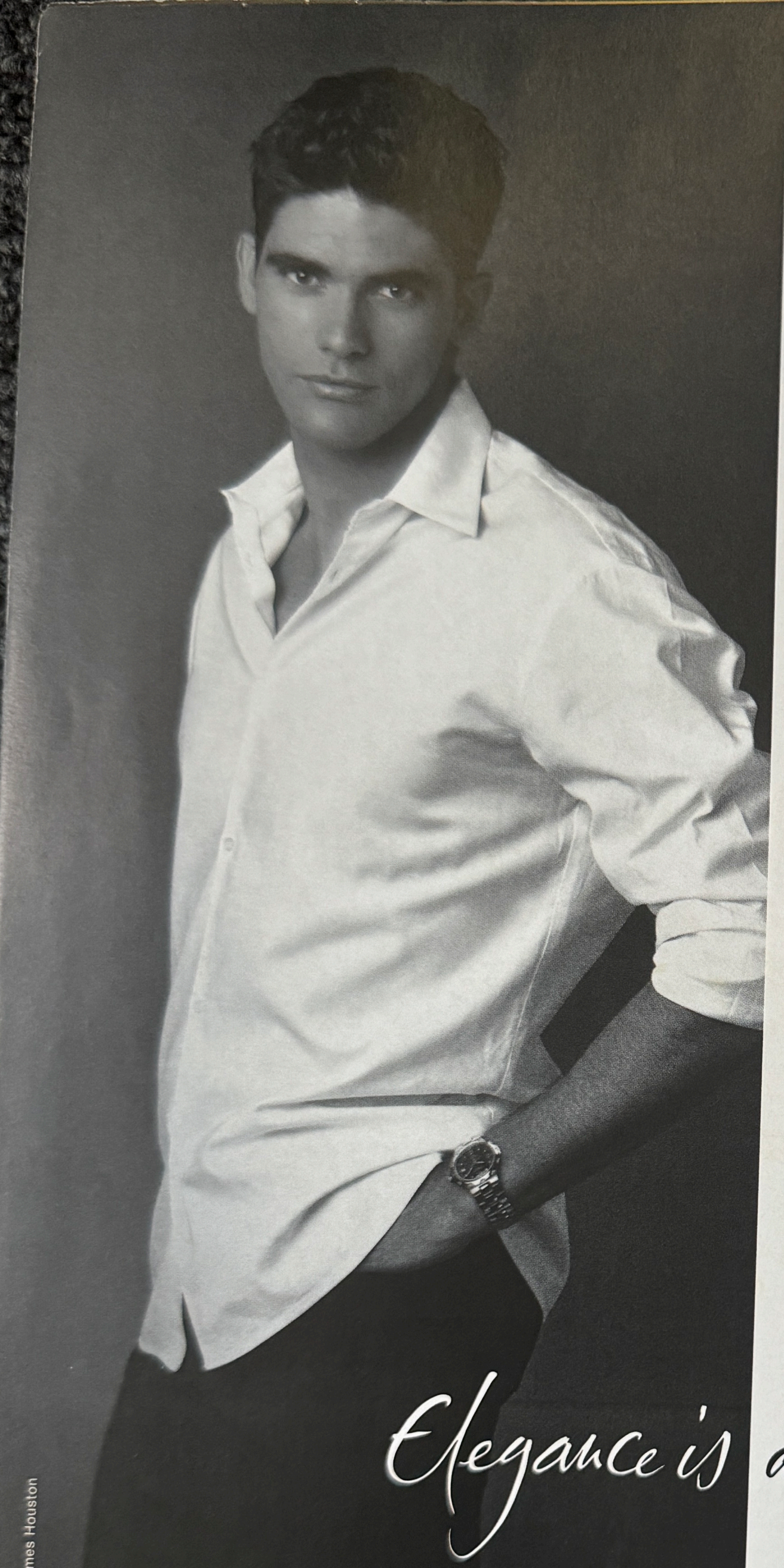
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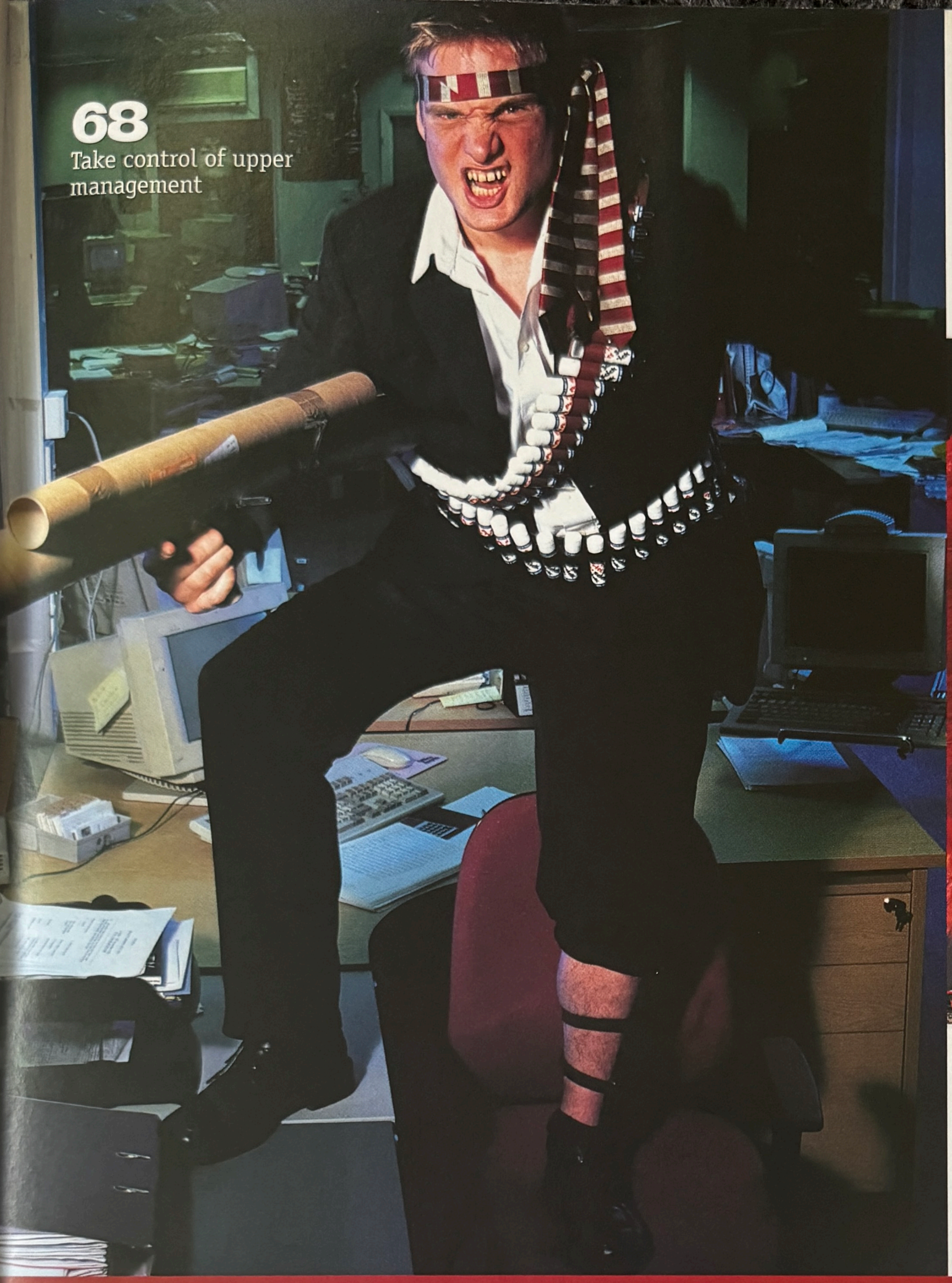
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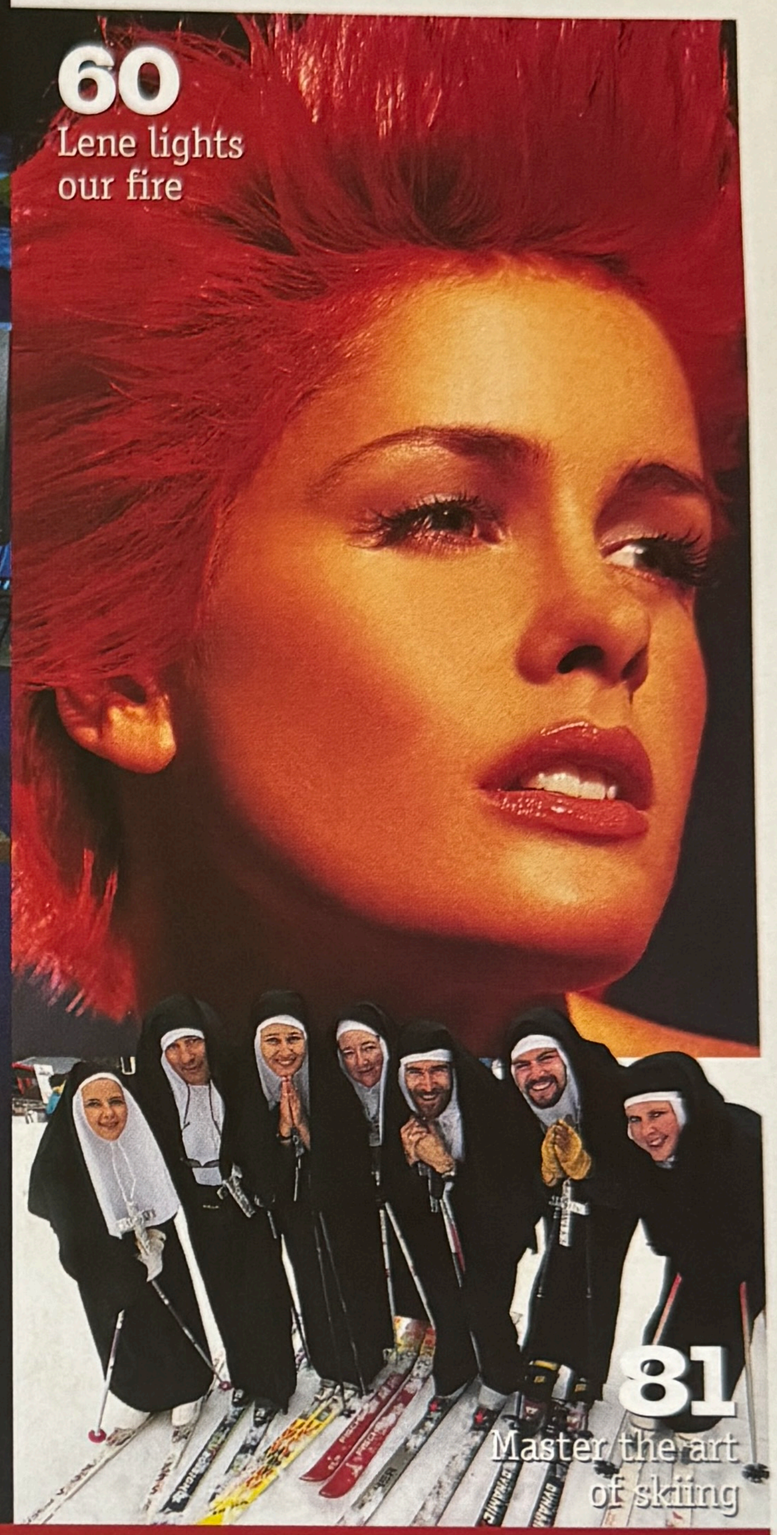
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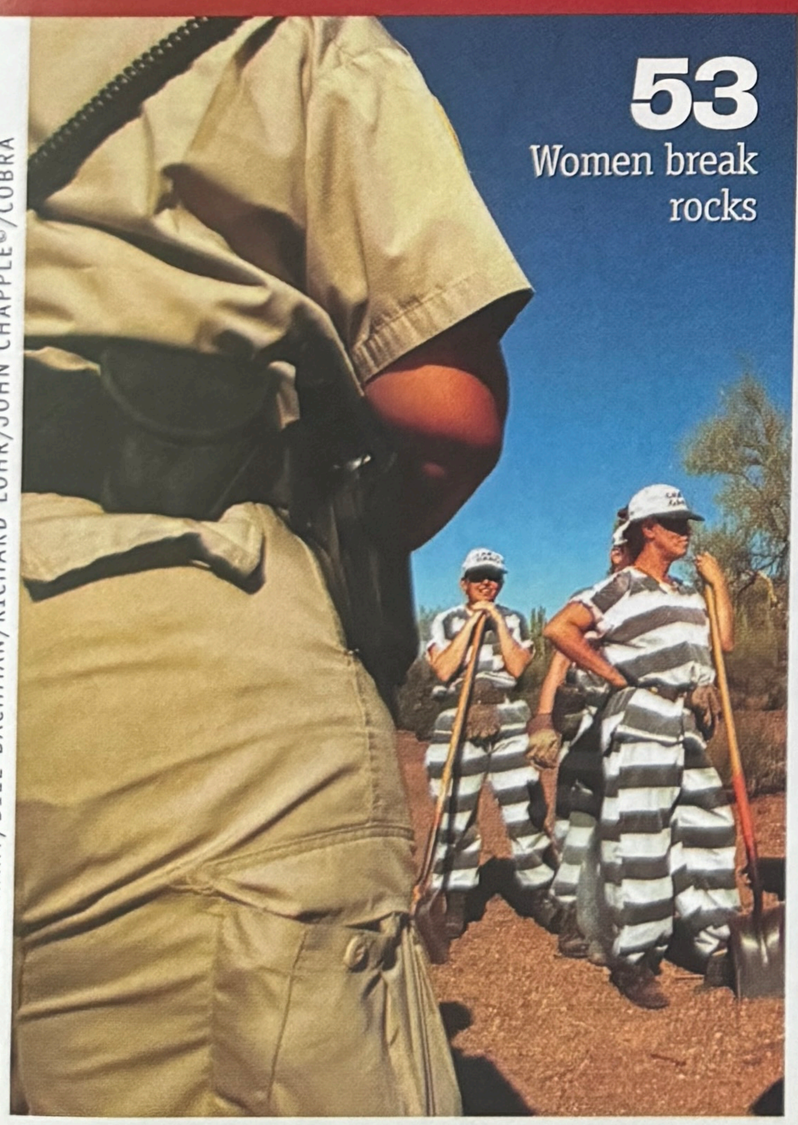
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FHM



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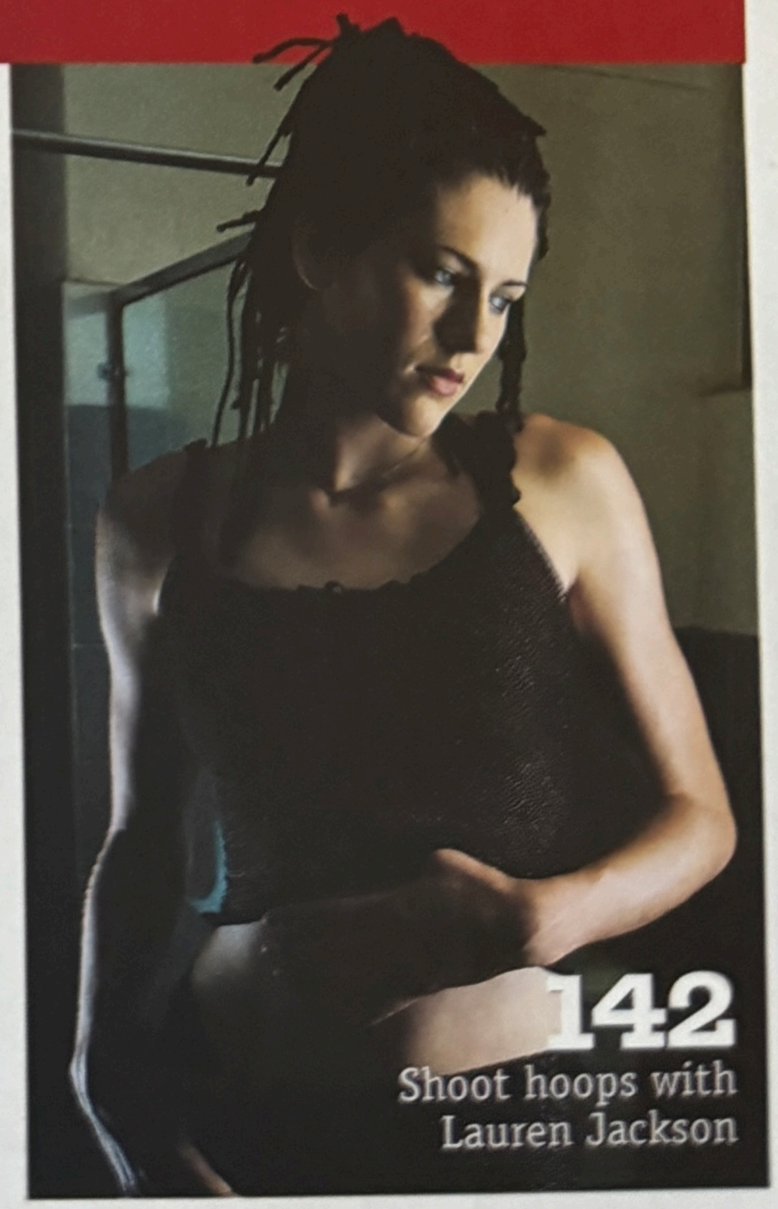
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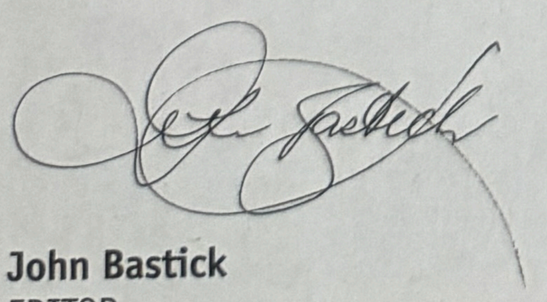
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EDITOR'S LETTER



Hi, my name's John and I like beer drinking, 19th-century cubist art, and raging. You've not seen me before because I'm new in the chair. But if there's one thing I actually *do* hate, it's having my photo taken. It's all a mental thing stemming back to an incident in '76 with a Westfield's Santa Claus. Then my mother stopped buying my school photos in Year 8, following my metamorphosis from cheeky adolescent to acne-riddled grease-ball with matching bumfluff moustache. My gawky head has not only managed to ruin innumerable school annuals, but a plethora of engagements, weddings, 21sts, and christenings as well. If you think this shot's bad, you should see the one on my licence. Last time I got pulled over, the police let me off in sympathy. Certainly, the picture above isn't the finest example of our work, yet here at *FHM* we could hardly be accused of lacklustre photos. In fact, it's quite the reverse with the stunning women who grace our pages – and no finer example than our knee-knockingly gorgeous cover girl, Holly Valance. Just like Holly and me, there's also a bit of you, the reader, in this month's issue. All the statistics from the sex book were gleaned from the survey featured a few issues back. A huge thanks to all respondents for giving us such a good laugh, you certainly are a perverted bunch who seem to be getting laid a lot, lot more than I am. In fact, *In Bed With FHM* is fast becoming the authoritative tome on shagging in the country. Last year's stats were used to persuade some prudish parliamentarians on the merits of porno videos. I'm not sure of the outcome, but be safe in the knowledge that you've done your bit to make the world that little bit happier. And for that, you're all an absolutely charming bunch.



John Bastick
EDITOR

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Special thanks this issue to Neil Ridgway

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In the event of a nuclear war – or historians simply forgetting to write things down – archaeologists of the future may be required to dig up our reading material to see what we were like. Finding a copy of *New Scientist*, for example, would suggest we were a scholarly race of intellectuals. God help us, however, if they found *FHM*'s Letters page: the only possible conclusion would be that pointless ranting, nitpicking, and men tirading against leering construction workers ruled at the start of the 21st century. And alcoholism, of course – the only incentive for writing in seemingly the six-pack of fine Tooheys Extra Dry in the offing. So contribute to history and write to: *FHM*, Letters, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Fax us on 02 9581 9560 or e-mail: fhmed@emap.com.au



Environmental vandals

I understand that a filming permit was issued to your magazine to carry out an assignment in the Pinnacle Desert of the Namburg National Park in Western Australia. The February 2000 edition of *FHM* features photos in its fashion section of a model climbing on the "Pinnacles". Unfortunately, this is a violation of permit conditions and ignores the verbal request of the ranger in charge of the photographer to refrain from such an exercise. As you will appreciate, the publishing of an inappropriate activity in such a popular magazine undermines the efforts we have made to educate the visiting public and to discourage such behaviour. An outcome such as this makes it difficult to be positive toward future requests to film.
J Sharp, Director of Parks, Department of Conservation and Land Management

Whoopsie! We apologise profusely and urge all readers not to climb on stuff. In fact, we urge readers to avoid the dangers of the outdoors altogether.

Talent finder

The popular press pooh-pooh *FHM* because it's "mindless garbage". Not so, I say *FHM* are the ground breakers and have their fingers on the pulse. Why? I took a look at the "Girlfriend Of The Month" from January 2000 and found, to my surprise, a member of the Popstars back before Channel Rex picked her from obscurity! Keep up the investigative work.
Hugh Webster, e-mail

Thanks, but don't be perturbed by what's in the popular press, rather, do as we do and read the unpopular press – it's far kinder.

Fan of the red and blue

You utter champs! Thanks a million for that shot of Aqua's Lene in your May issue. She's a real stunner, so can't we see more than just the one picture?
Adsey, Woy Woy, NSW



Turn to page 60, my astute judge.

Thumbs up

I'll start by saying what a brilliant publication! Two huge thumbs up to the boys and girls at *FHM*. Just writing to congratulate you on your May edition. Usually I take a peep before I buy, but not this month. I think I speak on behalf of all *FHM* readers when I say that she is the ultimate! I am talking about Catherine Bell. I have always preferred brunettes to blondes but now there is no question about it. I have never been a fan of *JAG*, but now there is a reason to watch the show – a show that should simply be called *Catherine*. She is by far the best looking female on the planet. Keep up the sharp work, people.
Kade Taylor, Melbourne

Bass conundrum

Being both an avid reader and a perfectionist, it bought me to tears to see a mistake in the interview with Nirvana's drummer Dave Grohl in your April issue. Accompanying the picture of Mr Grohl is the caption stating "Ma and Pa Novoselic still enjoyed Junior's Christmas Pageant". As most people with half the IQ of an eggplant would realise, the Novolesic you are referring to is in fact the bassist from the now defunct band, yet it is a picture and an article about Dave Grohl. Unless I have missed the joke here (if I have, your joke writer should be castrated for such a poor attempt), I await your sincere apologies. If you don't think I deserve a sorry, please can I have Holly Brisley's phone number?
Oliver Banks, Karrinyup, Perth

Look, Shane, FHM always gets the name right, so there's no apologies for you – nor do you get Kylie's phone number, either. It was a joke! You Nirvana fans can be so pent up sometimes.

Show us your shits

I'd just like to say that I sympathise with April's Girlfriend Of The Month, Vanya Tuarau, concerning her unfortunate occurrences with construction workers. I'm not knocking each and every individual, but the majority of the workers I've seen act like dickheads every time an even moderately attractive women wanders past. I'm 18 and have a girlfriend whom I obviously find attractive and in the many times we've walked past a group of the – in most cases – beer-gutted yobbos, they stare. I mean, fine, we all sometimes glance at an attractive woman, but bloody hell, have you ever heard of discretion? Next time keep your fucked-up comments to yourselves and quit giving the rest of us guys a bad image, you stupid, sex-deprived wankers.
Simmo, Brisbane, QLD

With an access to nail guns and concrete, let's just hope they're not reading, eh?

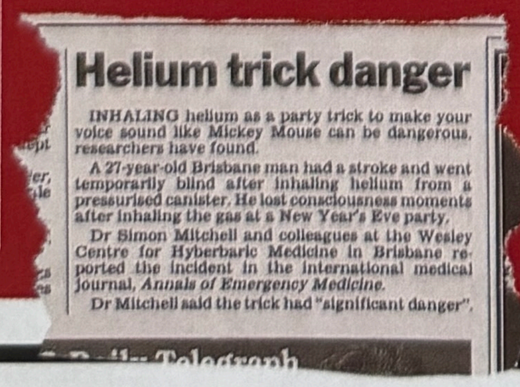
WHAT'S WRONG WITH *FHM*?



Bloody hell! We check and we double-check but you lot still find mistakes. Well, we're halving the beer rations until we get it right. Send your gripes to "What's Wrong With *FHM*?" and pick up some beer if you're correct...

■ A complaint from the casualty ward

In April's The Burning Questions 2: The Short Ones you said that inhaling helium is not dangerous. Please find enclosed an article from Sydney's *The Daily Telegraph* of the 22nd of March, reporting that inhaling helium made a Brisbane man have a stroke and go temporarily blind. Check your facts.
Bobby Yazdani, Pennant Hills, NSW



Helium trick danger

INHALING helium as a party trick to make your voice sound like Mickey Mouse can be dangerous, researchers have found.

A 27-year-old Brisbane man had a stroke and went temporarily blind after inhaling helium from a pressurised canister. He lost consciousness moments after inhaling the gas at a New Year's Eve party.

Dr Simon Mitchell and colleagues at the Wesley Centre for Hyberbaric Medicine in Brisbane reported the incident in the international medical journal, *Annals of Emergency Medicine*.

Dr Mitchell said the trick had "significant danger".

■ Cheese misnomer

In the recipe section of last month's issue, you have circled the parmesan cheese and labelled it "The Magic Ingredient: RICOTTA". Simpletons!
Bruno, Moonee Ponds, VIC

■ Leg pulling

I enjoyed "Gives 'im the big don't argue" in your April issue, but I must point out that you have mistakenly called the adductor longus muscle the "adductor *lingus*". A common typo, or something more Freudian, I wonder...
Ian Butterworth, BSc (Sports Science), e-mail

IDIOT OF THE MONTH

On page 114 of your May issue there is a picture of French beauty Liisa Halme. Following the caption's instructions – "Turn her upside down and the lady pen would reveal all" – I turned the picture and it appears that under Liisa's elbow is the outline of a breast that would be expected on a mother of three at 80. My mate says it's definitely a breast.
Jerry Fempton, Adelaide, SA
What an obedient fellow you are, Jerry. The captions are meant to amuse, not to be followed to the letter. Dunce.

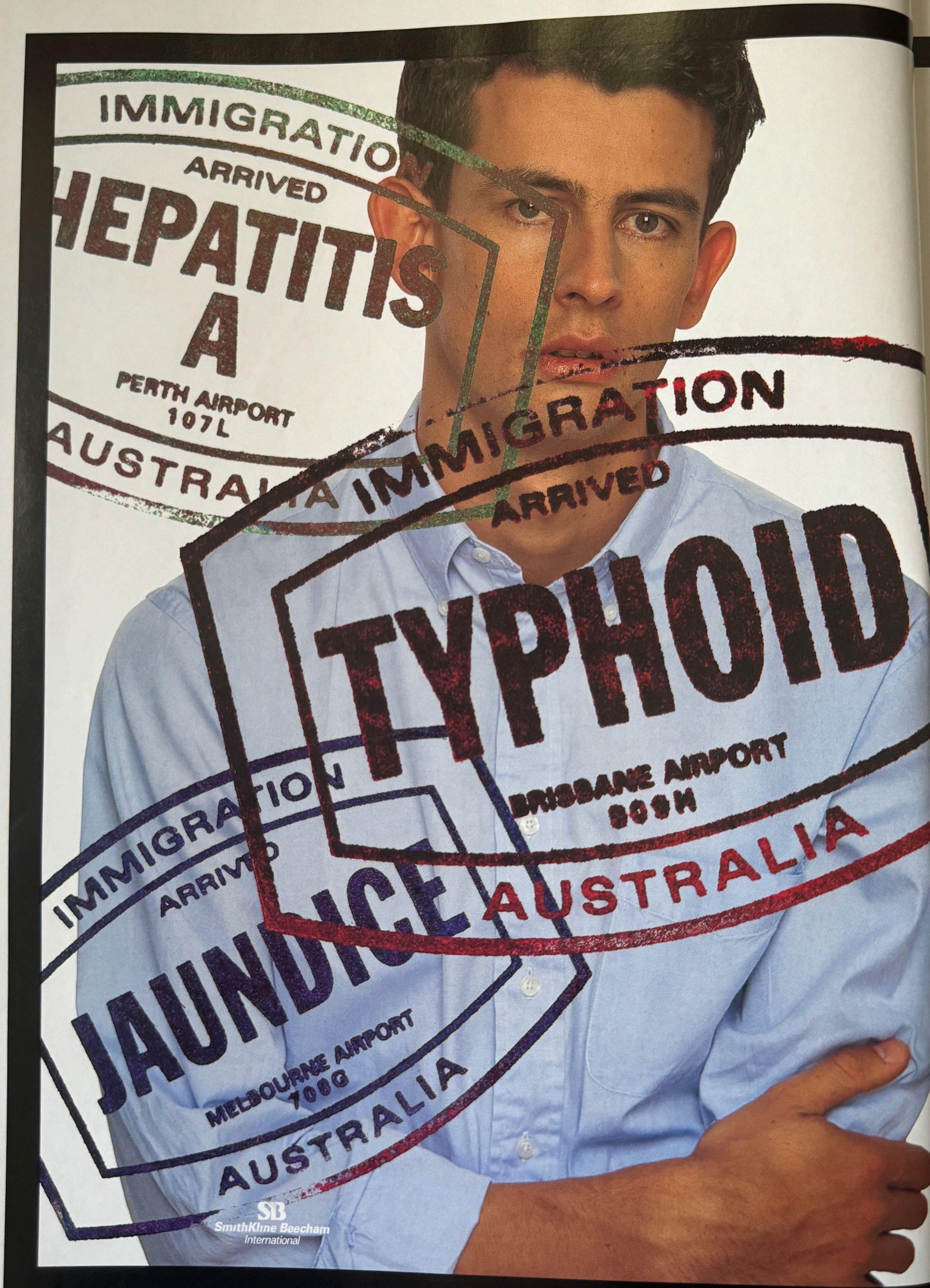
■ Pedal-pusher

In March's Big Eye on the World your caption says, "Tyler-Smith was out for the aerodynamic edge on nemesis Watt". I hate to tell you, but the cyclist in question's name is actually Tyler-Sharman.
T White, Gilberton, SA

MAD SCIENCE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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SB134/FHM The Edge

SCHOOL'S OUT

NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL BRITTANY DANIEL HAS GRADUATED FROM *SWEET VALLEY HIGH* TO LIGHTEN UP *DAWSON'S CREEK*

PHOTOGRAPHY: CARLO DALLA CHIESA

Thanks to the upsurge of crap music in the '90s, Saturday morning television is in nowhere near as good shape as it was in the '80s, when entertainment for the under-15s consisted of *Rage* until midday, *Land Of The Giants*, and *Ren & Stimpy*. Thankfully, one weekend gift to the kids of today is American teen series *Sweet Valley High* – in which a pair of identical twin sisters get to look sexy (and far too old for high school) every week.

But as anyone who remembers *Monkey* will tell you, all good kids' shows come to an end – which is why one of the sisters, actress Brittany Daniel, recently made her debut in Channel 10's teen drama *Dawson's Creek*. Brittany plays the saucy and mysterious Eve, whose debut was marked by a scene in which she goes down on a bloke at the steering wheel of a boat. Next thing, they hit a dock at ramming speed...

"Eve's a confusing girl," Brittany tells *FHM*. "At first she tells everyone she was a stripper, but in the next episode we find out she made it all up."

Brittany is no stranger to less-than-angelic characters: in *Sweet Valley High* she played the more feisty and manipulative of the sisters, while in the 1995 film *The Basketball Diaries*, as Blinkie, she supplied Leonardo DiCaprio's character with cocaine, sending him on a downward spiral that nearly cost him his life. So does she have an evil side?

"Not really," she smiles, "but I just shot this movie, *Sonic Blast*, with Ice T, and he says I've got the perfect little innocent face to hustle people."

It's hard to imagine how Brittany – who describes herself as a "small-town girl" – got along with Ice T. And her mother was more than a little concerned when she came face-to-face with the gangsta rapper, as well...

"She was worried about us meeting, but Ice was respectful," Brittany says. "He's so cool, and he's, like, *the* biggest player. I heard he owns his own plane. I didn't see it, but he drove some nice cars to the set. And he's my buddy now." **(JB)**

***Dawson's Creek* is currently screening on Channel 10, Thursdays at 8.30pm.**

The wily llama eluded the diving tackle

FHM PROMOTION

THE SMALL BATCH BOURBON COLLECTION
LEGEND NO 1 – BASIL HAYDEN AND THE SETTLERS

THE DAY FIREWATER BIT THE DUST



In 1896, the state of Kentucky was but four years old. George Washington was president. America was being opened up to waves of new settlers. When these settlers were done fighting, building, tilling, ploughing, hunting, hoeing and even killing, they'd be drinking. Most of them drank firewater. That is, everyone except Basil Hayden and his kin. Basil happened upon a recipe that relied on corn, not rye. He liked what he found, and soon word spread from the wild woods and beyond to finer houses. Society ladies, painters, professors, tobacco barons and their ilk took to the Hayden's and today it is still the choice of the chosen. As they used to say: "Why bust your britches all day to come home and guzzle some hooch that bites your belly like a rattlesnake?"

"Why bust your britches all day to come home and guzzle some hooch that bites your belly like a rattlesnake?"



Kentucky was still a wilderness when the first whiskey was made there over 200 years ago, when just about every new settler cooked up a batch. Most of it was as wild and untamed as the countryside it was produced in. Through time, a small handful of master distillers gained a reputation for producing whiskey of exceptional smoothness, balance and quality. Now the rarest four of these authentic American whiskeys have been released as a special collection under the banner of the Small Batch Bourbon Collection by the James B. Beam Distilling Company.



Born in 1896, the original recipe for Basil Hayden's Kentucky Straight Bourbon is aged for eight years, bottled at 40% abv., then charcoal and chill-filtered. This is a light-bodied bourbon beloved by fans of Scotch. As a bourbon it pays homage to a complex history and as a modern aperitif it tastes fine in the present. Damn fine.

Reporter

"Ice T says I have the perfect little innocent face for hustling..."

Gran's drawstring made for a fashionable boob tube

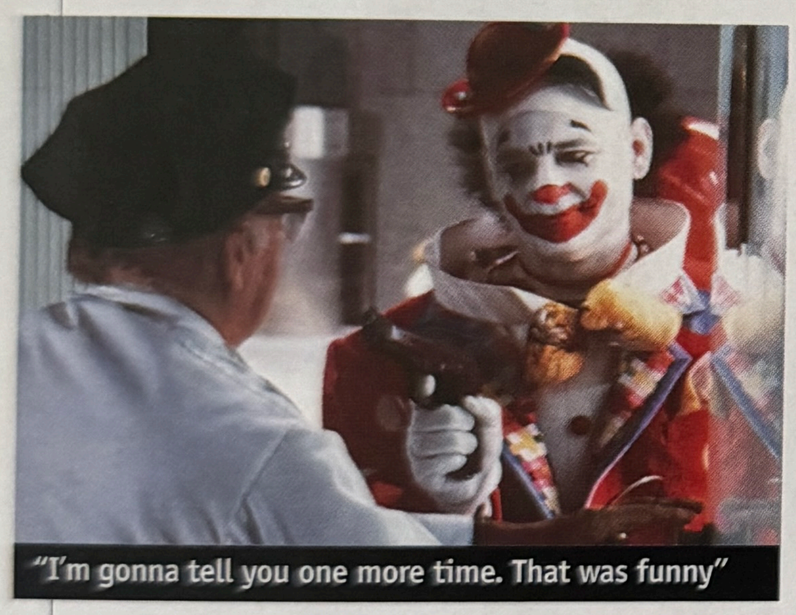
THREATS

"Well, it looked like a gun..."

It is the foolish man who holds up the local post office with something as dangerous as a loaded .45. The safety-conscious felon is far more imaginative...

■ In December 1999, reptile enthusiast Lyle Burpo burst into a corner shop in Oklahoma City, US, brandishing a snake. Burpo terrified the shop assistant, claiming it was a highly-venomous rattler, before fleeing with $US40 and a packet of fags. When the police tracked down the fugitive with dogs, they found Burpo's "weapon" to be a small, harmless, python. Burpo was jailed and his reptilian accomplice placed in the city animal shelter.

■ **In December 1999, a Sussex, UK, man was brought before the court for robbery – armed with a banana. Howard Allen, 39, wrapped the tasty fruit in a plastic bag before going on a rampage. After his arrest, recidivist Allen was given a life sentence under Britain's harsh, Northern Terrotory–like "three strikes and out" rule.**



"I'm gonna tell you one more time. That was funny"

■ A man was arrested on April 24, 1997, in Toronto, Canada, for trying to extort money... with a goose. Peter Lerat, 33, walked into a donut shop carrying a goose and threatened to wring his feathery friend's neck unless he was given money. Lerat attempted a similar trick three weeks later, this time holding up Toronto pedestrians with a raccoon. Using similar tactics, Lerat demanded $CAN50 to prevent him from braining the hapless creature with a rock.

■ **David Earl Oxendine, of Lumberton, North Carolina, was arrested in May 1999 after he and a pal tried to rob a petrol station with a cup of coffee. When the cashier resisted, one of the men threw the hot drink over the cashier and tried to raid the till. The pair fled empty-handed, but Oxendine was nabbed after a two-hour stake-out at a local swamp.** (GR)

KIDDING

Fake guards fox baddies

In South America, dim-witted crims are being bamboozled by plastic security guards

With his gimpy leg, useless aim, and an unwavering eye on his imminent pension, the average security guard is at his most effective when he's telling off pre-pubescent teens for riding skateboards in the car park. Once the real action starts, however, he's off – cacking himself in the janitor's cupboard and whispering into his walkie-talkie until the police arrive.

Yet often the simple fact that he's *there* will keep the crims at bay, which is why scientists in South America have developed a new kind of security guard – a fibreglass one. A guard who doesn't take tea-breaks, never pulls a sickie, and can be trusted not

The guards have hollow heads for surveillance cameras



SUCKAGE

God's sweet treats

Testamints – sugar-free mints bearing the Lord's message – are soothing the souls of about three million Americans each year. With a cross embossed on each mint and a verse of scripture printed on the side of the packets, the mint has taken the States by storm. "We started out in Christian book stores," says the mints' inventor, Mark Bontempo, from New Jersey. "And it's now, praise God, the number one seller in Christian stores." With over 80 verses to collect, the mints, which come in three flavours, are now being sold in Christian donut shops, supermarkets, and even on TV. "It's a blast," says Bontempo. "They're a neat way to share our faith without being obnoxious." (TH)

To contact Testamints, phone: 0011 1 888 879 0400.



"Poo, my breath's rotten after all that goat's blood"

STORAGE

Rubbery help for ladies

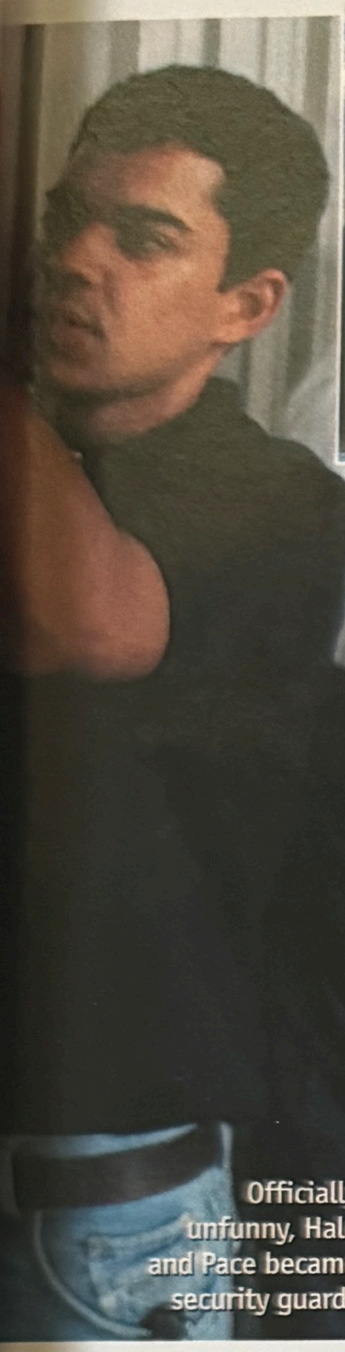
Tree-hugging women rejoice! You can stem the red tide *and* save the planet...

It's little surprise that menstruation, with its cramps, mood swings, and general discomfort, used to be called "the curse of Eve", and blamed for everything from breaking-up marriages to curdling milk. But even in these enlightened times, the curse lives on, with bushy-faced environmental doom-mongers citing women's "getting the painters in" as an eco-nightmare.

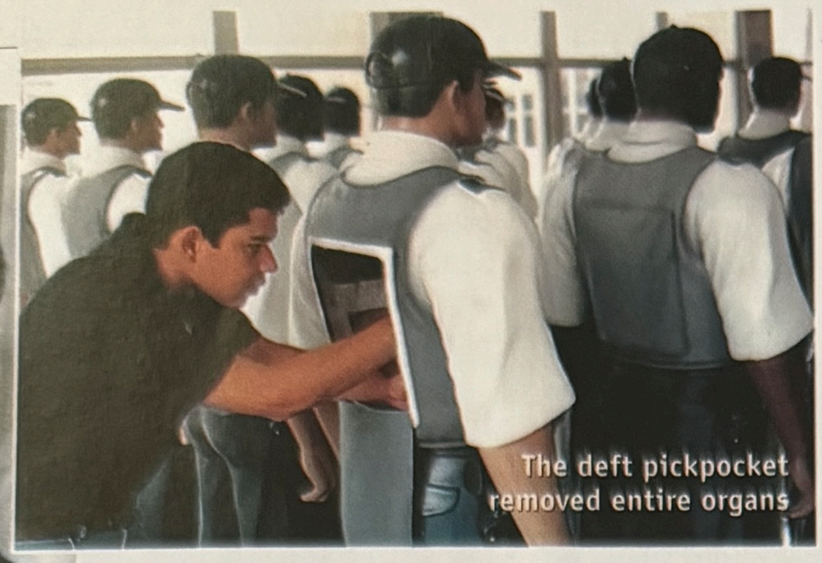
Tampons are to blame, as the average woman will get through 10,000 in her lifetime – most of which get flushed down the toilet.

"This is permanent planetary waste," says Irena Rodziewicz, who sells an alternative to the tried-and-tested tampon. "And women aren't encouraged to think about where all that soiled sanitary waste goes to. When you see it on television ads, it's just nice, clean blue liquid."

Rodziewicz's company, Menses, says the



Officially unfunny, Hale and Pace became security guards



The deft pickpocket removed entire organs

to read the files in everyone's office. In Rio de Janeiro, where the murder rate is six times that of New York, local firm Tradicom has sold hundreds of the plastic patrolmen at $900 a pop. The guards have hollow heads so that surveillance cameras can be secreted inside, and there's also the option of having the things "speak" a useful phrase of your choice: "You are trespassing!", "Put down your weapon," or perhaps the super-threatening, "You can't park there, mate, sorry."

There are two models to choose from: Factory Guard (complete with bulletproof vest), or the more casual City Guard, whom you might find hanging around the lobby of an office block. Buyers are encouraged to "customise" their inanimate friends, to add authenticity. Company T-shirts and sunglasses are good, though beer bellies, a packet of fags, and a copy of *Picture* mag in the back pocket are probably better. **(MP)**



Not even the giant plunger could clear the sister's pipes

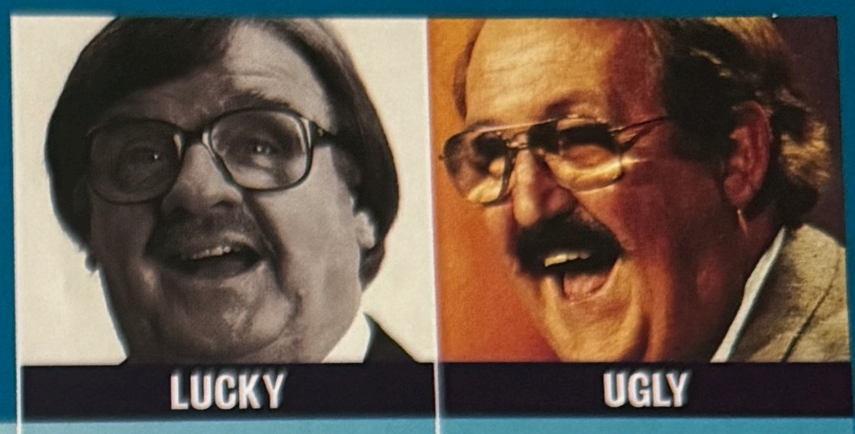
environmentally-friendly choice is called The Keeper, a rubber cup that they sell for $US40 and which lasts a decade. The beauty of The Keeper is that you only have to buy one. The down side is that you have to wash it.

"It's not a new idea," says Rodziewicz. "In the '30s, athletes would use some sort of cup to collect their menstrual fluids." As well as filling with her womb lining, The Keeper could swell your lady's purse, as well. She could save about $90 a year – roughly the price of that new shirt she doesn't yet know she wants to buy you. **(HW)**

HAVE-A-GO

Bloke test

The king of cocktail comedy "Ugly" Dave Gray takes on Lucky Grills, king of the classic Aussie cop show *Bluey*



	LUCKY	UGLY
Have you ever been rude to a policeman?	Yes, but not intentionally. I put my hand out to turn and ruptured the traffic cop on duty. **1**	No, but lots are rude to me. One guy said, "You really are an ugly bastard, ain't you." **0**
Could you make a living out of busking?	Yes, I'm sure I could if I had to. Plus the hours are flexible. **1**	My next-door neighbour has thrown me 20 cents and asked me to go sing somewhere else. **0**
Have you ever spent more than $100 on a single round?	Never. When I was a teenager, I threw up on my mother's rug and had to pay for another one. **0**	No, I always drink warm milk and brandy so every time it's my turn to shout, I'm fast asleep. **0**
Have you ever urinated in a public place?	Yes, and I was fined. But the wind was blowing towards us so I did get my own back... **1**	Yes, I have, that's why the copper was rude to me. See question one. **1**
Have you ever taken anything out of a bin?	I once tried to rescue a street girl from a Salvos clothing bin. I spent all day helping her out... **1**	My wife fell into the bin and our Chinese neighbour said, "Lady good for another 10 years..." **0**
Have you ever thrown a punch at a celebrity?	Yes, in *Bluey*, any fights staged on the show, I always won. After all, it was my show. **1**	I can't fight and I can't run fast, so I have to be nice to everybody. **0**
Have you ever nodded off in a restaurant?	Yes. Before I discovered I suffered from sleep apnoea, I would fall asleep anywhere. **1**	Yes, because the conversation was so boring. It's the last time my wife and I are dining alone. **1**
Ever been outnumbered in a bar fight and won?	Yes. Paris, 1977. Me and two friends had a heavy altercation over the size of the bill. **1**	I once beat two guys in a bar with my club – there are 50 of us in the club. **0**
Have you ever had a life-threatening car accident?	No, but I have had a life-threatening car. One of the wheels fell off once as I drove up a hill. **0**	Yes. I swerved to avoid a tractor and ended up in a paddock after rolling over three times. **1**
Have you ever been drunk for more than 24 hours?	Yes. I've been pissed since 1948. **1**	Not as I recall. **0**
Final Score	**A manly eight points for Lucky. Catch him on *The Late Show*, FOX Comedy Channel.**	**A disappointing three points for Dave. See him strut his stuff on *Blankety Blanks*, FOX TV1.**

HEADPRESS/EVERETT COLLECTION/AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATED PRESS/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE



On the Styx dock, the mummies knocked back a heart-starter

LET-DOWNS

"Shandy then, please"

We moan about the surly bar staff, rising beer prices, and irritating poker machines of our local pubs, but compared with these guys, we've got it easy...

In Australia, the worst thing drinkers have to grumble about is the tootling pokies in the corner, or the fact that there's too much head on their beer. But this fair land is a tippler's paradise compared with the miserable lot of some of our foreign friends...

Saudi Arabia

Sweaty men in white robes, the odd goat and a mustachioed mental case running neighbouring Iraq – all these elements combine to make Saudi a place where you seriously need a beer. And yet during the '80s, the rule was simple: have a drink, receive a public flogging. Highlights of the era included UK aircraft technician Douglas Barnes, and his pal known only as "Peter", who were sentenced to 600 lashes and four years in prison after being caught with 720 cases of Scotch; and 25 Canadian flight attendants, who were deported after daring to drink at a party.

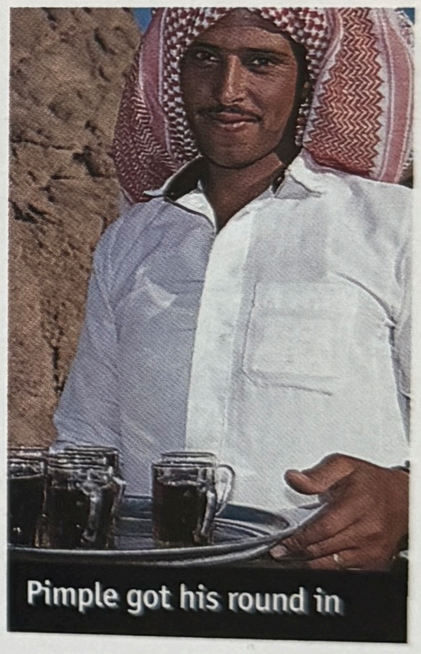
Malaysia

In 1987, the Islamic authorities in five separate Malaysian states went to the supreme court, requesting the power to deliver a sound beating to anyone they found guilty of drinking. They were spurred on by the Kelantan State Religious Court who had sentenced a man to six lashes for the heinous crime of drinking three bottles of stout in public.

Manipur, India

There's nothing in the law books to say that you can't enjoy a drink, but in 1993 there was a good chance that if you stepped out onto the street smelling of the devil's drink, lunatic local women armed with flaming torches would materialise from the darkness and chase you down the road, shouting, "You have been drinking!" Getting caught meant a small fine, followed by a humiliating drag through town while anti-boozers hollered, "We have caught the drunk!"

Russia



Pimple got his round in

All connoisseurs like to think that one day they will visit the birthplace of their favourite tipple – a trip to the Deep South of America for the bourbon fanatic, or a walk across the highlands for the lover of Scotch – but few would revel in the opportunity to spend much time mixing it

RUCKING

"Oi, Jacob outside!"

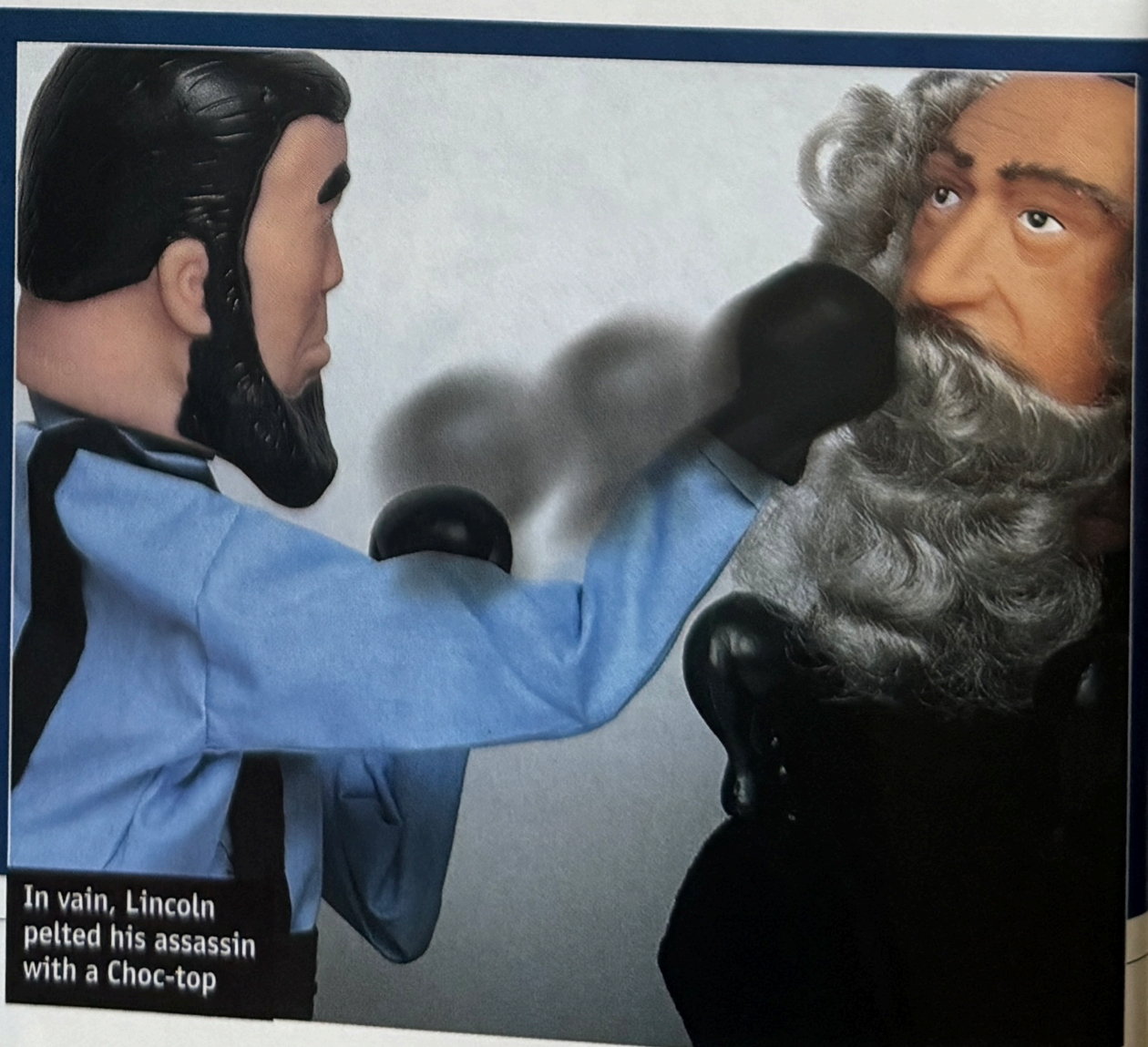
Only puppets allow the normally peaceful Amish to give it to the rabbi

Thanks to a pair of 30cm plastic puppets, Jewish kids now can go a round of biffo with their rabbi. David Wahl, of Seattle-based toy makers Archie McPhee and Company, says the toys came about because, "There aren't many Jewish products with a sense of humour."

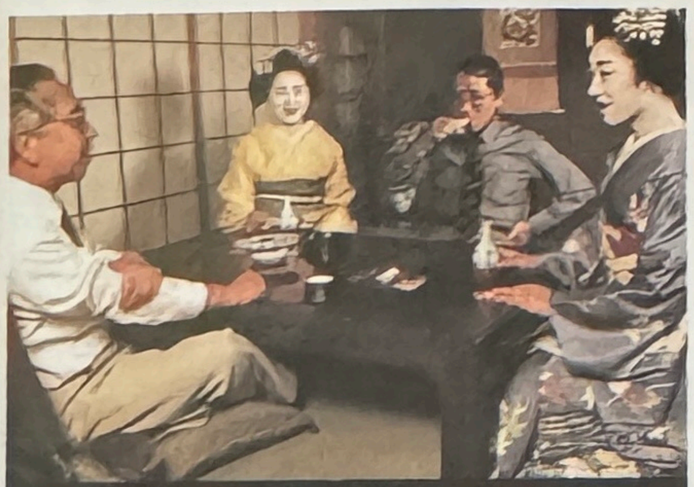
What's been the response from Jewish people?

We've had a few people say it's not respectful, but we've had lots of rabbis ordering them. We haven't had an Amish person order the Amish puppet yet, though.

The Amish guy looks very realistic. Did you spend hours watching *Witness* to get it right?



In vain, Lincoln pelted his assassin with a Choc-top



Over tea, the necrophiles introduced their wives

with Russia's hardened vodka drinkers. Distilled from potatoes, the "best chilled" drink has killed more than 67,000 Russkis in the past two years.

Haryana, India

In 1996, the government decided that the only way to curb the number of reported wife-beatings in Haryana was to outlaw booze for 21 months. Right from the start, things didn't go to plan. The local – if pessimistically-named – Fireball entertainment complex, normally crammed with up to 700 people, saw audiences dwindle to single figures, and the entire region went bankrupt due to the lack of income from alcohol tax. Amazingly, the biggest boot-legging ring was run by the police, who – understandably – could get you whatever grog you fancied for a not-so-insignificant 100 per cent mark-up. There was no let-up in wife-beating, however, so the taps simply went back on.

Poland, when the Pope visits

When the Pope decided it was time to kiss some Polish tarmac in June 1983, the authorities panicked, and – in a strange attempt to give off a godly air – banned the sale of alcohol in all restaurants, bars, and off-licences for the entire week that the Lord's diminutive right-hand man was there. **(RB)**

We've got a couple of people in the company from Amish country in Pennsylvania, so they gave a lot of input. Any other battling religious types in the pipeline?
Well, we're thinking of doing a Hindu puppet with six punching arms. If we can figure out how the mechanism works.
And a punching Buddha?
I'm all for it, but a lot of our products are made in Asia and we don't want to make fun of their culture.
Has anyone been rushed to the ER with a puppet's fist stuck up their arse?
If it has happened then we haven't heard about it. I guess the embarrassment would be too much for anybody. **(TH)**

To order a punching puppet, visit www.mcphee.com



Wuornos: catty

QUEUES

Evil chicks face death

Violent babes on America's death row put their male counterparts to shame

With their 10-metre limos and keeness to flatten any country threatening their oil supply, the Yanks are obsessed with making the rest of the world look puny by comparison. Accordingly, the US is also home to some of the world's most violent women – 48 of whom are currently awaiting execution on death row. These five babes are among the worst...



Copeland: craggy

Faye Copeland At 67, Copeland is death row's oldest killin' machine. Convicted with her cattle-rustling husband, Ray, of slaying five drifters they hired to work on their farm between 1986 and 1989, she admitted the killings after investigators found her notebook with each of the victims' names followed by an "X". **LaFonda Fay Foster** During a cocaine and booze bender in April 1986, 23-year-old Foster shot and stabbed five victims, running several of them over in her car and setting fire to two. Struck by the munchies, she and an accomplice stopped to order chicken before dumping the corpses. Sadly for Foster, she failed to notice one of the bodies was caught in the wheels of her car. A sharp-eyed cop spotted the corpse-auto combo and arrested the pair.

Aileen Carol Wuornos Branded "The Most Dangerous Woman in the USA", Wuornos achieved infamy by killing 51-year-old Clearwater repair shop owner Richard Mallory, in January 1992. Mallory thought he was trading money for a quickie, but got more than he bargained for, as did Wuornos's three other victims. "Lee", as she likes to be known, made a somewhat flimsy claim that each of the murders was self-defence.



Pike: spotty

Brittany Marlowe Holberg Holberg, 23, was given the coveted "Public Enemy Number One" tag on *America's Most Wanted* in November 1996, after she murdered an 80-year-old Amarillo gentleman by ramming a lamp pole down his scrawny throat. **Christa Gail Pike** Using a pair of cutters and assorted rocks, Pike tortured and murdered a 19-year-old girl on the State University campus in Knoxville during January 1995. She confessed to the killing, but denied keeping bits of her victim's skull because, she said, that would be "disgusting". Christa, now 22, is the youngest of our death row dollies. **(AH)**

Taken from the ninth edition of the book Death Row, edited by Bonnie Bobit. To order, visit the Death Row website at www.deathrowbook.com

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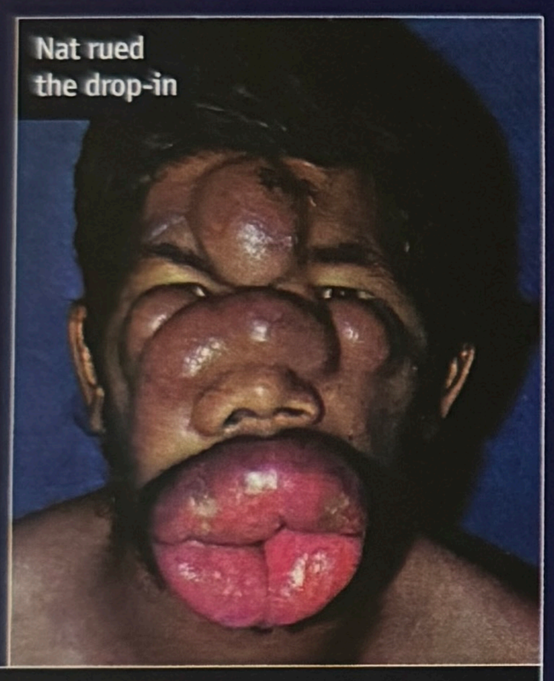
For those of you who have trouble committing

VMOAX

ED HALLIWELL'S BIG EYE ON THE WORLD



■ A 25-year-old Turkish man has been flattened by a refrigerator thrown off a roof by his brother. Yilmaz Basak, 37, had enlisted Turan Basak to help him move some of his possessions off the roof of his house in the town of Izmir, so he could sell them. The plan was for Yilmaz to stand on the roof and hurl the gear, piece by piece, down to Turan. This worked well until big brother lobbed the 80 kilo fridge towards the ground. Clearly having inherited the same brain genes as his sibling, the little brother tried to catch it. He was hospitalised, but survived.



Nat rued the drop-in

■ This grotesque misfit is LK Bhutani, a butcher from Lahore, Pakistan. The unfortunate Bhutani suffers from an extreme case of subcutaneous psycomycosis, a fungal infection, which produces spontaneous facial growths. His rare condition – which makes eating nearly impossible – is inoperable.

■ A tribe of monkeys went on the rampage in drought-hit Kenya last month, stoning an animal herdsman to death. According to the *East African Standard* newspaper, the simians carried out the attack because they were thirsty and they saw the man giving water to his livestock.

■ Mississippi state senator Tom King has introduced a bill which would make it illegal for men to have erections in public, even when covered by clothing. The "trouser-tent" law is intended to clamp down on patrons of strip clubs and would outlaw "the showing of covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state". Men who find themselves with boners in public places could face a $2,000 fine or a year in the slammer.

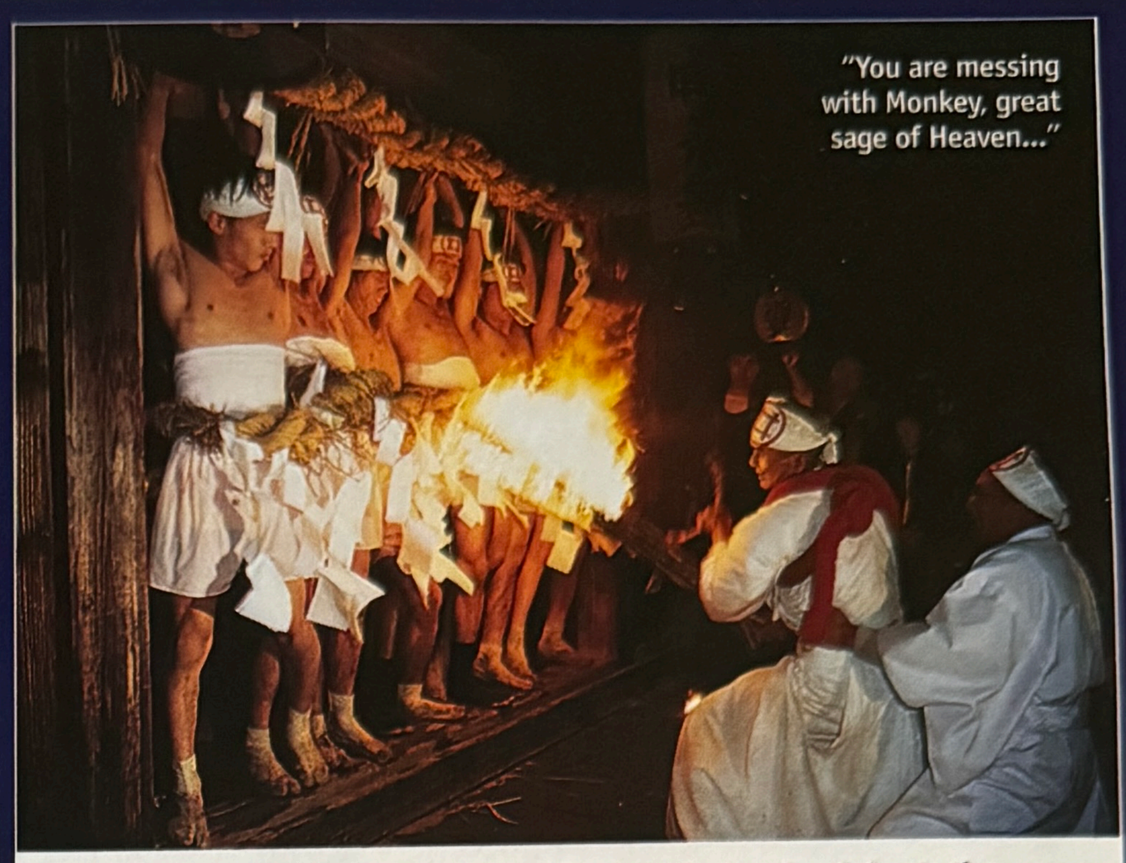
■ The fall-out from the non-existent millennium bug continues. The *Rasmei Kampuchea* newspaper reports that two Cambodian men slaughtered each other while scrapping about whether the bug was fatal unless people ate cake. The fight started when 72-year-old Kao Ly refused to believe Tan Sokha's claim that people would die if they did not eat a cake made up of custard, rice and lard.

■ A pissed-up Dane triggered a full-scale sea rescue attempt after trying to spice up his bathtub games. The 52-year-old was playing with toy battleships while having a soak and got carried away, sending a series of mayday alarms claiming to be the captain of a 12-man ship in distress. Rescuers spent an hour-and-a-half scouring the co-ordinates given by the man before realising the calls were hoax.

■ Student Robert Ricketts, 19, suffered serious head injuries when he was struck by a train in Bowling Green, Ohio. He later told investigating police that he had been trying to see how close to a moving train he could put his head without getting hit.

■ A man who severed his own right hand lost his lawsuit against the hospital where he was treated. Thomas Passmore, 33, cut off the hand with a saw after he thought he saw the figures "666" written on it. Convinced it was possessed by the devil, Passmore remembered the biblical exhortation, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." At the hospital he asked doctors not to reattach the offensive appendage but later decided to sue the hospital for agreeing to his request.

■ Afghanistan's fundamentalist Muslim regime has ordered that all images of people and animals – including toys – be destroyed because they are un-Islamic.



"You are messing with Monkey, great sage of Heaven..."

It's not just Japanese television that's pointlessly violent: the excruciating ritual being practised here is part of a Japanese harvest festival. Celebrations begin with purification by sacred fire, which involves torching the nuts off a line of screaming young men. This apparently improves the chances of a decent rice crop, but certainly lowers the chances of any villagers stupid enough to take part passing their bone-headed genes to future generations.

GIBBERISH

LOCKLEAR LOVE JUICE, JUST $7.99

If you believe the cyber-geek brigade, within 10 years the Internet will be able to mow the lawn, give you a hand job, get the perfect BBQ going, and resolve the tensions between those hot-tempered Arabs and Israelis. At the moment, though, all it's really good for is downloading porn at the rate of one blurry breast per hour and shopping – if you like taking chances with your credit card details. In the latter category, the biggest on-line store is eBay. Among the autographed pictures of Jennifer Love Hewitt and *Doogie Howser* collector cards being sold on the auction site, there are some truly bizarre items on offer. For $US2.5 million, you can pick yourself up a fully-functioning human kidney, as long as you're also willing to cover the tab for surgery. Item #248619068 is "The Meaning of Life". Asking price – $US3. That's a bit steep just to be told the words: Cameron Diaz. If you've ever dreamt of drinking Heather Locklear's love juices, then vials of "genuine" pool water from *Melrose Place* start at $US7.99. The buyer promise is that "this is a part of Hollywood you may treasure forever. All your favourite stars have swum in this pool for years now." A certificate of authenticity comes with the vial, although there's no mention of pH analysis or a million parts-of-piss-per-millilitre reading. And, if you've still got more bucks that brain cells, you can round off your shopping with a starring role in a cable porn film ($US5,000), a jar of "pure, clean urine" ($US250), a Russian military patrol boat ($US85,100), the must-read book *Knitting With Dog Hair* ($US8.99), and the signed fingernails of serial killer Roy Norris ($US9.99). **(MA)**



Excitingly, Moffat joined Brockie in the lab



"No, I've looked like this since my divorce"

BRITISH/PICTURE MEDIA/GAMMA/ANNIE ASS APL/RETNA/STEVE GRANITZ

SHOCKS

Ghoulish thrills for Christians

Aids, abortion, suicide... It can only be Hallowe'en at the "Hell House"

In a world full of terrorists, crazies, murderers and the French, there is precious little left out there to truly shock the bejesus out of us. When a visit to the local shopping centre allows us a glimpse into the mental world of Neville the muttering bum and his invisible friends, it's little wonder that the youth of today are desensitised to just about everything. Yet it's reassuring to know that in this tragic age of sin, there's one group out there trying to redress the balance – and put on a smashing show at the same time.

A group of Christians in Texas have taken screaming terror to gory new depths thanks to their awesome "Hell House", which you'll find every Hallowe'en at The Trinity Church Of Assemblies Of God in Cedar Hill, near Dallas. The house sets out to shock, with youthful bible-bashers acting out scenes representing the evils of modern life.

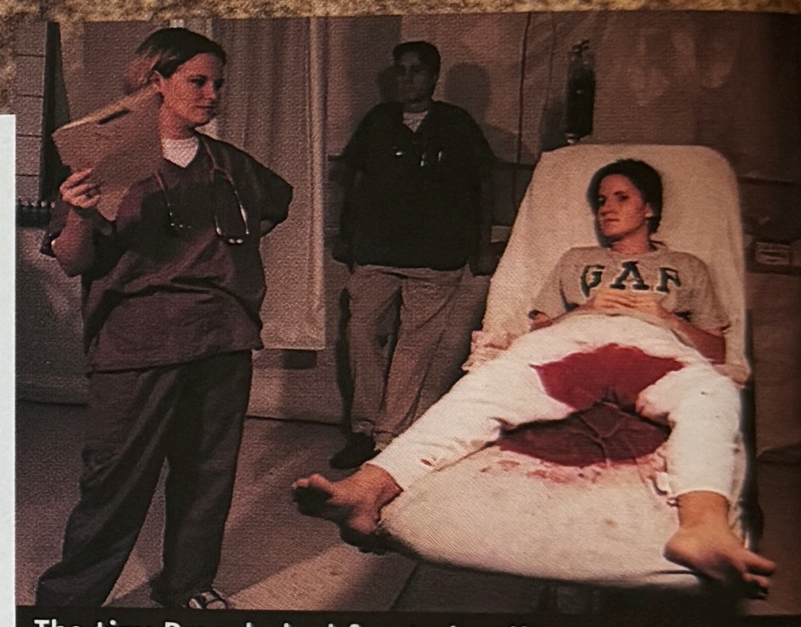
Intended as a fire-and-brimstone sermon for the *MTV* generation, it includes such riots as a gay man dying of Aids, a teenage girl committing suicide after being raped by her father, and a woman about to go to a place just south of heaven after dying from an abortion.



The schoolgirl had outgrown her christening necklace

But the real show stopper is a re-enactment of last year's Columbine High School massacre, with two teenage boys dressed in trench coats bursting into their school library and gunning down a young Christian girl.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the show has provoked a wave of protest, particularly as the mother of a girl wounded at Columbine committed suicide the week the Hell House opened. "I think we've been through enough already," said Connie Michalik, whose son Richard Castaldo also took a bullet.



The tiny Dracula had feasted well

The Reverend Tim Ferguson, the Hammer Horror God-botherer behind the Hell House, is

CHICKS

The Shower Project

San Francisco resident Brian Benson's mates thought he was pretending to be gay in order to get women. To piss his friends right off, Benson vowed to shower with 100 women in 1999 – and take pictures. Pay attention hetero blokes: he did it.

How hard was it to find 100 women who were willing to get soapy with you?

Surprisingly, not that hard. I have a lot of female friends and most of them trusted me. Once I started getting some press, it was easy. I now have over 200 more women who want to shower with me.

Were any of the girls uncomfortable?

A couple were. They had to be fully naked – that was the rule – and a few were uncomfortable with their bodies but they got over it.

Was there any unwanted arousal on your part or from the women?

Not on my part. There was one woman who tried to convert me very aggressively. She called me after she'd been drinking. We got into the shower and she was unclear on the concept that there wouldn't be any sex.

What did you do?

I screamed.

Do you think people are convinced that you're gay or just a very clever hetero man?

People are convinced that I'm a genius, that I'm hetero, and I've got this brilliant scam going. It was meant to antagonise the people razzing me, not to prove that I'm gay.

Could a straight man do it?

Probably. When the women were interviewed, they were asked, "Would you have done it if he was straight?" Most wouldn't, but some of them would. (MA)

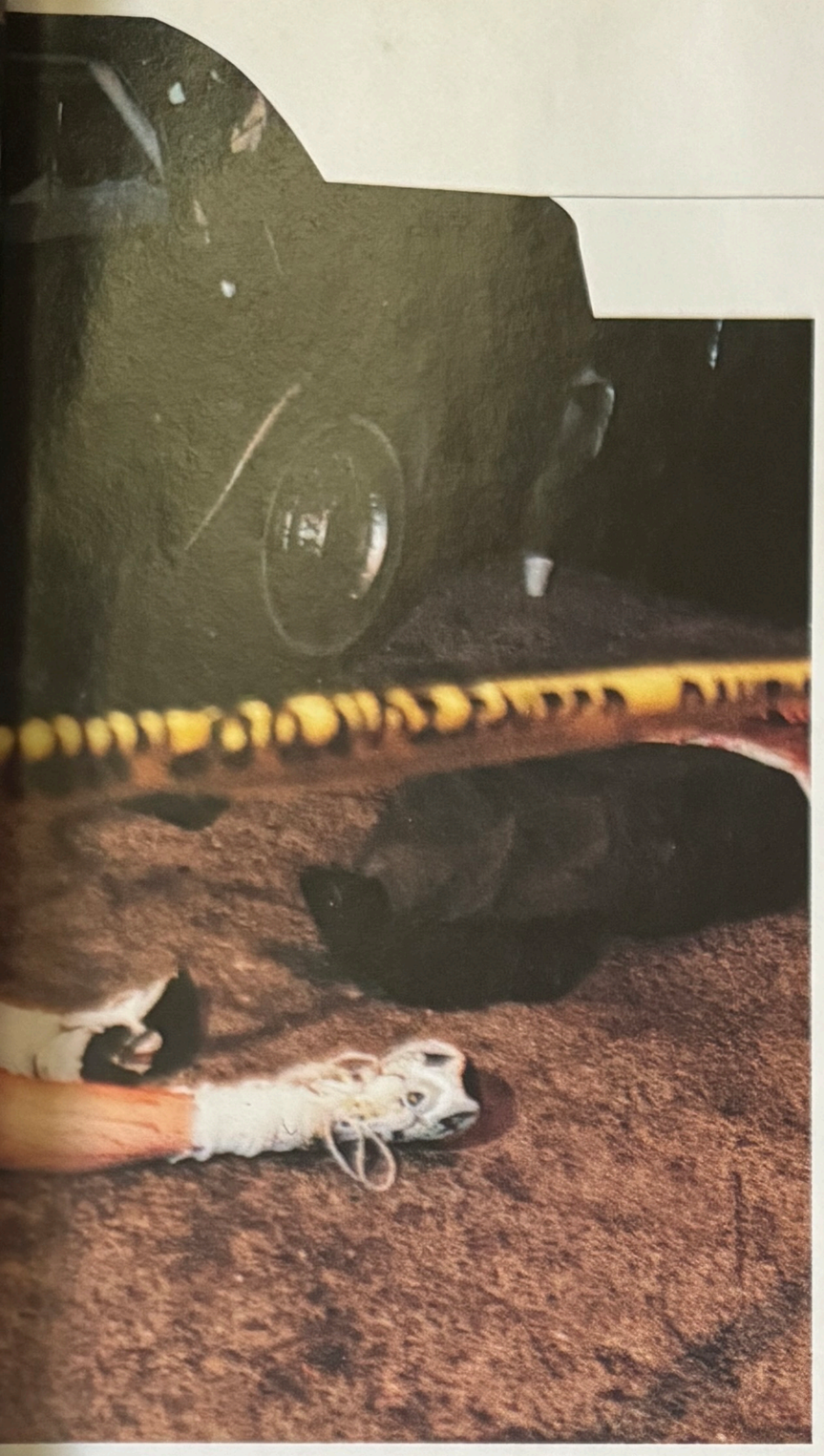


Decore's new ads delighted Hewitson



Results from Benson's shower project can be found on:

www.theshowerproject.com



unrepentant. He says the show carries a clear message that, "If you don't accept Christ, there will be real consequences in a place called hell."

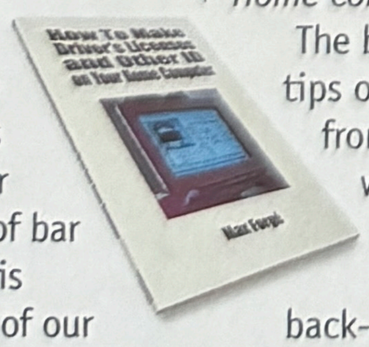
Most other American Hell Houses open each Hallowe'en aren't as graphic as the Reverend Ferguson's, but past master and Colorado vicar Keenan Roberts sells a Hell House how-to manual for the budding evangelical architect, albeit for an uncharitable $199 a copy.

Luckily, the good Reverend claims to have flogged his pamphlet abroad, meaning it can only be a matter of time before a quality family day out is available to the good people of Australia, too. (CL)

INK

Forgery at home

Despite legislation to the contrary, many 16-year-old boys regularly enjoy Friday night piss-ups thanks to the poor judgment of bar staff. This is rarely true of our American cousins, however, so it's little surprise that the current must-have book for US miscreants is *How To Make Fake Driver's Licenses And Other ID On Your Home Computer.*



The book offers tips on everything from dealing with holograms to making back-up ID. (MP)

To buy the US$10 book, go to: www.loompanics.com

Reporter

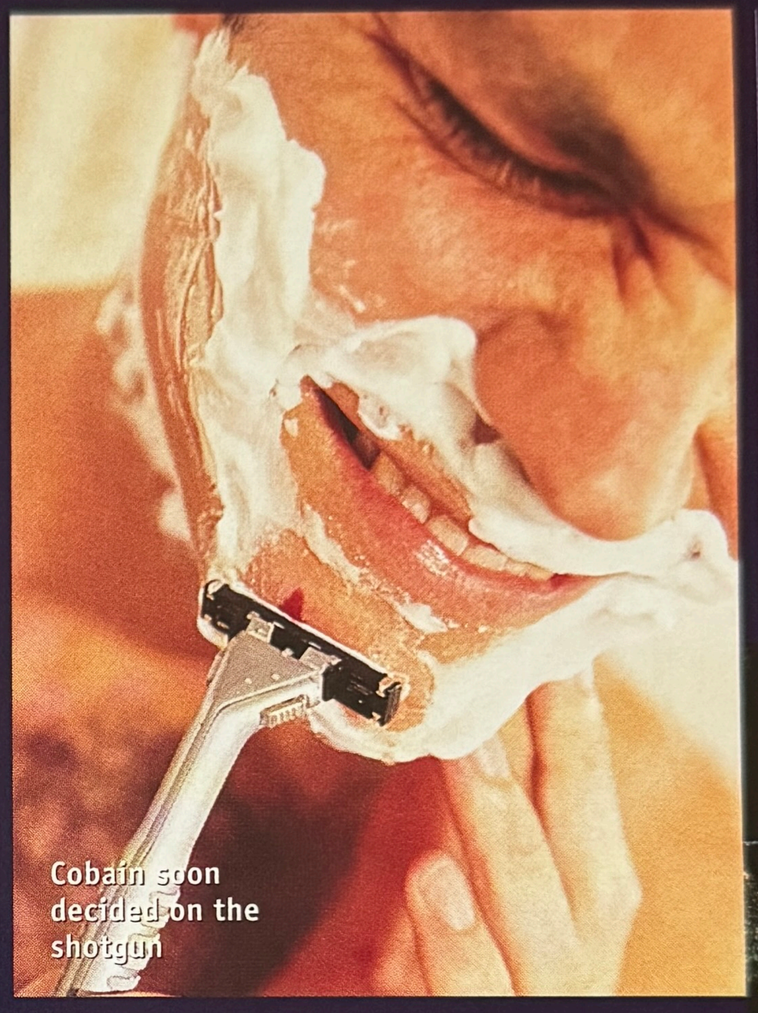
THE BURNING QUESTIONS

Licences, caffeine, oil

Opinions. Everyone's got one – but few have anything truly illuminating to offer, and that's where we come in. No matter what your query may be, we at *FHM* will try to provide you with an answer fascinating enough to captivate the next lovely lass who crosses your beer-soaked path. You can be the grandmaster of pub trivia who has the answer to every brain teaser. Send yours to: *FHM*, The Burning Questions, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240.

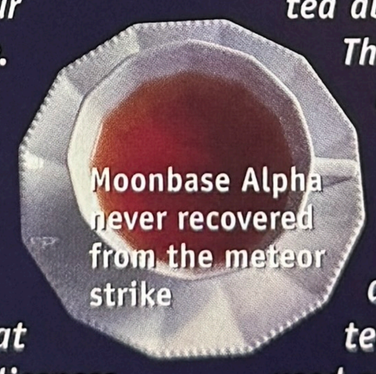
Driving test teaser
Is it possible to go overseas and take a piss-easy driving test to obtain a licence which is then valid in Australia?
Will Craddock, Marrickville, NSW

Kind of. State motor registries will recognise overseas licences and grant an equivalent. However, they will only do so on the condition that you can pass the knowledge and a practical driving test. So, if you go to a Third World country and slip local authorities $20 to issue your ticket to ride, you'll still have to be a competent driver au fait with the road rules of your home state. A possible advantage is that if you can find a country that issues full licences quickly you may be able to convert it to one here and skip the shame of the dreaded L and P-plates.


Cobain soon decided on the shotgun

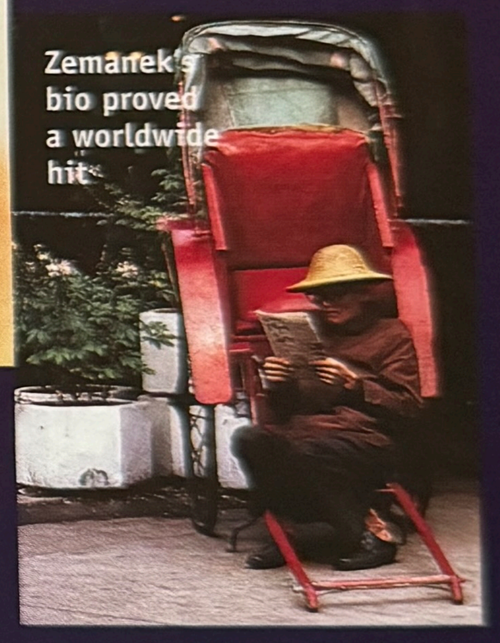
A mug's game
A doctor told me that tea contains as much caffeine as coffee. Is this true?
Ted Lamb, Eltham, VIC

No. Coffee brewed by the drip method and left standing on a hot-plate contains about 130mg of caffeine per cup. Instant coffee has around 75mg and tea about 40mg. The precise amount depends on the type and amount of tea or coffee used and the brewing time. Caffeine is a naturally occurring compound which acts as a stimulant and is also found in chocolate and cola drinks. Dietitians warn that too much is habit-forming and can result in withdrawal. Highly-respected medicos mag, The British Medical Journal suggests that 600mg of caffeine a day – that's 15 cups of tea or eight cups of instant java – is excessive. Pregnant women are advised to avoid excessive consumption, as it has been linked to miscarriages.


Moonbase Alpha never recovered from the meteor strike

The good oils
What exactly are the "essential oils" that shaving creams and soaps are full of?
J Kidd, Fremantle, WA

Essential oils are aromatic substances extracted by steam distillation from flowers, herbs, and leaves. The "essential" bit refers to their "essence", rather than implying you've got to have them. The oils give plants their smell and there are about 400 different types. Their uses include cosmetics, washing powders, shampoos and food.


Zemanek's bio proved a worldwide hit

THE SIMPLE ANSWERS

Will orange peel stop cats shitting in your garden?
Mike Northrop, Richmond, NSW **No**
Is witchcraft illegal?
TL Shipley, Red Hill, QLD **No**
Can monkeys swim?
Wayne Cruz, Subiaco, WA **Yes**
Are jockeys allowed to have moustaches?
Barry Thornton, Bendigo, VIC **Yes**

PICTURE MEDIA/STONE/LIAISON/APL/RETNA LIFESTYLE/PHOTO LIBRARY SYDNEY/RICK STRANGE/PREMIUM HOUSE GARDENS AND FOOD

Sam Gill: worryingly single

READERS

Girlfriend of the Month

There's a lot in this world that inspires us to say "I can't believe it." Kenny G's career, Don King's hair, DiCaprio as a sex symbol... Add to the list the fact that Sam Gill can't find herself a bloke

"At the moment, the best way a guy could impress me would be to just approach me," says 19-year-old stunner Sam Gill. "I don't have much luck with guys. I could go out wearing basically nothing and I still wouldn't get any attention. I hate corny pick-up lines and would much rather a guy come up and say, 'Hey, do you want to fuck?'" Even pulling beers at her local hasn't improved Sam's chances because the pub caters mainly to old fellas more interested in "Depends" than Calvin Klein boxer shorts. "The old folks are fascinated by my tongue ring," she says. So, has the ornament improved her oral skills? "I don't know. I haven't been with anyone since I got it, so I haven't had a chance to try it out."

Payback time

"I'm doing this to piss off my old boyfriend. I was taking acting lessons and he kept saying, 'You're never gonna make it.' This is a good way to say, 'Hey, look what you're missing.'"

Don't go there

"The worst thing in bed is when guys tell you what to do. When they say shit like, 'Suck me,' I feel like just saying, 'Fuck off, do it yourself.'"

Caught out

"I got caught by the police having sex on a beach in Queensland. We didn't get arrested but a constable shouted, 'It's a bit too light to be doing that, isn't it?'"

Dress-ups

"I like the idea of bondage and dressing in leather. I'm not into whipping or anything, but handcuffs would probably come in handy." (MA)

Girlfriends, we want you to star in our illustrious pages. To win a session with a top photographer, send a recent snap and details to: Girlfriend of the Month, FHM, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240.

PERSONAL BEST.

Reebok

JASON SOUTH/COURTESY OF THE AGE RBK0531/FHM



Occy came a cropper on Pipe's reef

EATS

Pork and sage roulade

Bacon's not the only cut Porky has to offer and there's no need to be afraid of herbs. Impress her with this dish

INGREDIENTS

1 kilogram pork fillet, trimmed
4 slices prosciutto, available from any deli
1 bunch sage leaves, preferably fresh
150 grams or 2/3 cup gruyere cheese, grated
30 grams butter
2 tbsp fresh lemon juice
Cracked, milled pepper
1 tbsp chives, finely chopped

Preparation time 20 mins **Cost** Approximately $22
Difficulty rating ★★ **Serves** Four



The magic ingredients:
SAGE: A member of the mint family, this sweet-scented herb is the perfect pork accompaniment and softens its sometimes tart taste or dry texture. This wondrous herb was thought to have medicinal properties by ancient peoples, who used it to treat everything from seasickness to diabetes.

GIVEAWAY

WIN BEER

We all love the amber fluid but it doesn't always love us back. While hangovers can be knocked on the head with liberal applications of Berocca, bacon and eggs, and perhaps just one more beer to take the edge off, it's the long-term effects – the porch over the play set syndrome – that's a real bummer in these days of body-shape fascism. Thanks to Carlton Lower Joule beer, though, you can still blow the froth off a couple and not have to worry about punching extra holes through your belt. LJ is a full-strength, 4.6 per cent beer that has 25 per cent less kilojoules than regular beer and just one gram of fat. More importantly, it tastes damn good. We're giving two readers the chance to win a year's supply – a carton a month – of Carlton LJ. All you have to do is tell us in 25 words or less how you fight the flab while still bending the elbow.



What next? Healthy fags?

Send entries to: FHM, Carlton Giveaway, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Or fax us on 02 9581 9560.

DIY KITCHEN STUFF

Quit talkin', start porkin'

Oinkers get a bad rap because we associate their meat with inch-thick crackling and fatty bacon. But thanks to better breeding and feeding methods, our curly-tailed friends are slimming down. On average, lean, trimmed pork fillets have 34 per cent less cholesterol than the same weight of skin-less chook. Pig out.



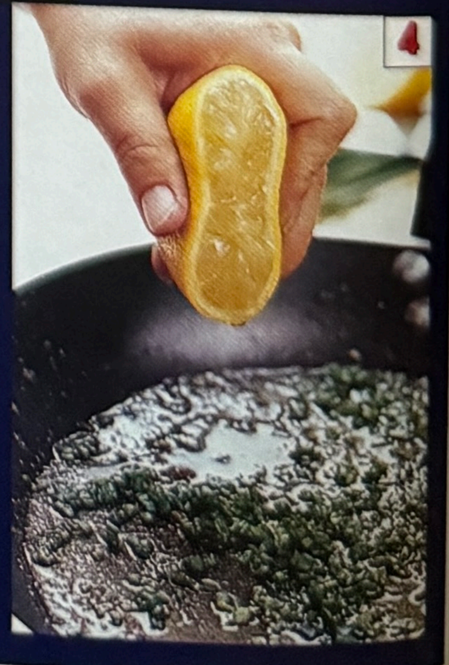
1 Preheat oven to 200 degrees Celsius. Beat pork fillet with a rolling pin to about 5mm thick. Lay pork on a board, place prosciutto slices on top, sprinkle with sage leaves and grated cheese. Season with cracked pepper.



2 Starting with the shortest end of the pork, roll up the meat, tucking in any runaways as you go. Secure with skewers.



3 Heat a frypan, add the butter and, as it melts, add pork rolls, browning on all sides. Remove from pan, place in a baking dish with pan juices. Bake in the oven for 20 minutes.



4 Remove pork from pan to board and allow to rest. Add lemon juice to pan, as well as chives. Slice pork rolls and serve with sauce. Serve with baby potatoes and lightly cooked greens.



APPS APPROVAL NO: VR13/2000

WATER

Going, going, under water

All thanks to your deodorant, our neighbours will soon be in the drink

When cracks start to appear in Grandad's rotting pantry ceiling, it's time to hit FAI for a huge payout. But if your foundations are starting to crumble and you're a resident of one of these fast-disappearing islands, it's probably best to pack your bags and start swimming...



The Mormons spied the lonely housewife

Tuvalu, South Pacific

Population: 10,000
Time left: Approximately 30 years
The glory days: The only nation with a spotless human rights record, Tuvalu has scratched out a quiet existence from the proceeds of a thriving industry in rare stamps.
Emergency plan: Immigration to New Zealand is under discussion. The first refugees have already left for neighbouring Niue Island.

"Following the disappearance of two islands, residents have relocated"

Kiribati, South Pacific

Population: 79,000
Time left: Roughly 50 years: two of its smaller islands have already disappeared completely.
The glory days: Kiribati was the site of fierce fighting between the Yanks and the Japs in 1942 – later the subject of rubbish war flick *Gung Ho!*, starring Randolf Scott.
Emergency plan: Following the disappearance of two smaller islands, residents have relocated to higher ground on the outer islands.

Duke of York Islands, Papua New Guinea

Population: 20,000
Time left: Nil years. Houses, roads and schools are already under water.
The glory days: In a country famed for malaria, cannibalism, and tribal warfare, the Duke of York Islands also have to put up with active volcanoes and bubbling mud holes.
Emergency plan: Locals are already being shipped to nearby Gazelle Peninsula.

Marshall Islands, South Pacific

Population: 56,000
Time left: About 70 years
The glory days: Before the US started blowing up the islands, the inhabitants sailed the seas in 30 metre canoes. And Arno Atoll boasted a "love school" where ladies were taught to shag.
Emergency plan: Coastal villagers have started dumping trucks in the sea and piling rocks on top to stem the advance of the cruel seas. (GR)



THE BINGATRON

Be bowled over by our master statistician's awesome brain-power

■ **There are nine million mobile phones in use in Australia today – double the number two years ago.**

■ Humans blink for an average of 23 minutes a day.

■ **Marilyn Monroe had six toes on each of her feet.**

■ Despite its colossal 52 metre wingspan, America's B2 "Spirit" stealth bomber has the radar profile of an object the size of a marble.

■ **Linda McCartney has sold more vegetarian ready-meals than Paul has sold records.**

■ In the course of the 18-year run of *Cats* on Broadway, 1,472kg of yak hair was used for wigs.



Robin narrowly missed Wonder

■ **The shortest war in history was between Zanzibar and England in 1896. Zanzibar saw sense and surrendered after just 38 minutes.**

■ A snail can put itself to sleep for up to three years.

■ **In the two years leading up to the UK's infamous Paddington rail disaster, not a single British commuter died in a rail crash. Over the same period, a total of 7,000 were killed in their cars.**

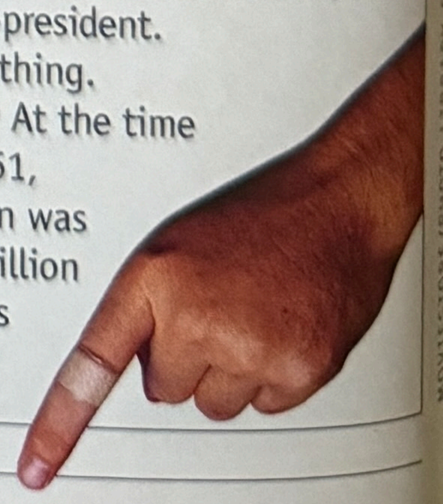
■ Sixty-five people become dollar millionaires every day.

■ **Russia produces more of the world's wine than the USA or Australia.**

■ Most lipsticks contain fish scales. (MB)

WHO MADE... The Band-Aid

Name: Earle Dickson, who worked for the now-famous Johnson & Johnson pharmaceutical company in the early '20s. Dickson chanced upon the formula for Band-Aid due to his accident-prone wife, who always seemed to cut herself, so he started attaching sterile gauze to the centre of strips of surgical tape.
Estimated earnings from invention: Nothing, but by his retirement in 1957, he was company vice-president.
Also invented: Nothing.
Where is he now? At the time of his death in 1961, Johnson & Johnson was selling over $30 million worth of Band-Aids each year. (HW)



FHM PROMOTION

WHO IS THE BUNDY GENUINE ARTICLE?

Vote for Bundy's Great Aussie Bloke and you could win a Toyota HiLux

Bundaberg Rum and *FHM* have launched a search for the Genuine Article, Australia's Great Aussie Bloke. Is it one of our champion sportsmen, like Steve Waugh or Mick Doohan? Or do Brian Brown and Paul Hogan deserve a nod for bringing the Aussie male international acclaim? Then again, maybe the Genuine Article is an unsung hero – the good mate who's always willing to help you move house or the stranger who pulled you from a burning building. We want you to tell us who the Genuine Article is and why. For doing your democratic duty, you'll be in the running for a Toyota HiLux that's worth $35,000 and is the genuine article on Aussie roads. Another lucky reader who gives us his two-cents worth will win two return business-class flights to Bangkok and Phuket with Thai Airways, including three nights accommodation at the Grand Hyatt Erawan Hotel in Bangkok and three nights at Phuket's Laguna Beach Resort. All transfers and ground arrangements are included, courtesy of World Travel Service. So, do yourself – and Australian manhood – a favour and help us decide who the Genuine Article is...

FHM GIVEAWAY



WHO IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE?

Name the man you've nominated as the Genuine Article. In 20 words or less, tell us why he deserves the coveted title...

Send your entry, along with your name, age, address and contact numbers to Bundaberg Genuine Article Competition, *FHM*, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240.

TOYOTA

Thai

Bundaberg RUM

beenz™

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Spend.

Welcome to beenz, the web's currency.™
You can earn beenz simply by visiting any of the participating websites or buying on-line. Once you've earned enough beenz you can spend them on great products and services like CDs, books, wine and travel. Participating websites currently include mp3.com.au, SOLD.com.au, ChaosMusic, travel.com.au, Roses Only and Pacific Internet. To find out more about beenz, please visit us at **www.beenz.com**

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MOTORS

"One lady, owner..."

Defeat the shysters: find the car you want, at a price you can afford


"No, darling, let me clock him"

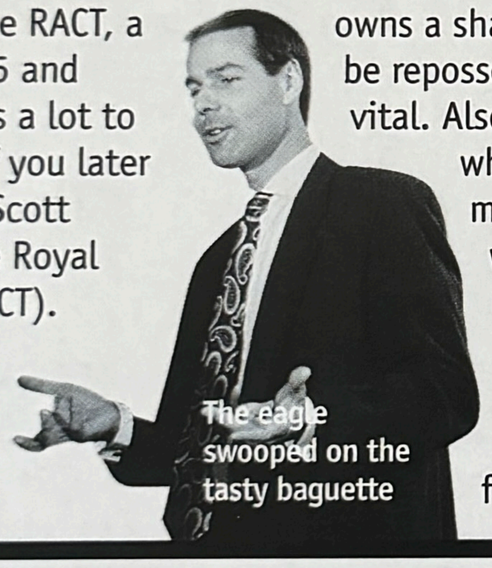
1. Do your homework

Decide what kind of car you want and how much you want to spend. Classifieds and websites such as www.drive.com.au will help you build a realistic picture of how much to spend. With finance, the message is to beware. "The people who get burnt are those who end up over-extended," says Wayne Callaghan, car buying advice manager with NRMA (National Roads and Motoring Association), in NSW. "My advice is: walk away, think about it, and make sure you know your financial limits."

2. Think new vs used

Get any used car checked out independently to pick up any faults. Your state motoring club can do this. "At the RACT, a mechanical inspection costs $155 and takes four hours. People think it's a lot to spend, but it's a false economy if you later find it has crook steering," says Scott McElwee, technical adviser to the Royal Automobile Club of Tasmania (RACT). Next, get a title (REVS) to check on the vehicle (a VSR check in VIC and SA). This determines if a finance company owns a share of the car. If they do, it could be repossessed. With new cars, research is vital. Also, wait until late in the month when, if dealers haven't met their monthly sales quotas, they might be willing to cut you a deal.

"If dealers haven't met their monthly quotas they might cut you a deal"


The eagle swooped on the tasty baguette

3. Dealer vs private sale

If you're ready to splash the cash, it's time to weigh up the pros and cons of private sale against buying from a dealer. As a general rule, the more you want to spend, the less risk you want to take. A private sale is fine for a $2-3,000 run-about as you'll get a better price but no warranty. "Buying through a Licensed Motor Car Trader (LMCT) can be more expensive, but it offers significantly greater protection," says Stuart Ballingall, Program Engineer (Vehicles) for the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria (RACV). "You get a cooling-off period, and clear title, guaranteeing nobody owes money on it."

Contact the NRMA: 1300 655 443; and ask about the booklet: The Worry Free Guide To Buying A Car, free to NRMA members. Call the RACV: 1300 131 955; or the RACT on 03 6232 6300.

DOILIES

Flog your antiques

So your granny's croaked it and left you some trinkets. Here's how to flog 'em and make some cash. Besides, it's what she would have wanted...

You've got two options: an auction house or antiques dealer. Auctioneers are in the phone book but a good dealer is harder to find. "I'd advise people to ask to see a certificate of membership of the Australian Antique Dealers Association (AADA) as there are some dealers who exploit the public," says Leslie Lauder of Lauder & Howard, antique dealers, in Fremantle, WA (08 9339 1120). Dealers will either buy the piece for a fixed sum or buy it on consignment, which means the seller retains ownership and the dealer takes 20 to 40 per cent commission after the sale. "If they want a quick sale it's better to sell it upfront, as a sale on consignment means you don't get the money until the piece sells – and that could take years; on the other hand, it could end up selling for more than anyone expected," says dealer Hartley Cook, of Sydney's Grafton Galleries (02 9327 3567). Alternatively, take the item to an auction house. "I'd advise people to call me first so I can run through some basic questions to assess whether it's worth bringing in," explains Ronan Sulich, of Christie's auction house (NSW, SA, QLD, VIC). "I'm looking for descriptions of the mark on the bottom of porcelain, the hallmark on silver or the condition of furniture." Auctioneers will take a slab of commission on the sale, but they do try to secure the highest possible price. "One lady came in with her mother's tea set, we said it might be worth $5,000. It went for $45,000." (DA)


Eales' "Horan" needlepoint was magnificent

IMAGE BANK/DAVID DE LOSSY/ROMILY LOCKYER

ROCKERS

"Oh baby, baby..."

Travis bass player, Dougie Payne, on Britney Spears, and us vs Oasis



Payne, far right, in black

You've recorded an acoustic version of Britney Spears's ... *Baby One More Time*: why?
It was funny because me and Franny (Healy, singer) were drinking and playing some songs and Franny played ... *Baby One More Time* for a bit of a laugh and we realised it was actually an amazing song, a brilliant song. So we did it live on national radio, and people loved it, it was just weird.

So it was more than just taking the piss?
Yeah, we did it to prove that it's the song that counts, because the guy who wrote that song is the sweetest guy – Max Martin. He'd write that song in exactly the same way that Thom Yorke would write *Fake Plastic Trees* or Noel Gallagher would write *Wonderwall*. He'd sit down with an acoustic guitar and just sing. Ownership of the song is irrelevant.

Has that been the case with Travis – people care more about the songs than the band?
Yeah, it's weird: selling two million albums. I mean, wow! But everyone's focused on our songs, not us. It's great. It's good for us, but you can guarantee our songs will always be more important than who we're sleeping with or fighting or what parties we're going to.

When are Travis coming to Australia?
We're looking at July. We've got Glastonbury to do, as well as a US tour, but we'll be down there at some point in your winter, definitely.

You're touring America with Oasis, how's your relationship with the Gallagher brothers?
We toured with them in the winter of 1997 in Britain. We spent two weeks with them. They are truly fucking fantastic people.

Really? Maybe they just hate Aussies then?
Yeah, that was weird, I think they were going through a bit of a hard time there. They took us on tour with them when we were nobodies. They're so fucken cool and so nice.

Do you prefer smaller gigs?
Well, I don't think anyone's ever said the best show they ever went to was at an exhibition centre. The best show I ever saw was tiny – at an art school in Wales. There would've been 40 people there and this guy got up on stage and started to play guitar and sing. It was amazing – it was Jeff Buckley. (CT)

Travis's first album The Man Who is available now on Epic.

ALBUMS

The ratings: ★★★★★ Crown ★★★★ Wrest Point ★★★ Jupiter's ★★ Townsville ★ Star City

David Bridie

ACT OF FREE CHOICE (EMI)

Bridie, formerly of Not Drowning, Waving, and My Friend The Chocolate Cake, certainly impresses with his debut solo album. Stylistically reminiscent of Crowded House's *Together Alone*, *Act Of Free Choice* is full of misty undertones combined with haunting vocals. First single *The Koran, The Ghan And A Yarn* is a blend of the melancholy and the melodic, while *Breath* layers an inspiring swirl of instruments and story-telling qualities. A classic album. ★★★



Various Artists

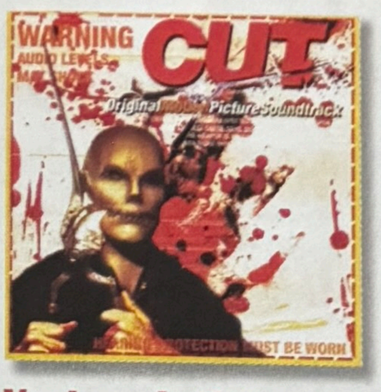
***THE BEACH* SOUNDTRACK (WARNER)**

An atmospheric compilation showcasing some of today's most popular artists. Highlights include: *Porcelain* by Moby, *8 Ball* by Underworld, and *Voices* by Dario G. Other artists include New Order, Faithless, Unkle, Orbital, Blur, Barry Adamson, and All Saints. More background than party music. ★★★

Kelis

KALEIDOSCOPE (VIRGIN)

You may have heard malevolent first single *Caught Out There* (*"I hate you so much right now"*), but that's just a taste of what this street-smart 20-year-old from Harlem has in store. *Kaleidoscope* heralds a hip-hop journey of old and new-skool styles: of Sarah Vaughan to Alanis Morissette; of love songs and hate anthems; and of delicacy and violence. *Get Along With You* is a modern-life love song of wretched emotion, while *Game Show* positively oozes vitriol. Beware. ★★



Various Artists

***CUT* SOUNDTRACK (SONY)**

This Australian horror flick starring Kylie Minogue and Molly Ringwald boasts a soundtrack packed with Oz and overseas acts such as: Killers On The Loose (*Tamarama Door Slammer*); Apollo Four Forty (*Stop The Rock*); On (*Paranoia*); and Groove Terminator (*Here Comes Another One*). Value. ★★

Henry Rollins

GET SOME GO AGAIN (DREAMWORKS)

Ex-Black Flag vocalist and hard man Henry Rollins is back with a new band and a new approach to rock. *Get Some Go Again* isn't as much work to get through (easier on the ears) as his last couple of efforts and actually rocks to a melodic base. After hooking up with most of LA band Mother Superior (whose last album he produced), Rollins has gone radio-friendly. Highlights include: *Change It Up*, *Illumination* and the scathing "hidden" track *LA Money Train*. ★★★

Methods Of Mayhem

SELF-TITLED (UNIVERSAL)

Ex-Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee's solo debut is both predictable and innovative. Predictable lyrically (*"I ain't gettin' paid to entertain your bridal showers/rockin' my porno tape for hours and hours/clitorises are fearing me/it's bigger than Ron Jeremy" – Get Naked*); but innovative sonically. With guests the calibre of MixMaster Mike, Fred Durst, Kid Rock, Lil' Kim, and George Clinton, MOM balances on the cool edge of cock rock. ★★


Rated
R
CAUTION: The material inside graphically depicts unimaginable pleasures. Recommended for adults only.

INTEGRA TYPE R

R

NAME

Honda Integra Type R (That's R for Racing)

"...it's a heart starter with racing in its veins."
DRIVE, 10 Jan. 2000, The Sun-Herald.

VITAL STATISTICS

Handfinished 1.8 litre DOHC VTEC 16-valve in-line 4 cylinder engine

"As much power as a big family six from about half the cubic capacity. An absolute ripper."
DRIVE, 10 Jan. 2000, The Sun-Herald.

141kW @ 7900rpm, 178Nm @ 6300rpm

"...performance is at the heart of the Type R and Honda makes no apologies for it." MOTOR magazine, Jan. 2000.

0-100km/h in 6.7 seconds and begins from a very trim $39,950*

"Performance from the highly strung engine is explosive..."
DRIVE, 11 Nov. 1999, The Age.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

Recaro racing seats, MOMO leather steering wheel, titanium gear knob

"It appeals like Christy Turlington swearing allegiance to the Promiscuous Supermodels League." MOTOR magazine, Jan. 2000.

TURN-ONS

Being pushed to the limit, long winding roads,
people with adventurous spirits

"Attack any piece of road and a Type R Integra will slice your wrists open and tug at the nerves that run straight to the brain."
MOTOR magazine, Jan. 2000.

TURN-OFFS

Little old ladies, Sunday drivers

"...look no further than the Integra Type R. It's fantastic fun, very quick and about the closest thing to a road-going race car short of Porsche's GT3." DRIVE, 23 Nov. 1999, The Age.

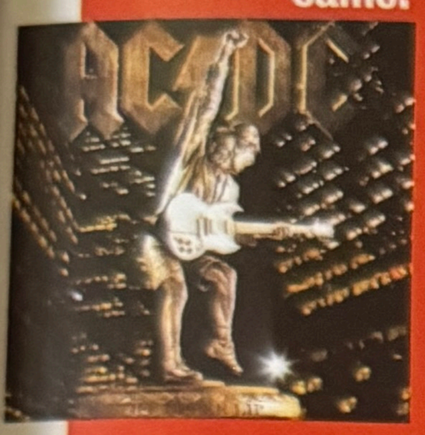
*Integra Type R – $39,950. Price excludes Dealer delivery and statutory charges.

R RATED

Make a date with the Integra Type R. Contact your nearest Honda Dealer, call 1800 804 954 or visit www.type-r.honda.com.au and meet the street legal racer of your dreams.



They've been around for 20 years, but is Acca Dacca's latest simply more of the same?





Those naughty Mt Druitt whippets made the rags again

AC/DC

STIFF UPPER LIP (EMI)

AC/DC's last album, *Ballbreaker*, hit the shelves five years ago and since then a lot of people have been wondering if that was the finale for Australia's rock legends. Thankfully this is not the case, as the band have come out charging with the release of their 17th album, *Stiff Upper Lip*; which some say sees AC/DC strut their stuff better than ever. Unlike Metallica, who have pared down their sound to the point where they are now an entirely different band – AC/DC prefer to strip their sound back to basics and return to the roots of rock. And their success shows: *Stiff Upper Lip* recently topped the *US Billboard* Mainstream chart, and was the number one most requested song on US rock radio for two weeks. Angus Young's incredible fret work on *Damned* retains their trademark balls-to-the-wind edge, while Brian Johnson's rollicking and often tongue-in-cheek lyrics remain power-packed. Highlights include *Stiff Upper Lip*, *Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll*, *Safe In New York*, and *House Of Jazz*. This is essential listening for traditional-rock fans. ★★★



Groove Armada

BACK TO MINE (JIVE ELECTRO)

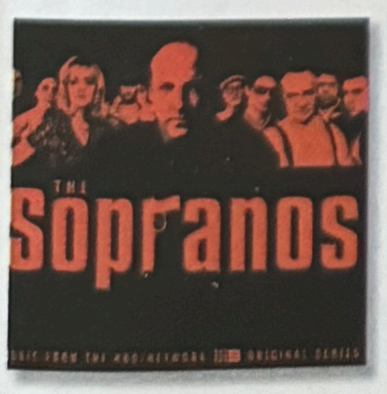
After their previous release (the fantastic *Vertigo*), I've come to expect big things from this UK DJ duo. *Back To Mine* is less a follow-up of last year's effort and more a look into what the guys like to listen to (albeit reworked Groove Armada-style). Tracks by artists as diverse as A Tribe Called Quest, Barry White, Tears For Fears, Sidewinder, and Tony D are remixed and given an aural make-over. Not as exciting as *Vertigo* but still well worth a listen. ★★



Air

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES (VIRGIN)

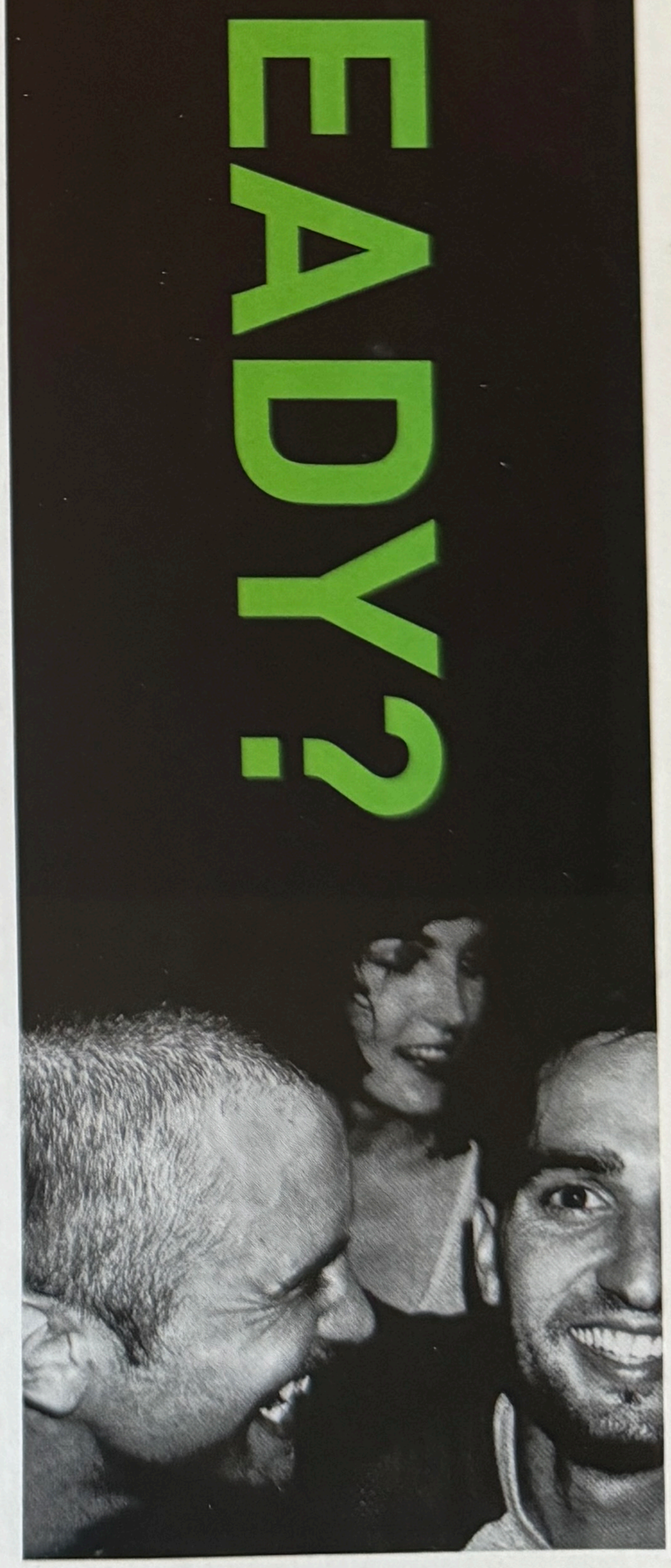
Commissioned by Sofia Coppola to provide the score to her directorial debut, *The Virgin Suicides*, Air have produced a score that, without a film as a reference point, makes little sense. Following the largely cinematic scope of the French duo's multi-award winning debut *Moon Safari* in '98, Air prove they're better suited to atmosphere than dance music. The Kraftwerk-style blend of synthesiser and immense production is effective but somehow empty without a reference point. ★



Various Artists

***THE SOPRANOS* SOUNDTRACK (SONY)**

This American TV drama has won multiple awards, and deservedly so as anyone who has checked it out can attest to. However unlike tragedies such as the *Ally McBeal* soundtrack, this is well worth the investment. Crossing all genres and eras, highlights include: Frank Sinatra's *It Was A Very Good Year*, Cream's *I Feel Free*, Bo Diddley's *I'm A Man*, Bob Dylan's *Gotta Serve Somebody*, and Alabama 3's *Woke Up This Morning*. Class. ★★★



ARE YOUR READY?

"Where's Vulcan?"

Russell Crowe consolidates his reputation in Ridley Scott's taut action/thriller



Barbecues Galore would hear of the gas valve shenanigans

Gladiator

STARRING **Russell Crowe, Joaquin Phoenix, Oliver Reed**

Director Ridley Scott is back in a big way after a couple of shockers (*White Squall*, *GI Jane*). *Gladiator* is his most spectacular movie so far, and may be his best ever (remember – this is the man who gave the world *Blade Runner* and *Alien*). Set in AD180, *Gladiator* is the story of Maximus, a Roman general who is offered the throne by a dying Marcus Aurelius, with the purpose of returning Rome to a republic. Before he can accept, Marcus's twisted 19-year-old son, Commodus, offs the ailing emperor and assumes the throne. Maximus refuses to swear loyalty to this upstart, and is sent off into the woods of Germania for execution – his wife and child marked for death. He escapes miraculously, but is unable to return home in time to save his family. Wounded and exhausted, he is captured by slave traders and sold as a gladiator to fight in a distant province. Meanwhile the cruel and capricious Commodus is trying to win over Rome by staging magnificent games in the Colosseum – for 150 days straight. As gladiators are in short supply, Maximus gets shipped off to Rome to face the music. This film is a stunning example of what CGI technicians are now capable of. The extras used in the '50s and '60s have been replaced by computer-generated crowds, and the millions of dollars formerly spent on sets are now used to create computer-generated cities. The final result is visually magnificent. Rome lives and breathes again. The opening battle scene is breathtaking, and that and the fight scenes in the Colosseum are the best damned thing you will see on a movie screen this year. The story is a seamless blend of fact and fiction, original story-lines weaving around accurately-recreated historical figures. Russell Crowe excels as Maximus, and the support cast is stellar to say the least. Audiences are sure to be as dazzled by this as the Romans were 2,000 years ago. ★★★★★

"The fight scenes are the best damned thing you will see on a screen this year"

MUST SEE

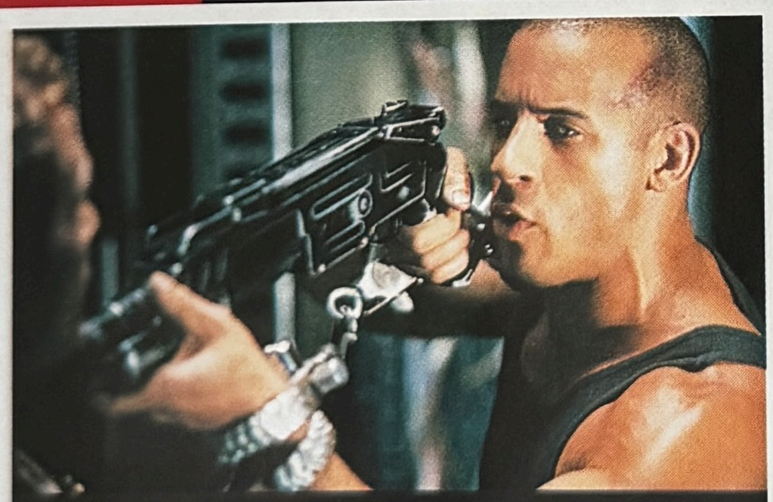
NEW RELEASES

Any Given Sunday

STARRING **Al Pacino, Cameron Diaz, Dennis Quaid**

Al Pacino is a coach trying to keep the ailing Miami Sharks football team together. With a vicious team owner (Cameron Diaz) plotting behind his back, and financial pressures mounting, there's a constant struggle between the "purity" of the game and the mountains of money running it. The action on field is filmed brilliantly – you're right there in the thick of it. Off the field you get a taste of what it's like to be an American hero. Directed by Oliver Stone. ★★★★

SHOULD SEE



The Magic Pudding loved its belly rubbed

Pitch Black

STARRING **Vin Diesel, Radha Mitchell, Cole Hauser**

A spacecraft crashes on an isolated planet after being pelted by meteorites. Most of the passengers riding in stasis are killed, and the handful that remain are faced with a world with three suns. Struggling to find water, they discover that night will soon fall for the first time in 22 years – and with the night come some seriously evil aliens. The aliens are mean, which is good, and it's good to see Aussie Radha Mitchell in the big league (albeit with an American accent). The focus is on the power struggles between the characters, and with a strong action/horror element, you find yourself guessing who will make it through to the end. Genuine thrills and chills. ★★★

The Straight Story

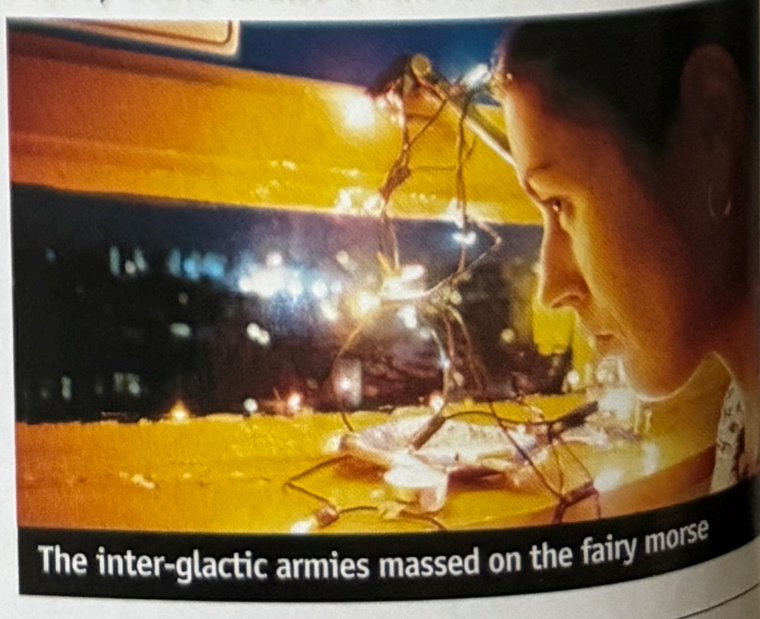
STARRING **Richard Farnsworth, Harry Dean Stanton, Sissy Spacek**

The true story of 73-year-old Alvin Straight who gets a call saying his brother has had a stroke. Vowing to visit him but unable to walk without canes or drive due to his failing eyesight, Alvin rigs up his ride-on mower and sets off – at 8kph. The journey takes six weeks, and features a range of characters. Richard Farnsworth is hypnotic in the lead role, and Spacek turns in a fine performance. Directed by David Lynch (*Twin Peaks*), this is a slow film, but one with incredible heart. Some of the scenes are just magic. ★★★★

Wonderland

STARRING **Gina McKee, Molly Parker, John Simm**

See this movie. It doesn't sound like much: a family spread out across London dealing with life, but there's a warmth to this movie that stems from brilliant writing and visionary direction. Director Michael Winterbottom (*Jude*) focuses his camera on the effects of actions, rather than the actions themselves. You see the faces of crowds at a football match, the upturned heads watching fireworks on Guy Fawkes Day, the road rage of a dad who's losing his kid – the reactions of people dealing with each other and the shit life throws at them. This film could be sent into space as a message of "what life's like". Michael Nyman's (*The Piano*) score is also brilliant. ★★★★



The inter-glactic armies massed on the fairy morse

The Sting

Spend all your money on Time Zone's air hockey, but tell your Mum you went to the flicks with *FHM*'s easy cheater's guide...



Judges loved a sherry before a mandatory sentencing

GHOST DOG ★★★★
A lone samurai hitman, double-crossed by his employers, vows revenge on an entire Mafia family.
With: Forest Whitaker (Ghost Dog), Henry Silva (I'll waste ya).
Best bit: Any time Ghost Dog shoots someone.
Interesting fact: Although Whitaker has appeared in films like *Platoon* and *Good Morning Vietnam*, he also directed *Hope Floats* and *Waiting To Exhale*.

ONEGIN ★★
Based on Pushkin's novel of a cynic who inherits a country estate, rejects a local girl who falls for him, only to find he can't live without her.
With: Ralph Fiennes (I don't want to be your hubby), Liv Tyler (I wanted you to be my hubby), Martin Donovan (I *am* the hubby – push off).
Best bit: The dawn pistol duel.
Interesting fact: It's directed by Ralph Fiennes's sister, Martha.

DREAMING JOSEPH LEES ★★
An English woman falls in love with a geologist who loses a leg in an accident. But she can't get away from the local pig farmer.
With: Rupert Graves (the one-legged man), Samantha Morton (the two-man woman), Lee Ross (the two-woman man)
Best bit: "If you love the other guy with one leg, then hell, I'll have one leg too!"
Interesting fact: The music's by the man behind Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Three Colours* trilogy, Zbiegnew Priesner.



Tyson was a wimpy caster

LIGHT IT UP ★★★
A shooting leads to a siege in a New York high school. The media goes crazy, and a group of teens have to work out how to do deal with it.
With: Forest Whitaker (cop), Judd Nelson (teacher), Vanessa Williams (negotiator)
Best bit: The use of condiments to deal with armed bandits.
Interesting fact: This is a remake of *The Breakfast Club*, which also starred Nelson.

Beautiful People

STARRING **Julian Firth, Charlotte Coleman, Edin Dzandzonovich**

This comedy set in Britain during the height of the Bosnian civil war follows the lives of refugees trying to make a new start, and the reactions that local Brits have to them. This film shocks with its authenticity. The action starts when a Serb and a Croat spot each other on a bus, and start beating the crap out of each other. Kicked off the bus, they then chase each other across London, only to end up in the same ward in hospital. You'll walk out of this film dumbfounded.
★★★★★



Fans staggered from *Dances With Wolves* (Dir cut)

American Movie

STARRING **Mark Borchardt, Mike Schank**

This doco won the Grand Jury Prize at last year's Sundance Film Festival. The story focuses on filmmaker Mark Borchardt, who is stuck in the American Midwest struggling to finish his film. Problem is he can't afford to pay anybody to work on it. A call for extras sees his best mate and his mum turn up, and his major investor is his trailer-bound grandfather. He has a girlfriend and three kids, and earns money shovelling snow and working at the local cemetery as a janitor. This doco sways from the brutally funny to a despair that doesn't just encompass Mike Borchardt, but the millions just like him, dreaming a dream that has only the smallest chance of coming true. ★★★★★

Angela's Ashes

STARRING **Robert Carlyle, Emily Watson, Joe Breen**

Based on Frank McCourt's lauded autobiography of the same name, *Angela's Ashes* focuses on McCourt's childhood growing up in poverty-stricken Ireland. There are flashes of humour in adversity, but the overall effect is not, shall we say, uplifting. Emily (*Breaking The Waves*) Watson is great as Angela, and Robert (*Trainspotting*) Carlyle puts in a manic performance as the drunkard father. We see the world through three realities of Frank McCourt, and as he grows up and leaves for America.
★★★

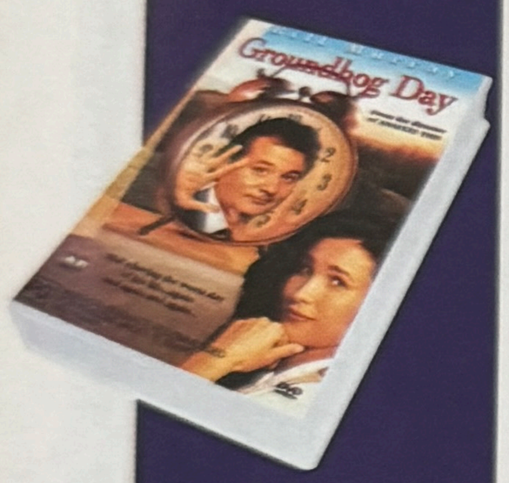


CLASSICS ON DVD!

Groundhog Day (1993)

STARRING **Bill Murray and Andie MacDowell**

You either love Bill Murray or you hate him. Personally, I hate him, so I originally saw this film unwillingly, only to be completely won over by one of the most original comedies ever. Murray plays Phil, an obnoxious TV weatherman pissed off at having to attend Groundhog Day, a ridiculous tradition in



Punxsutawney, USA, which is supposed to forecast the weather for the next 40 days. After a dreadful day Phil and his crew are snowed in, and when he wakes up the next morning he discovers it's the same day all over again. At first he starts to exploit the situation before, ultimately, trying to perfect the day – little realising that it's his way out. Andie MacDowell plays the producer he fancies, who loathes him for what he is, and whose mind he's never got more than 18 hours to change. The DVD includes star profiles, as well as a special "making of" featurette.

★★★★



"I've seen your missus, nuddy, Mister"

The Sixth Sense

Psychologist gets more than he bargains for with spirit-seeing kiddie

The Sixth Sense

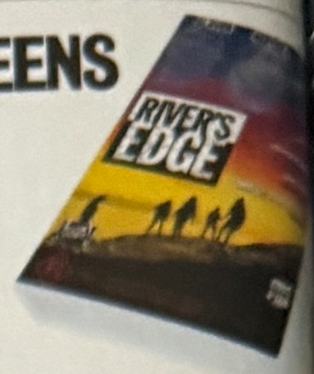
STARRING **Bruce Willis, Toni Collette and Haley Joel Osment**

An eerie film directed and written by the oddly-named M Night Shyamalan, with Bruce Willis as Malcolm Crowe, a highly-regarded child psychologist who is shot in the opening scenes by an ex-patient he clearly failed with. A few months later he's trying to rehabilitate his self-esteem with a little boy whose secret is that he sees ghosts – really. After his initial attempts at rationalisation, Crowe's problem is to assess whether the ghosts are threatening or seeking help, but underlying this is the fact that his obsession has caused his communication with wife Anna (Olivia Williams) to break down. There are lots of genuinely-scary moments, and a totally-surprising twist at the end – I had to watch it again to see how it worked. Bruce and Toni are great, but Haley Joel Osment is absolutely stunning. ★★★★



LORD OF THE REMOTE

WAYWARD TEENS



River's Edge (1986)

STARRING **Keanu Reeves, Crispin Glover, and Dennis Hopper**

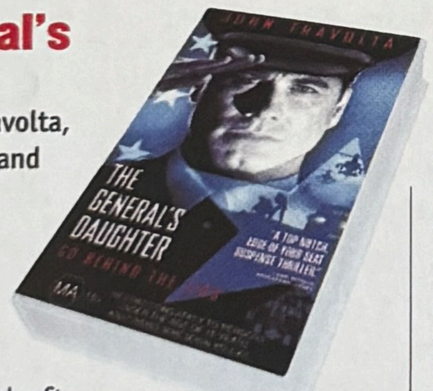
One of the most powerful and confronting depictions of alienated youth ever made. There's no bridge between the generations in *River's Edge*, but there's an even more terrifying gap between teens and sub-teens. The film revolves around a moral dilemma when a 16-year-old thug casually strangles a girl "to see what it's like." Glover, a dominating voice in class, immediately wants to hush it up in the spirit of comradeship, which leaves Reeves and Ione Skye searching their consciences to defy peer group pressure. Glover himself is a borderline psycho, but the person he gets his drugs from (a terrifyingly sociopathic Dennis Hopper) makes him seem almost ordinary. Time almost stops when Keanu's forced to confront his brother, who wants to shoot him for supposedly betraying the gang. Don't go through life without seeing this, it's dynamite. ★★★★★

BACK SHELF SPECIAL

LET HIM CHOOSE

Women will undress you, men will buy you beer with these selections

The General's Daughter



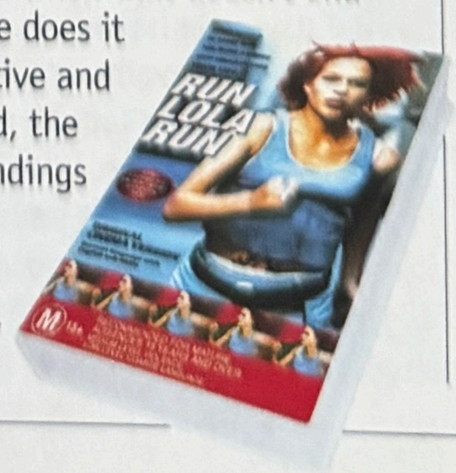
STARRING **John Travolta, Madeleine Stowe, and James Woods**

Investigator, Paul Brenner (Travolta) is checking arms thefts on an army base when a general's daughter is apparently raped and murdered. But when Brenner and colleague Sarah Sunhill (Stowe) investigate they open a nasty can of worms which gradually exposes shocking army cover-ups, and leads back to the unfortunate girl's pack-rape during an exercise at West Point. The action is often violent and shocking, but you feel like cheering Brenner and Sunhill on as their investigation stirs up the hierarchy wanting to cover everything up. James Woods is terrific as the pal who may or may not be involved, while James Cromwell (Farmer Hoggett from *Babe*) is perfect as the stiff-backed general who just might make president. ★★★★

Run Lola Run

STARRING **Franka Potente and Herbert Knaup**

An enormously stylish German film, with some of the best credit titles I've seen in a long time, *Lola* bowls along at a relentless pace for a full 20 minutes as the heroine, with her shock of red hair, tears through the city trying to raise 100,000 marks to save her boyfriend's life. Lola's the errant daughter of a banker, while boyfriend Manni is a useless crim who's managed to leave the payment for some diamonds on a train on his way to deliver them to the middleman. The upshot of Lola's run is her lying on the floor with a bullet through her chest, and as her life slips away she relives an alternative 20 minutes – and when that doesn't end any better she does it again! Inventive and action-packed, the alternative endings never pall. A great movie worth seeing. ★★★★



Drop Dead Gorgeous



STARRING **Kirsten Dunst and Denise Richards**

A black comedy in excruciatingly bad taste that's hilarious to boot, *Drop Dead Gorgeous* is a *faux*-documentary which almost has you fooled at first. Set in a small-town beauty contest, the real competition is between two 17-year-olds: trailer-trash tap-dancer and part-time morgue assistant, Amber (Dunst); and spoiled little rich girl Becky (Richards), junior captain of the Lutheran Girls' Gun Club, and daughter of past winner, Kirstie Alley. It's a bit hard to laugh at last year's winner, who is clearly dying of anorexia, but hard not to at the appalling jokes centred on the fat judge's equally-fat, mentally-challenged son. The plot centres on whether Amber can survive Becky (and her mother's) homicidal need to win, which results in several deaths and a barrel of guilty laughs. ★★★★

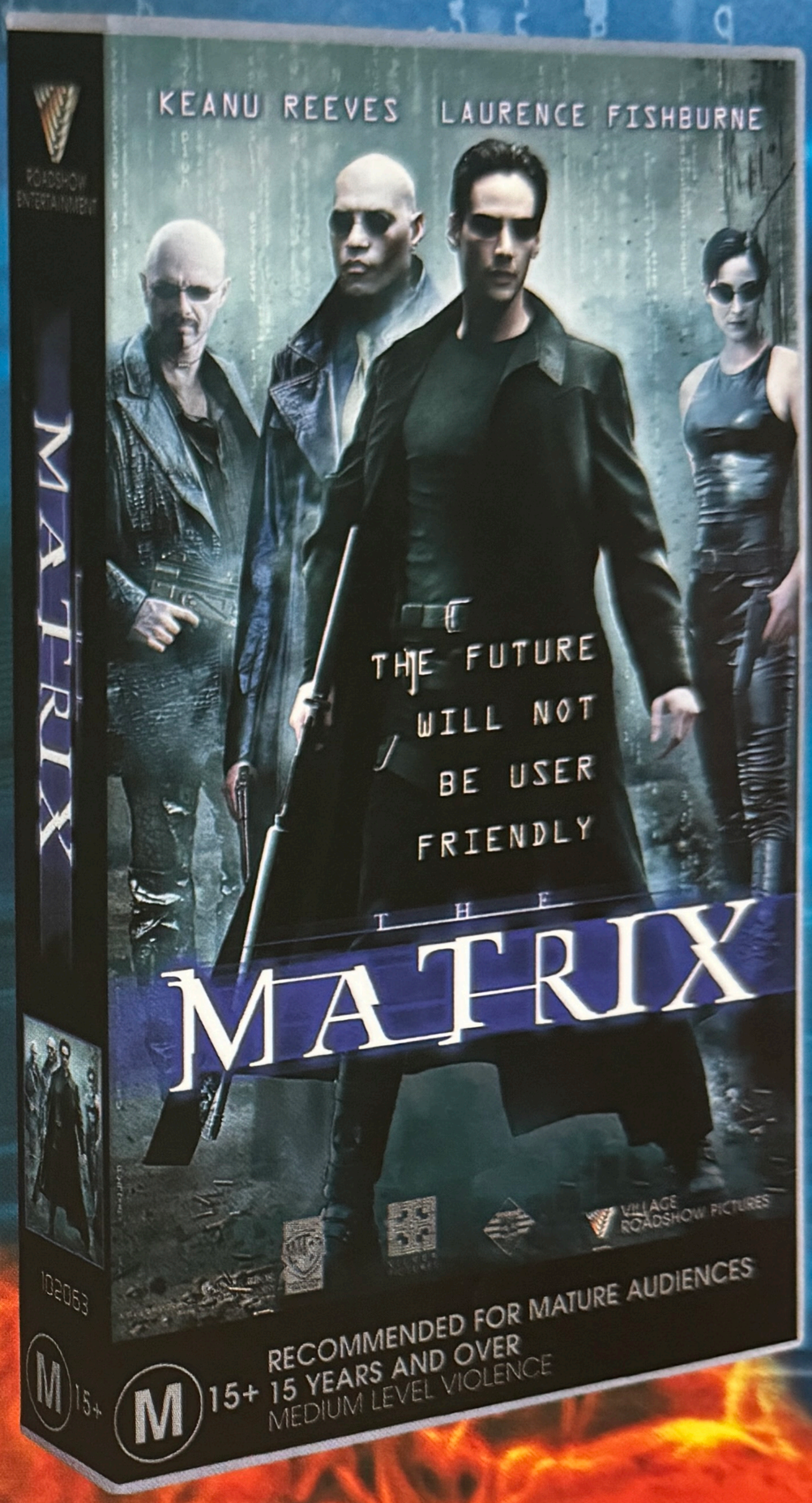
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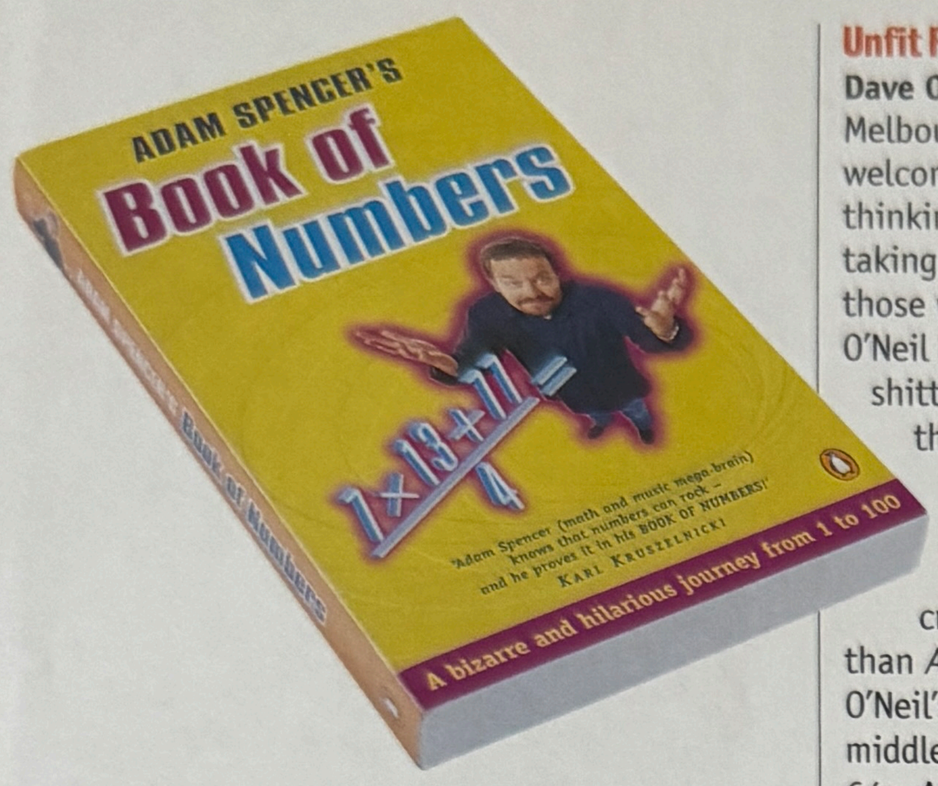
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Reviews books

This month's best ink



Adam Spencer's Book Of Numbers

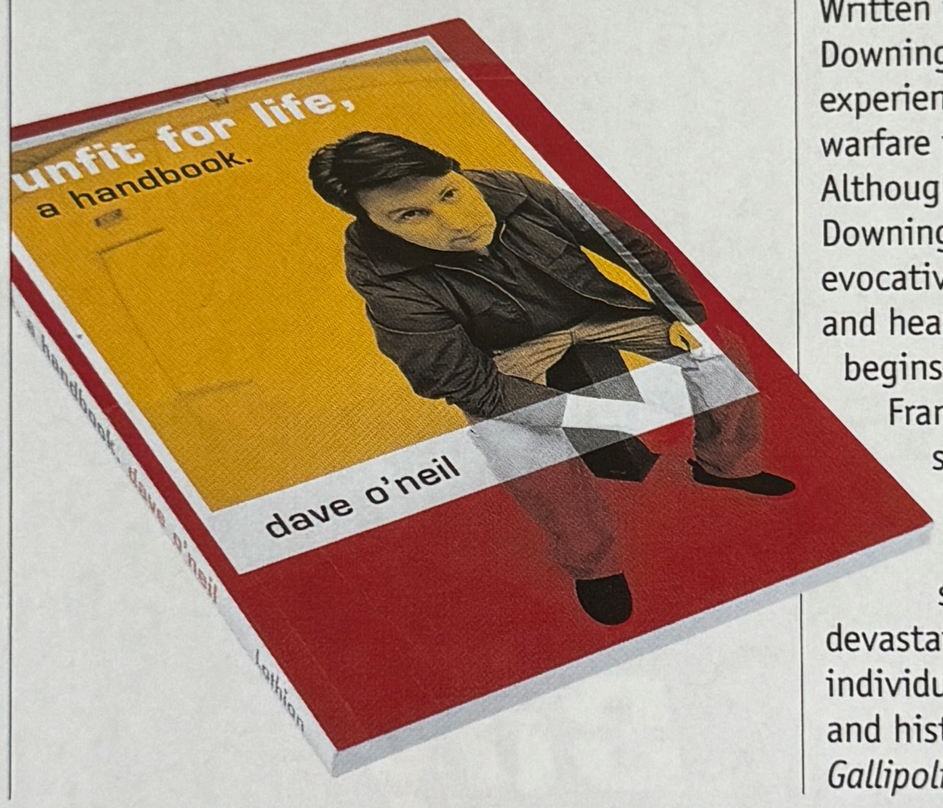
Michael White (Penguin, $12.95)

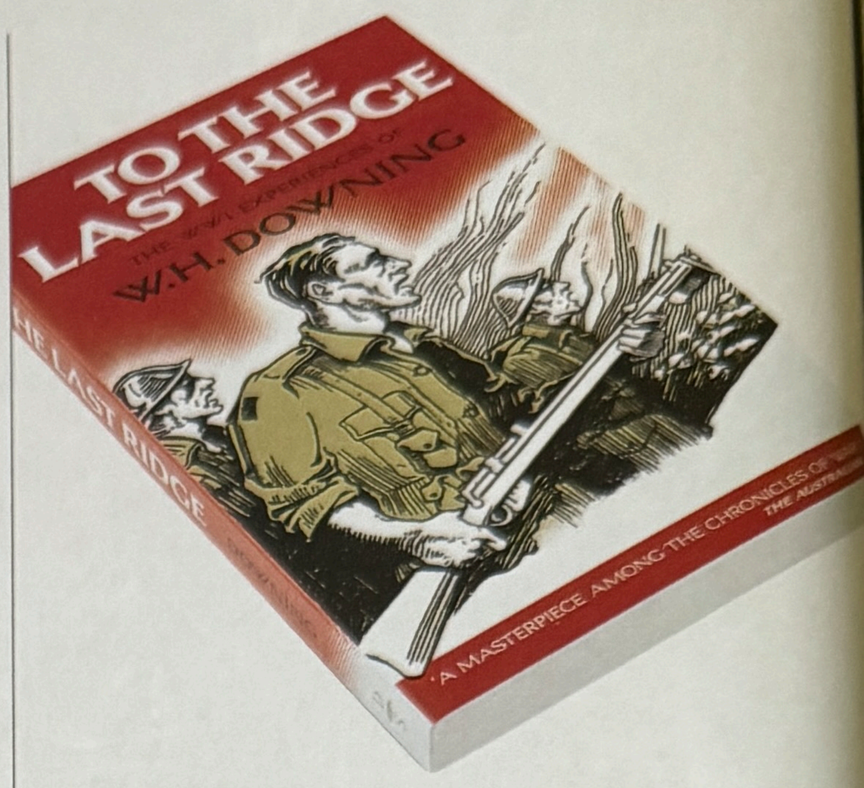
I like Adam Spencer. I really do. His sharp wit is a welcome wake-up on Triple J in the mornings and on ABC-TV's *Quantum* he somehow manages to make the driest science story interesting. But his *Book Of Numbers* smacks of a rushed attempt to get something on the shelves before his popularity wanes. Long on boredom and short on humour, it'll be of interest primarily to geeks who think spelling "Boobless" on a calculator is high wit, speak three languages (if you include HTML and Fortran), and whose only sex partner to date has been Lara Croft. The premise of Spencer's book is simple: he aims to tell us titbits and trivia about every number from one to 100. Unfortunately, "Twenty-seven is the smallest number that can be written as a sum of three squares in two different ways" and "Fifty-six is an abundant number" just don't cut it. There are a few amusing asides, but nothing "funny". ★ **(MA)**

Unfit For Life: A Handbook

Dave O'Neil (Lothian, $19.95)

Melbourne funnyman Dave O'Neil provides a welcome antidote to the truck-loads of positive-thinking, inner-child-loving, self-help tomes taking up space in our book stores. Aimed at those who want to live an unaccomplished life, O'Neil provides excellent advice on sharing shitty houses, drinking copious amounts in a thoroughly-professional manner, studying in front of the TV, surviving brain-dead jobs by doing the least amount of work possible, and telling lies that are creative yet believable. More inspirational than *Angela's Ashes*, the book also traces O'Neil's traumatic early life in Melbourne's middle-class suburbs: a world of Commodore 64s, Atari games, Rubik's cubes, and *Prisoner* in prime-time. "As night closed in," he writes, "we would lie under our *Star Wars* doonas, electric blankets on three, and dream of a better place." Terrifying, moving, hilarious. ★★★★ **(MA)**





To The Last Ridge

WH Downing (Duffy & Snellgrove, $16.95)

First published in 1920, this is the Australian version of *All Quiet On The Western Front*. Written in an elegant but simple style, WH Downing chronicles the gut-wrenching experiences of diggers during the horrific trench warfare in Western Europe from 1916 to 1918. Although he doesn't dwell on the gory details, Downing's descriptions of the battlefield are so evocative that you can almost smell the cordite and hear the screams of the wounded. His tale begins in Fleurbaix, the AIF's first big battle in France, which saw Australia lose a staggering 5,533 men in the space of a few days, and progresses through to the eventual Allied victory. While the scenes of senseless mass slaughter are devastating to read, it's the accounts of individual tragedy that really haunt. A literary and historical masterpiece that makes the film *Gallipoli* look positively sanitised. ★★★★ **(MA)**

GAMES reviewed by Oscar Hillerström

AD 1602

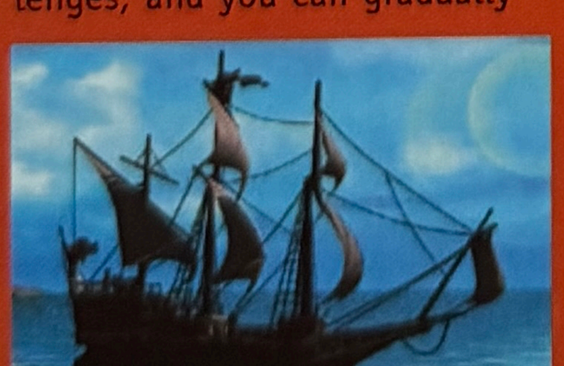
PC GT Interactive, $89.95

This is the most dangerously addictive game to hit the market in years. It's cyber-crack. A blend of several genres, similar to the Civilisation games, but set in real time, and with a much more complex economic/trading basis. Set (loosely) in the Caribbean in 1602, you have to establish settlements, create industry, and fight pirates and the occasional volcano or marauding local tribe. If you buy only one game a year, this should be it.

Best Bit: "Grateful citizens build you a monument." A constantly growing city means constantly changing needs – there's never a dull moment. Challenges abound.

Will you still be playing in six months? Yes. There's an ongoing series of scenarios, each with its own specific challenges, and you can gradually build your own world.

Verdict: One of the best games ever made. ★★★★★


Pirates: swarthy

BattleZone 2

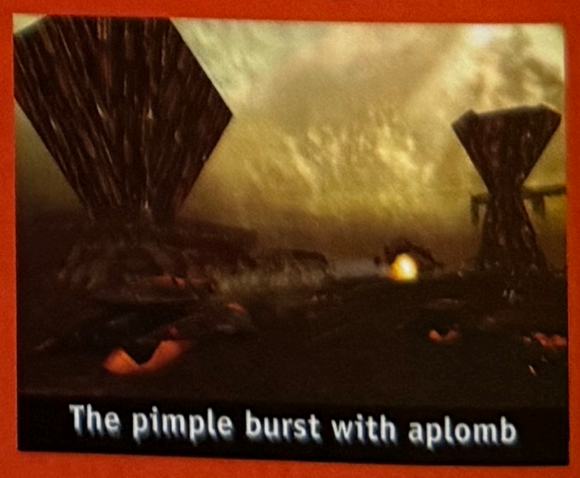
PC Activision, $49.95

The battle between the Russians and the US to get to the moon is over (and so is the Cold War), so the only thing left to do now is join forces and fight aliens! BattleZone *2* is a real-time strategy/combat game, but viewed from a first-person perspective. That is, you spend the whole time on the ground, in the thick of the fighting, whilst doing the normal RTS things.

Best Bit: The graphics are top-notch, and the vehicles move beautifully.

Will you still be playing in six months? If you can defeat the alien menace in that time – thumbs up to you.

Verdict: An immersing experience, with lots of personal combat – and danger. ★★★★


The pimple burst with aplomb

Thos. Cooper & Sons

Regret their inability to immediately keep pace with the greatly increased demand for their

ALE AND STOUT

GOOD beer cannot be rushed in its manufacture, nor can fresh plant be acquired in a week or two under present war conditions, but we hope to meet all requirements by the time Summer sets in.

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May, 1918.

See. War is hell.



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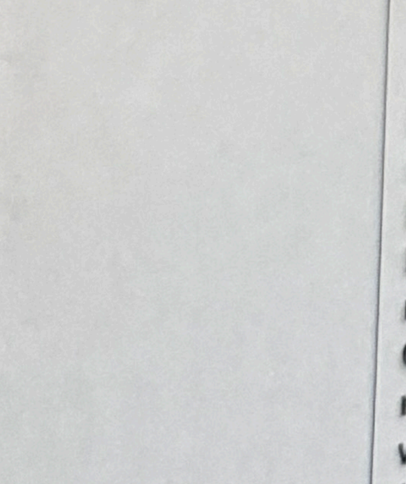
FHM BAR ROOM JOKES

Tell a man a good joke and his reaction will be one of two: he will either chuckle appreciatively until beer comes out of his nose, or he will respond with frosty silence. Well, now *FHM* offers two further options. Firstly, the person who made up the joke first might note your name and come around to your place to beat you with a mop handle. Or secondly, you could receive a frosty six-pack of Premium Dry from your friends here at *FHM*.

So barricade the doors and send your best to:

Bar Room Jokes, *FHM*, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Or e-mail them to

fhm.jokes@emap.com.au



JOKE OF THE MONTH



Elderly and cancer-ridden, a man lay dying in his bed at home. In death's agony, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs from the kitchen below.

Gathering his remaining strength, he lifted himself out of bed and slowly made his way out of the bedroom and stumbled downstairs.

Finally reaching the kitchen and breathing heavily, he leaned against the doorframe. There, spread out on the table, were literally hundreds of his favourite cookies. Was it a divine gift? Or one final act of love from his devoted wife?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees. His parched lips parted, imagining the wondrous taste of freshly-baked biscuits that would make his last hours tolerable.

Shakingly, his withered hand snaked over to the plate at the edge of the table. But, suddenly, it was smacked with a spatula.

"Stay out of those," screamed his wife. "They're for the funeral."

Barry Pridmore, Petersham, NSW

Little Herbie had been blind since birth. One day at bedtime, his mother told him that the next day was a very special one. If he prayed extra hard, he'd be able to see when he woke up the next day. The next morning, she came into Herbie's room to make sure he'd prayed hard the night before.

"Well then, open your eyes and you'll know your prayers have been answered."

Little Herbie opened his eyes, only to cry out, "Mother! Mother! I still can't see!"

"I know, dear," said his mum. "April Fool!"

Amber, via e-mail

Walking to work one day, a man sees an unusual funeral procession. Moving up the street slowly is a hearse, followed closely behind by a second hearse. Behind this, with head bowed, walks a solitary man walking a pit bull on a leash. Behind him are about 200 men walking single file.

Curiosity getting the better of him, the man respectfully approaches the man walking the pooch.

"I know this is a bad time," he says to the mourner. "But I've never seen a funeral like this. Who's passed away?"

The bereaved looks up. "Well, that first hearse is for my wife."

"What happened to her?" the man asks.

The funeral-goer looks down at his pit bull. "My dog attacked and killed her."

"Well, who is in the second hearse?"

"My mother-in-law," the man answers. "She was trying to help my wife when the dog turned on her."

There's a moment of silence. "Could I borrow that dog?" says the first man.

The mourner looks at him. "Get in line."

Dr Jurd, Snapper Rocks, QLD

Two gay men decide to have a baby. They mix their love liquid, and have a surrogate mother artificially inseminated.

Nine months later, they rush to the hospital to collect their munchkin. Two dozen babies lie in the newborns ward, 23 of which are screaming. One, over in the corner, is smiling serenely.

A nurse comes by, and to the gay couple's delight, she points out that the happy child is theirs.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Brad exclaims. "All these crying bubs, and ours is so happy."

The nurse says, "He's happy now. Just wait until we take the dummy out of his arse."

Gavin Cramery, Christchurch, NZ

A guy is having a drink in a very dark bar. He leans over to the big woman next to him and says, "Hey, wanna hear a funny blonde joke?"

Gruffly, she replies, "Well, before you tell that joke, you should know something: I'm blonde, six foot tall, 88 kilos, and a professional body builder. The blonde woman sitting next to me is six foot two, weighs 78 kilos, and she's in the army. Next to her is a six foot five woman who weighs 85 kilos, and is a professional kickboxer. She's also blonde. Now, do you still want to tell that blonde joke?"

The guy thinks about it a second. "I don't think so," he says. "Not if I'm going to have to explain it three times."

Sandy Ford, Port Fairy, VIC

A midget goes to the doctor complaining that her lady bits hurt like hell every time it rains. The physician helps her onto the table to investigate, but fails to find anything wrong. "I tell you what," he says. "Next time it rains, come in and I'll examine you while you're in pain."

The dwarf agrees and returns during a torrential downpour two days later. As she's in absolute agony, the doc sees her right away. "There's the problem!" he exclaims, and reaches for a scalpel. The half-pint woman is alarmed, but feels safe in the hands of a GP. Thirty seconds later it's all over and she is lifted from the table. "Feel better?" asks the doctor.

The gnomic girl does a lap of the room. "There's no pain at all!" she replies, beaming. "Amazing – what did you do?"

"It was easy," replied the doc. "I just took an inch off the top of each gumboot."

Richard Freeman, Auckland, NZ

Billy is sitting in biology class when the teacher mentions that humans are the only creatures that stutter. Billy's hand shoots up. "Not so, Miss!"

"Please explain, Billy," asks his teacher.

"Well, the other day I was playing with my cat on the patio. Then next door's Great Dane came around the corner, and my cat went 'Ffff! Ffff! Ffff!', but before he could say 'Fuck off', the dog ate him."

Yusef Haddad, Rockdale, NSW

Hungry for more?
These jokes – and truckloads more, updated on a daily basis – are at the *FHM* website: http://www.fhm.co.uk

ILLUSTRATION: MATT GOLDING



Ben Sherman

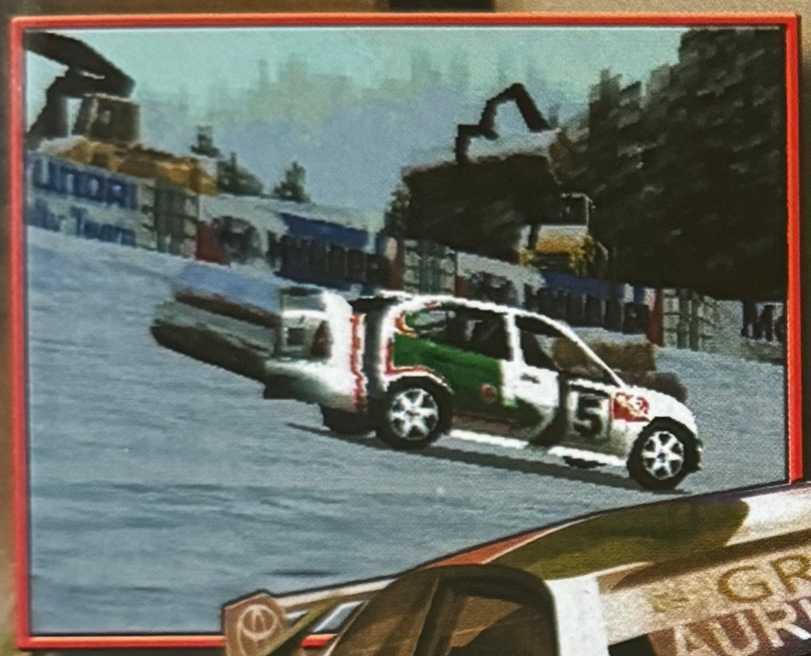
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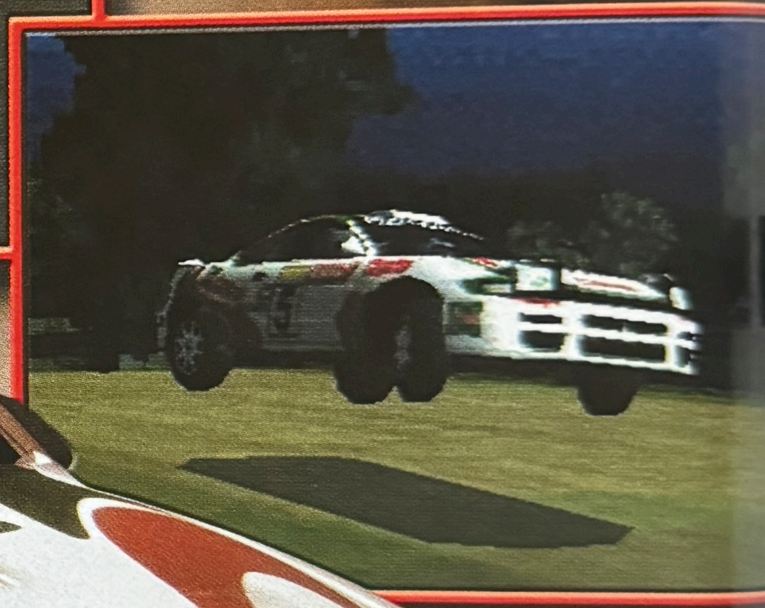
INFOGRAMES

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Tie me up, tie me down

What's it like to be the gimp at a hardcore S&M club? Our man finds out...

One of the great things about sex is there's always someone in the world who's having less of it than you. So, while it's a very real personal tragedy that I'm not joined under my doona every night by a troupe of bisexual women gymnasts who think my semen tastes better than tiramisu, I can at least console myself with the fact that I'm not, say, a Hasidic Jew. If I was, then religious law would insist that my partner lie rigid in bed under a sheet with a hole cut in it, and that we only have sex in order to make babies. Even worse, of course, I could be my parents.

No, like most guys reading this magazine, I guess I'm pretty happy about my sex life. I get to do the five or six positions I'm comfortable with, I get blown only slightly less often than







"As I stood up again, my privates swung like Tarzan on a jungle vine"



Miles Davis's trumpet, and I consider myself to be perfectly liberal in my attitudes. So why then – again like the majority of blokes – do I feel that people who have weirder sex than me are in some way freaky? Why do I feel a nervous ridicule for people who get their kicks from dressing up in gimp suits, using the word "fist" as a verb not a noun, and delighting in the flick of leather on bare skin? Am I wrong or am I right? There is, of course, only one way to find out...

The Torture Garden is Melbourne's premier club night for fans of S&M, and they were good enough to let me attend their most recent party. In accordance with the strict dress code, I was wearing skin-tight rubber jodhpurs, a studded dog collar and a leather balaclava – a get-up which, although no doubt admirably waterproof, was doing nothing for my nerves. And as the place started to fill up, I began to get even more anxious. The first few arrivals included three huge hairy blokes whose bulging groins were only barely contained by PVC pouches, some beefy transvestites, a dominatrix sporting devil's horns, and a guy whose body was so heavily and imaginatively pierced with metal objects that he could make a killing on the stock market if he ever sold the mineral rights to his scrotum.

Understandably, I moved into the corner, wedging my buttocks tightly against the wall, and as more and more heavy-duty types began to fill the basement, I started to get genuinely afraid. All this unabashed sexuality, this proud, in-your-face declaration of a taste for perversion, made me feel like a character in *Deliverance*. I imagined it was only a matter of time until I was surrounded by butt-hungry sadists saying stuff like, "You sure got a purdee mouth, boy," or "We gonna tear you a new asshole tonight". I responded by trying to look incredibly heterosexual – no easy task given my chosen attire. I swigged my cola like it was bourbon, and tried to emit radio waves that said, "I'm straight... and I know karate."

As a clincher, I decided to light a cigarette, and it was when I bent over to put my drink on the floor that I heard the sickening rrippp! Immediately, a cool breeze made itself known around my knackers. Looking down, I saw my jodhpurs had split from rectum to navel, and as I stood up again my privates swung into view like Tarzan on a jungle vine. The exit was miles away, through a crowd now numbering in the hundreds. I closed my eyes and began to pray for a quick death, wondering if the cops would find anything except a fragment of my ring piece – a ravaged, friction-burned lump of gristle, roughly similar in appearance to the thing Evander Holyfield now calls his ear.



A few seconds passed. Then a few more. Cautiously, I cracked open an eye. And... well nobody was staring at me. It couldn't be because they hadn't noticed, because although my cock was Lilliputian with fear and my balls had migrated to an altitude uncharted since I was a child soprano in the Brisbane Boys choir, they were clearly visible. After a couple of minutes, the truth began to dawn on me: these ▷



GRUB SMITH'S LABORATORY OF LOVE



"She's seen four people sweatily engaged in a 'fisting circle'"

guys just didn't care. They were cool about it. In fact, now that I actually looked, I could see that plenty of people – women and men – were wandering around naked and none of them were getting hassled. When someone finally approached me, it turned out to be a distinctly foxy chick in a Batgirl outfit who asked me to tighten her basque strings.

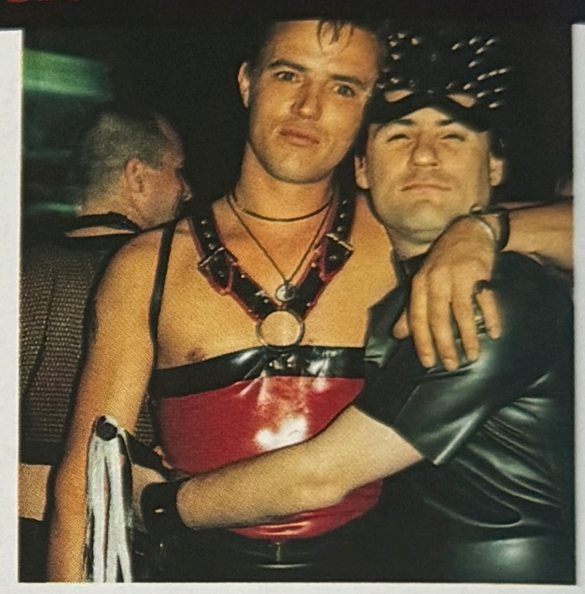
And so I began to relax. I began to think, "This is okay." However relieved I was, one important question remained: if these guys weren't interested in cornholing a magnificent specimen of male beauty like me, then what were they into? Why had they taken a break from the grind of their every day lives to squeeze into PVC diapers and chain mail jockstraps? Luckily, the basque girl offered to show me around and explain things, and thus we began our tour.

Now, normally, I hate nightclubs. They're too noisy to hear what anyone says, I'm not good looking and I dance like a duck that's been plugged into the mains. At the Torture Garden, however, this didn't matter. There was only one room for dancing in and most people preferred to hang out in the bar, the "chill" room, or the dungeon. I found this last room to be a real blast. It was fitted out with various racks, cages, and whipping posts, and there were some comfy cushions which I could both sit on and use to cover my gaping gusset.

As we watched a bloke getting strapped to a sort of crucifix, my companion told me about the various excesses she'd witnessed, including the time she'd seen four people sweatily engaged in a "fisting circle". What was the appeal, I enquired. She shrugged, "If it turns you on, it turns you on – you don't really have a choice in the matter."

Although a little simplistic, it seems to me that this answer sums up perversion as succinctly as any textbook. Psychiatrists may trace the root of, say, a masochistic urge to an incident in childhood when the victim got aroused by a spanking at kindergarten, but that doesn't account for the astonishing ingenuity of other S&M excesses. I've read about guys who like to sit in baths full of other people's shit, people who've nailed their cocks to tables, and still more who get turned on by letting insects sting their private parts. And I don't care which public school they attended, there's no way it did all that to them...

When Basque Woman nipped off to get the drinks, I watched the guy on the crucifix getting whipped. A burly, leather-clad bloke the size of Obelix was pinging him quite hard on the testicles with a length of chain, much as you or I might flick someone with a wet towel. He was yelping with pain. I found this bizarre, sure, but I didn't find it – as I was sure I would – offensive. Hey, if he wanted it to happen (and it was instructive to hear him say "Yes!" and "Thanks for that!" between blows) then good on him. It was skin off his balls, not my nose.



Once I'd adjusted my attitude in this way, I actually began to have a great time. For the next three hours I was partying with the pervs! That bloke with the Satan tattoo and the whip, the one who'd previously have caused me to lock up my pets and call the cops... hey, he's a fun guy! Those two gimps licking women's shoes... fantastic, have a crack at mine, guys! And the girl I've been talking to, the one who's just inserted both her hands through the split in my trousers, the one who's started tugging my... whoa.

The night just keeps getting better and better. **FHM**

DORALBA PICERNO

MASTERCLASS Sex tips that work for novices and swordsmen alike...



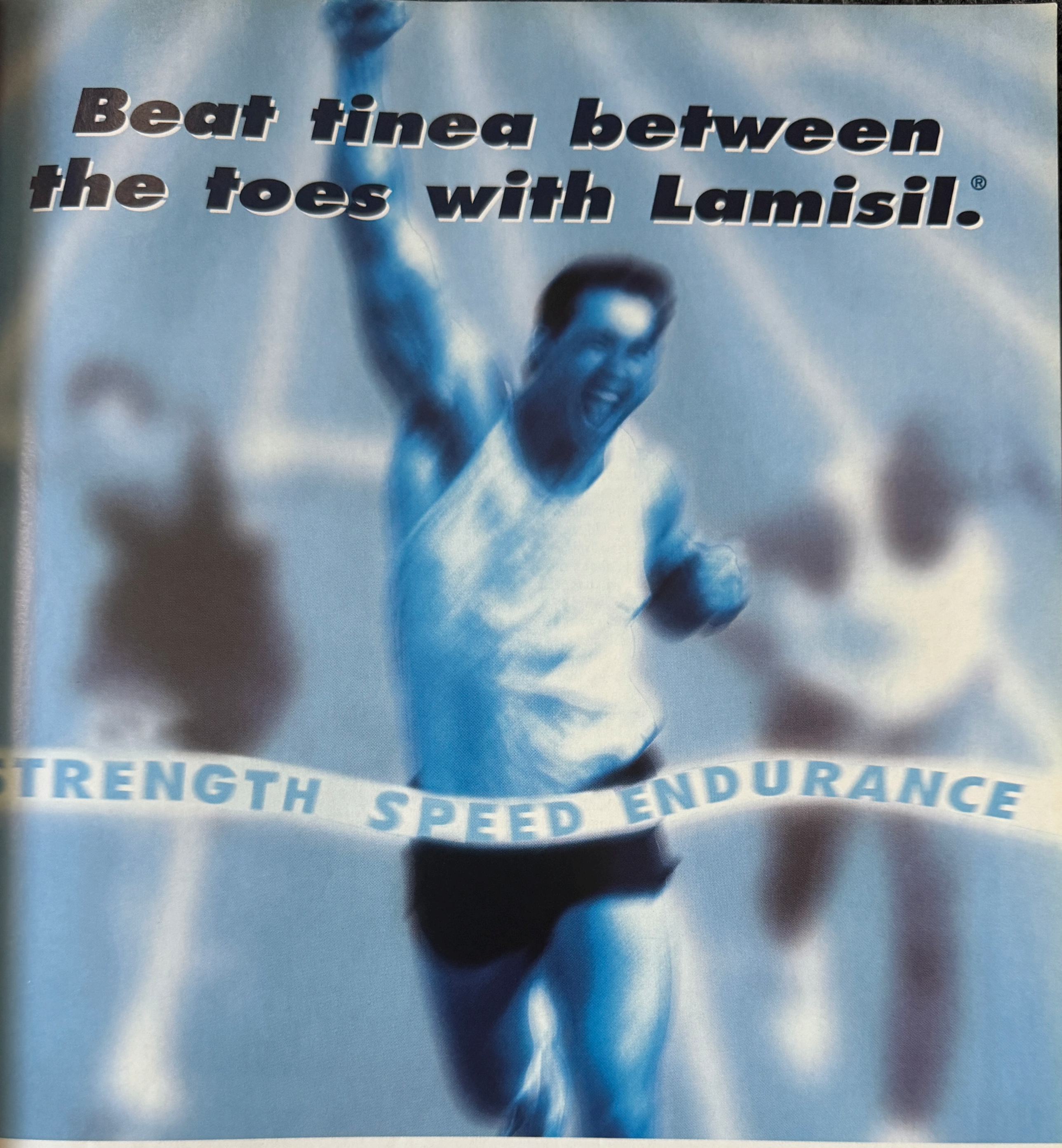
Q My girlfriend wants a tongue ring, but I'm worried it'll hurt if it catches on my lips or, even worse, my cock.
A The piercing is usually a rounded stainless steel bolt, so it's unlikely to cause any pain, except to her when it's fitted. I find it makes oral sex more pleasurable for guys, because the texture and temperature of the metal provides a novel sensation on the skin. That said, it sounds like your kissing style is a little unadventurous: experiment a bit, and she may decide she doesn't want the piercing after all.

Q What's the best position to use in a three-in-bed situation?
A It depends. If sharing with another man, the best advice is to "toss for ends" and stay as far apart as possible. Try what's known in the porn business as "DP" (double-penetration of arse and pussy), but you're going to get a bit of "scrotum bashing", which may put you off your stroke. With two girls, arrange them in a 69 position, with one lying on her back, and the other kneeling on top of her. They can give each other oral sex while you slot into the kneeling one, doggy-style. Plus, the girl on the bottom can alternate between cunnilingus and kissing your balls.

Q Can you tell if a woman's faking?
A If she's having real orgasms she'll probably get a slightly pink flush over her neck and chest after sex. If she's faking it, there's an even more accurate indicator: you'll soon find out she's shagging someone else.

Got a sex query? Then send it to *FHM*, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240.

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TOM JONES

Wales's most famous export talks ladies' underwear, turning 60, and singing with Natalie Imbruglia

What do you do before a show – you seem so relaxed, not nervous at all?

Yeah, I just had a lie-down, which I always do before a show. I always head down to the health club – work out, then come up, have a sleep, have a sandwich, and then get ready.

Is it still exciting?

Oh yeah, the show itself is the most exciting thing I do. Onstage it's fantastic because the people are there. I don't sing in the shower, you know. I don't have to do vocal warm-ups. I just make sure my throat is clear.

Do you work out in the gym a lot?

I've always worked out – whatever's there in the hotel. I'll use. I'll weight-train every day if there's a gym available. If not, I'll do crunches and push-ups and squats on the floor in the suite. It gets the blood pumping.

How many shows do you do a year?

As much as I can, because I enjoy it so much. So we do around 200 on an average, sometimes more; we're on the road constantly – I only get two weeks off a year. Home is LA – I've been there since 1976.

Do you ever go back home to Wales?

Whenever I can. I have loads of cousins and still one auntie alive – she's 100. My father was one of six children, my mother was one of six children, and they all had children and they all lived in the same town.

Was it a tough time as a child?

It was a happy time. I never thought about it as being tough. My father was a coalminer, but he always worked so we always had food on the table. It was a working-class life. You didn't really think about anyone having more than you had because most of the men were coalminers. Coming from a large family you never felt alone – when I came home from school and my mother wasn't home, I'd go into one of my aunties' houses or my grandmother's house – always plenty of people there.

You didn't even have a bath?

We had a tin bath hanging on the wall outside. The houses were built for coalminers, but there were no baths in them. My father would come home covered in coaldust and have a bath in front of the fireplace – we had open fire places in every room.

Did your father want you to carry on the tradition of coalmining?

He wanted me to – but I had TB when I was a kid. I was bedridden from the time I was 12 to 14 – so after that the doctor said, "Whatever you do, whatever you take up as a profession, it can't be coalmining." So having TB was a bit of a godsend, 'cause if I didn't have it I would have gone down the coalmine.

When did you start singing?

I've always sung, since I was a child, but I couldn't for two years and that was the worst part. I had to stay home in my own room and not sing, but I learned to play the guitar then and I used to paint a lot. Then, once the TB was gone, I started singing again.

What about this whole other axis: the sexuality – when did that start?

Yeah, in school, ha ha. When I was in school the girls reacted. It was a great asset. Most boys have to be athletic. But for me it was the singing and the girls took notice. I realised there was an attraction there. When I was very small, my mother went to a women's guild once a week – and there were no men allowed but they would ask my mother to bring me, 'cause I would sing. I would sing to these women when I was about seven or eight years old.

What about the throwing of underwear?

It still happens. It started in the Copacabana in New York – a woman stood up and took her underwear off. The staff were handing me table napkins because I was perspiring and she got up and off came the undies and she handed them to me – then it was written up in a newspaper and that's how it caught on.

Is it flattering to be older and still be a sex symbol?

Yeah, for younger girls to think I'm sexy – I'm 59-years-old now – it's flattering, but it's harder work to try and stay in shape. I like working out and going to the gym, it's not a grind, I can do it, but in my twenties I didn't have to worry about it – or in my thirties. But when I got into my forties I started to put on weight easily, and then you have to check it. It's trying to keep as fit as you can at my age. It's harder to keep in shape now.

Q Is it flattering to still be a sex symbol?
A Yeah, for younger girls to think I'm sexy... but it's hard to stay in shape

You're 60 next year – any crises?

No, I'm looking forward to it. Every year I'm living I'm thanking God for it. Some people don't want to grow old, but what's the alternative? You should embrace it, try and do as much as you can to keep fit, but you can't stop the clock or turn back time. It's just one of those things and you accept it and do what you want to do – age hasn't got in my way yet. It hasn't stopped me doing what I do.

With the NRL ad campaign you're all over our TV screens. How did that come about?

My son, who's my manager, came to me with it, but the first thing I wanted to know was what the song was. They told me it would be based on *What A Man* by Salt'n'Pepa and they sent a demo from a guy they got to sing it how they thought I would. I heard it and thought, "Yeah, that would work." I think maybe 'cause I come from Wales and rugby is a big part of Welsh life – although union's bigger there than league – that it was something I could work with. I think people can associate me with the game. It's not like I'm singing about badminton.

Are you an avid rugby lover?

Yes. I was brought up with it. Being born in Wales it was the game we played in winter, so it's part of my life. Whatever chance I get to watch it, I do.

Your son also convinced you to record Prince's *Kiss* and put *Reload* together.

Yeah. He's made me more aware of the current groups and songs, and he brings it to my attention. I've always tried to update the act. I was doing *Kiss* live – and Art Of Noise saw me doing it on a TV show in the UK and they asked to record it with me. Then it got me back in top 40 radio again, and on MTV. I was being played again on rock and pop stations.

Had you heard of the bands you sing with on *Reload*?

Most of them I knew or had heard of. The three Welsh bands I knew: Stereophonics, Manic Street Preachers and Catatonia.

Everyone seemed quite excited to record with you...

I think musicians realise more about you than the public – they know what I'm capable of and my vocal ability. I've always gotten respect from other singers and musicians. Back as far as Sinatra – he always said he was my number one fan – and if Frank says it you have to believe it; and Elvis said the same. I did a lot of duets with singers in late the '60s and '70s.

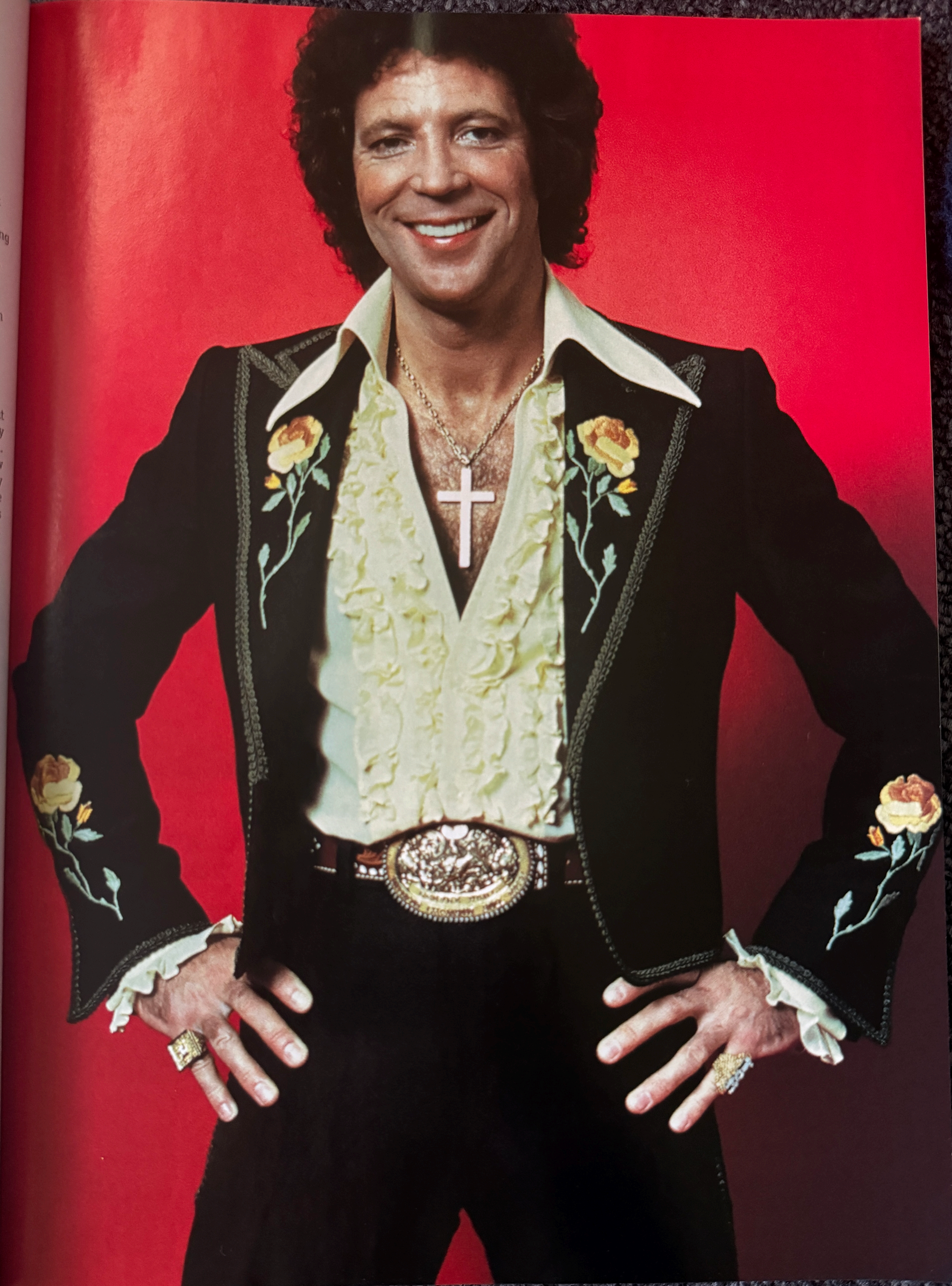
Why did you choose to cover INXS's *Never Tear Us Apart*?

I've always liked that song and it was Michael's favourite. I love INXS anyway; I was at Michael's funeral in Sydney. It was ironic. I was coming to Sydney and just before I got on the plane I was told Michael had died and it was in the same hotel I was going to and on the same floor – just down the hall – so it was very strange. They played that song at the funeral, so when Natalie (Imbruglia) was suggested as my duet partner, we thought about the song and she loved it and was pleased we were going to do it.

I understand you had to tone down your vocals for her?

Initially I attacked the song with a lot more vigour, but the producer told me to ease up because Natalie is so quiet, so I had to handle it a little more sympathetically. FHM

Interview by Katherine Tulich. Tom Jones is touring nationally this month.





"PROWLING, PROWESS AND POETRY IN A GLASS"

Whisky, for the Scots, has always been much more than just a drink so pull up a bar stool, relax and enjoy this potted history of aromatic single malts

Whisky was born as a medicinal, said to have come to Northern Europe via contact with the Arabs during the great crusades. Until the eighteenth century it was known as "aqua vitae" in Latin, "Uisge Beatha" in Gaelic, and over time evolved to the name "Usky". Usky... it sounds like a cross between a Highland Chief shaking his beard and a frisky hussy. Perhaps the golden stuff is relevant to both. Whisky had the job of firing the bodies of ancient Scots who braved the winter bare-legged, with nothing but a strip of tartan and the firing desires of their women. Celtic Scotland was sensible about love and romance, there was no such thing as formal marriage and offspring were charges of the clan. Seduction, Scottish style, was a mixture of song and drink. The drink of course being Uisge Beatha. Yet again the sacred dram was granted extraordinary powers of potency. There is an old Gaelic toast to malt whisky that gets right to the point:

"You are the prowler of the night to the beds of virgins, oh Gods, what powers you have to gain kindnesses from girls."

These days a lass might respond less to a grizzled boozy prowlin' kiss and more to the tale of whisky itself. Pull up a bar stool and give her this potted history as you smugly order two aromatic single malts. The history of Scottish whisky is a ripping yarn. The British tried to tax it, then outlaw it, but still it flowed in secret stills and craggy hills. In 1781, private distilling was made illegal and this led the highland bootleggers to set up their stills in more and more inhospitable locales. Early distilleries were built on unpopulated glens, the shores of remote lochs out of sight of the gauger's eye. There's a certain poetic justice to these covert operations setting up in such austere isolation. They went on to produce some of the finest whisky in the world. During the whisky boom of the 1880s, some of the finest distilleries were established and the world got a taste for the "wee goldie". The stuff made for export though was a little different from the fine single malts the locals drank and that connoisseurs prefer now. "Scotch" – a blend of single malts and neutral, unmalted grain whisky,

was developed for the cautious palates of Britain and beyond. It was blended Scotch that F Scott Fitzgerald and other great lushes of the twentieth century were downing as they changed the face of language as we know it. Prohibition hardly dinted whisky production in Scotland. In the years between 1920 and 1932, whisky companies appointed agents in the Caribbean where barrels and bottles were smuggled into America. The operation was large. The French colonies of St Pierre and Miquelon imported 539,000 litres of whisky in 1922. Most of the whisky that found its way to the US was cut or diluted in some way and by consequence the strongly flavoured malts of Cambeltown were preferred because they went further. Over the decades that followed, word of the single malts grew but few had a chance to taste them outside of Scotland itself. It wasn't until 1963 that the single malt went global and the world got to taste the true complexity of great whisky.

If you are out of breath at this point of the story, take a chance to lift your heavy cut crystal whisky glass and gaze into the eyes of your enchanted prey. "Single malt," you might remark huskily, "is single minded, comme moi bebe". We resume our tale.

The "good stuff" was brought back by Glenfiddich, the legendary distillery established in Speyside, Scottish Highlands in 1887. The response was intense and today single malts are understood as "the Real McCoy", a distillation of laborious process and pristine geography. Basically it's rural Scotland in a glass. And each glass reflects its roots. The single malt builds its flavour on specific geographic and physical conditions – on the temperature of fresh flowing river water, on the smoke of burning peat, on the rich earth where the barley grows, on the location of the still (near the sea or in the heathered highlands) and even the season in which the whisky is put to barrel. Malts are the equivalent of single vineyard wines. Regional differences permeate each droplet. An Islay malt has a distinct saltiness from the proximity to the sea, Highland malts hint at heather, Lowland malts are mellow and Speyside malts, such as The Balvenie and Glenfiddich, show a refined delicacy.

"In the words of the great master himself – Robert Burns – 'freedom and whisky gang thegither!' The freedom of poetry, the freedom to roam from hill to hill and wench to wench, and the freedom of a great deal of cool, bracing wind beneath your kilt..."

The longer a single malt is in the barrel, the darker and richer it becomes.

Glenfiddich Ancient Reserve is a single malt aged for 18 years in oak before bottling. A skillful marriage of whiskies aged in Oloroso sherry casks with whiskies aged in traditional oak results in a smooth, full-bodied dram whose masculine oak is underscored by sweet honeyed tones of sherry. Beneath that are notes of leather, spice, nuts and peat smoke. The taste is long and round with an elegant finish. It's suave stuff and so are the younger ones. The Solera Reserve, aged for 15 years, is created according to the Spanish Solera system where sherry barrels are stacked vertically according to age (or vintage). The Grants' adaptation of the system involves ageing malt in European and American oak as well as old sherry butts, for no less than 15 years, and blending them at maturation in a Solera vat. This vat is never less than half full, so the process is complex, as is the taste with notes of rosemary, lavender, honeyed sweetness and (some say) a distinct undercurrent of wet river stones.

In the words of the great master himself – Robbie Burns – "freedom and whisky gang thegither!" The freedom of poetry, the freedom to roam from hill to hill and wench to wench, and the freedom of a great deal of cool, bracing wind beneath your kilt. The romance of single malts is built on a tumultuous history and a mass of contradictions. The stuff comes from rugged highlands famous for tribal warfare but is redolent with almost pretty flavours of heather and honey. The taste heats the senses but cools the tongue, inspiring famously smooth loquacity (Scotland's greatest poets have attested to this!). The image is one of a man's man's drink, all rugged and fierce, but women... well, how is that bar room chat-up going?

Here's cheers to single-minded pleasures!





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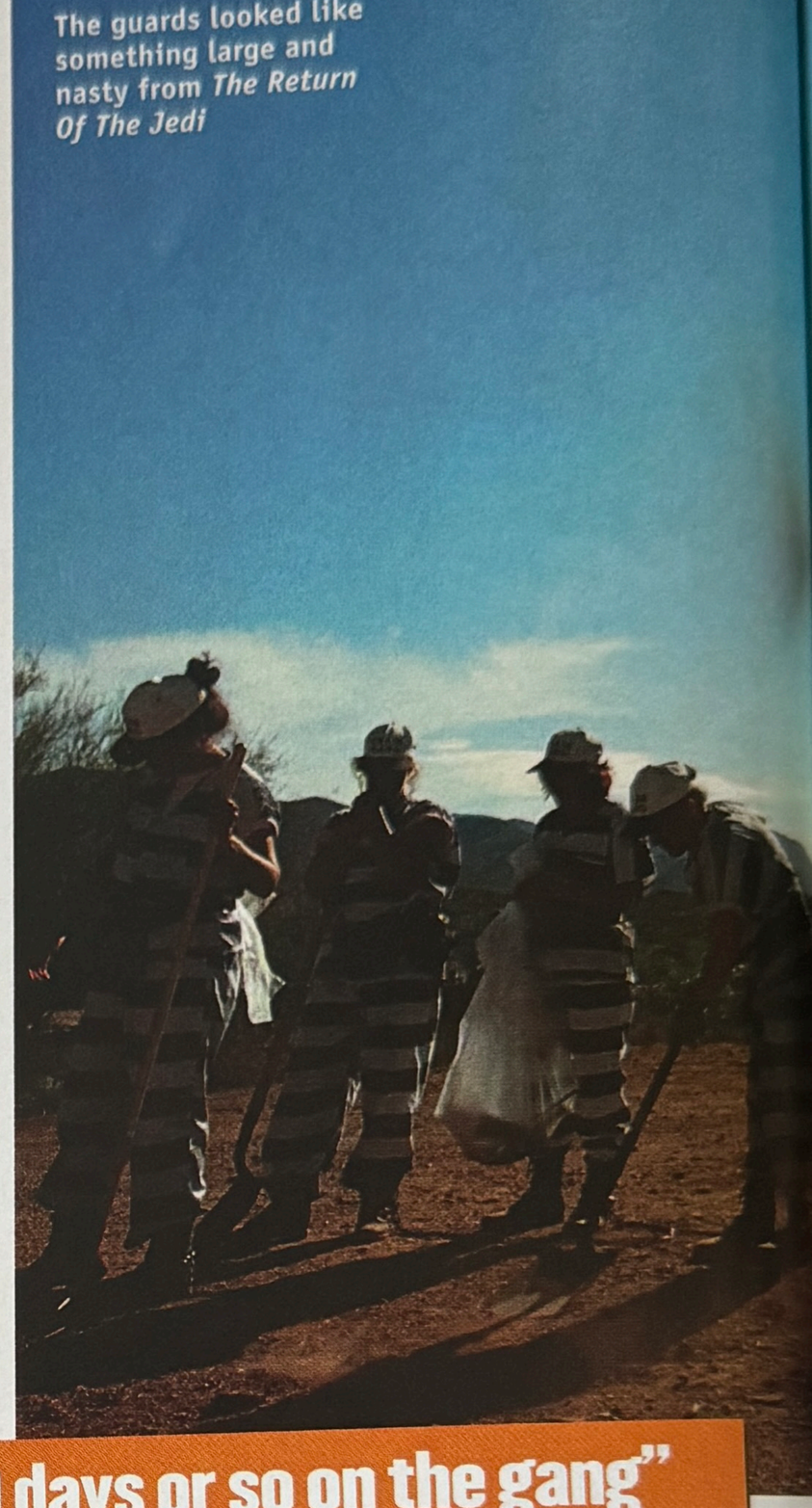
CHAIN GANG

In Phoenix, Arizona, women who break the law don't just go to jail – they are forced to join an old-fashioned, hard-as-nails chain gang

WORDS: ANNETTE WITHERIDGE PHOTOGRAPHY: JOHN CHAPPLE



Sheriff Arpaio likes the freak-show spectacle of chicks in chains



The guards looked like something large and nasty from *The Return Of The Jedi*

"If you should accidentally swear you'll get another 20 days or so on the gang"

It's not yet 7am and the glare of the sun is unbearable. The phrase "hotter than hell" comes to mind as I stumble from the sweltering bus. My left ankle has a padlocked chain around it and I'm shackled to four other women.

The warning "don't mess with the critters out there" rings in my already burning ears. The critters, according to my shotgun-toting female mountain of a guard, Kelly Sunday, are rattlesnakes and tarantula spiders.

I'm dressed in ill-fitting prison stripes and a filthy baseball cap with the words Chain Gang stamped across the front sits on my head. Around my waist is a water canister – the only concession to humanity on this sick exercise to show the good folk of Phoenix, Arizona, that crime doesn't pay.

My 14 new friends on this draconian jaunt into the desert are all inmates at the local jail. While serving their time – under Dickensian conditions in old army tents adjoining a stinking waste disposal plant, the local rubbish tip, and the dog pound – these young women have dared to step out of line.

Their misdemeanours are varied. Some were caught with cigarettes, while others dared to chat-up a male prisoner through the corrugated fence that separates the men from the women in the Tent City jails. Several had no idea what they had done to deserve being put on a chain gang and made to work under almost intolerable conditions.

Ruby Wax had TV viewers screeching with laughter as she joined the Maricopa County jail's female chain gang. She turned up her nose at the practically inedible, green, processed-meat sandwiches, rattled the chain around her leg and laughed and joked at the expense of the monstrously large female guards.

Ruby, I came to believe as the day wore on, had the right idea. If you didn't laugh, you'd cry at the conditions these girls labour under.

So instead of making my escape to call Amnesty International, I found myself sniggering behind the guard's backs. They looked like something large and nasty from *Return Of The Jedi*. Detention officer Sunday – who should be locked up herself for looking so scary – quickly became "Sunday, Bloody Sunday". I got tips from the girls on how to make hooch, the foul-tasting illegal brew created from mouldy fruit, bread and water. And, I was reliably informed, if you're really desperate for a cigarette (completely banned under the "get tough" rules at the jail) smoking a bit of rotting potato peel gives you a buzz.

Then there's the *Blind Date*-style excitement of chatting up unseen male prisoners on the other side of the steel fence. The height of romance is receiving a letter tied to a rock, lobbed over the barbed wire from an unknown admirer.

If you should get overexcited, grunt, groan, and talk dirty through the fence then you are a "fence ho". A "ho" is prison slang for whore, which isn't particularly insulting when you consider that many of the women are inside for prostitution.

You can also flirt with the hunky but brainless male guards. It's often 45 degrees Celsius in the shade, yet these lithe young women think nothing of sunbathing topless or flashing their assets at guys in the watch tower.



Once in a chain gang you can't opt out

Of course, any of the above are considered very serious offences. If you're caught you get put in lockdown, which means you spend 23 hours each day in a tiny cell with three other inmates. From there you graduate to the chain gang.

Technically inmates volunteer to join the gang. They have to sign a special form saying they want to spend 30 days in the blazing sun picking up litter, painting road kerbs, weeding flowerbeds, and burying the poor.

Of course, once on the chain gang you can't change your mind and opt out. And if you should – shock, horror – accidentally swear while working or snap at your shackled friends, then you will be sentenced to another 20 days or so on the gang.

Some inmates really do volunteer to join the chain gang, so they can get away from the stinking dormitory-style tents, where it's too hot and too smelly to sleep with 20-odd restless souls. Instead you're assigned an eight-foot by 10-foot cell inside to share with two other girls.

Having spent an afternoon touring the Tenko



©JOHN CHAPPLE/COBRA

Arpaio, the self-styled toughest sheriff in America



tents – last used by the Yanks in the Korean War and complete with tropical mosquito netting – I had to agree with my chain gang mates that it was better to be out and about than living in Tent City.

My day on the the chain gang began at 5am when I was handed a grubby black and white striped top, matching baggy trousers, a pair of dusty hobnail boots and some prison pink socks.

All white underwear is dyed pink to discourage theft, but these days there's a mint to be made from stolen prison stripes and the "graduation" certificates handed out to those completing their 30 days on the chain gang.

Since Sheriff Joe Arpaio became a media junkie and started shooting his mouth off on TV about crime and punishment, yuppies have offered up to $A1,500 for a certificate and some jail garb.

The self-styled "toughest sheriff in America" hands out badges, autographed pink underpants, and posters blowing his own trumpet willy-nilly. He signed two of his campaign placards for me. I plan to use them as dartboards.

I must admit I laughed my head off when half the chain gang told me they would be flogging off their graduation certificates the moment they got out of jail.

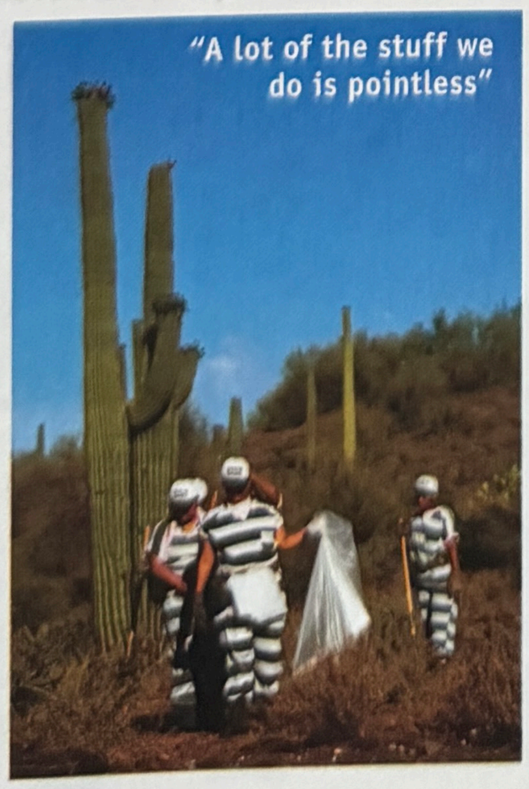
Sheriff Arpaio believes jail shouldn't be a holiday camp, which is all very well. But in his complex of four overflowing jails and Tent City annexes, the prisoners don't seem to have done that much wrong.

Real criminals, ie: anyone sentenced to more than one year in prison, go to a bigger jail up the road that doesn't come under his jurisdiction. He gets the burglars, the shoplifters, the drunks, and the counterfeiters.

He's quick to point out that many of his inmates have violated their probation from the big prison. They've been freed but, like Pamela Anderson's troubled husband Tommy Lee, they have to stay drink and drug-free for five years or so as part of their ongoing punishment.

So on my chain gang I had no murderers, no armed robbers, and no violent assailants. Marlo Upton, the queen of forged five-dollar notes, violated her probation by fraternising with a known criminal. Her boyfriend.

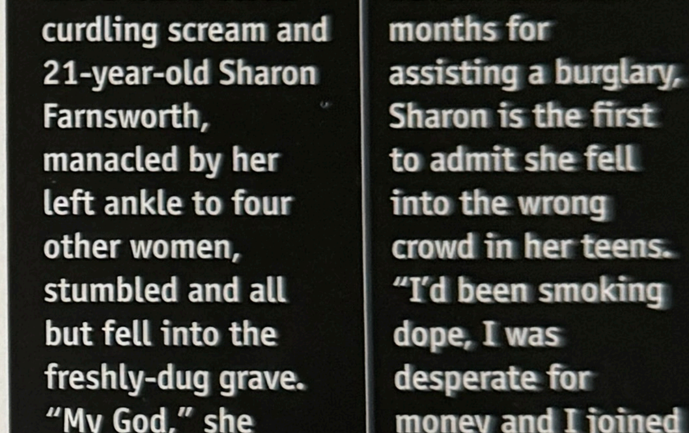
So, although I set off on the chain gang with some trepidation, I quickly felt at home. Initially, stripped of my identity, my mobile phone, cash and credit cards, I felt very vulnerable. Everyone stared sullenly apart from Lisa Lamphier, a crack cocaine addict who instantly became my best friend by showing me the ropes.



"A lot of the stuff we do is pointless"

HORROR STORY

As part of her duties, she buried her father



Inmate Sharon Farnsworth

The chain gang stood silently, heads bowed, as the names of the dead they were about to bury were read out. Suddenly, there was a blood-curdling scream and 21-year-old Sharon Farnsworth, manacled by her left ankle to four other women, stumbled and all but fell into the freshly-dug grave.

"My God," she sobbed. "That's my father." Even the prison guards were shocked, hurrying over to undo her chains.

Three weeks later, Sharon, who has the baby-faced looks of a teenager (but is actually mother to a three-year-old boy), is still trying to come to terms with her grief and the horrific events surrounding her 58-year-old father, Edward Droplijck's burial.

"Obviously I didn't expect to bury my father. When his name was read out I thought I was going to die too.

"I suppose I at least managed to say goodbye to him but it's so terrible I'm not sure I will ever recover.

"I'm in jail until September and I'll just have to get on with it until then. I'll have my nervous breakdown when I get out."

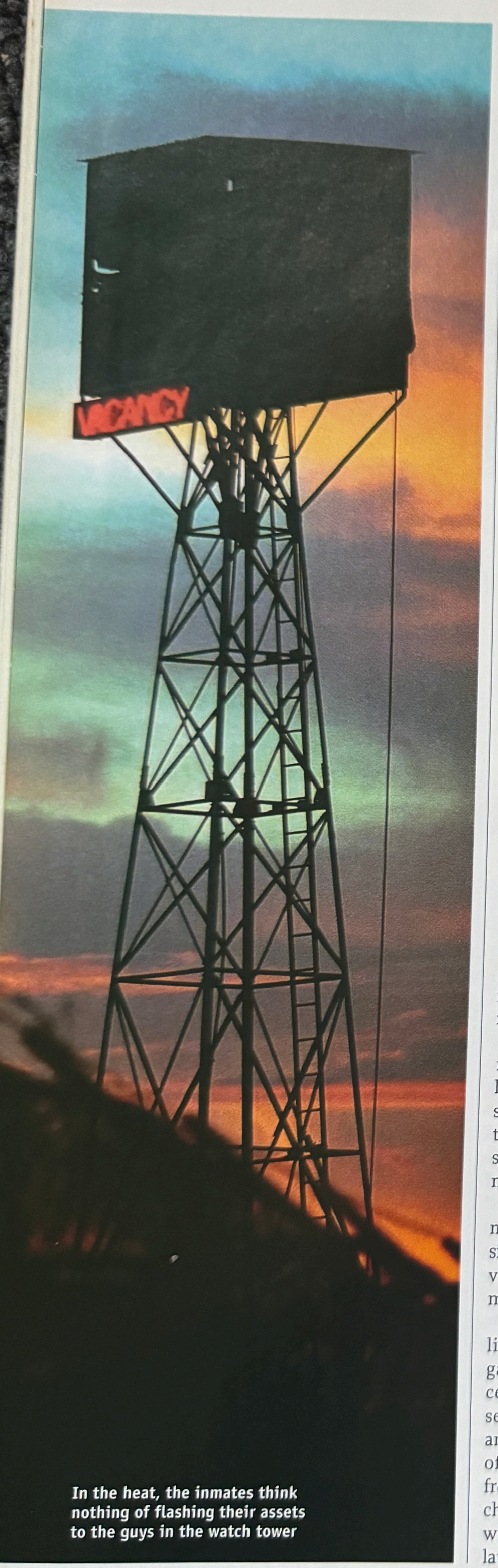
Sentenced to six months for assisting a burglary, Sharon is the first to admit she fell into the wrong crowd in her teens.

"I'd been smoking dope, I was desperate for money and I joined some guys burgling a house. What can I say?"

However, Sheriff Arpaio refuses to be moved. "I don't let inmates out for family funerals. The idea of burying the poor is to teach them a lesson. The Farnsworth girl was luckier than most. She was shocked but she got to say goodbye to her father."

Arpaio is seemingly just as unconcerned about the welfare of his inmates.

"Amnesty International came here to look at my jails. They didn't like it but they can't tell me what to do. I told them to get back to Britain and, funnily enough, they disappeared."



In the heat, the inmates think nothing of flashing their assets to the guys in the watch tower



She showed me how to do all sorts of military manoeuvres and how to march almost in step as Scary Sunday and her mountainous mate Virginia Collins barked orders as we left the cells.

Down the corridor we marched – I felt like Corporal Jones in *Dad's Army* – missing every other beat. Lisa, a 25-year-old mother of two with a passing resemblance to Fergie, whispered that it was okay to hold onto the belt of the person in front to get the rhythm right.

Then it was time for the chains to go on. The 15 of us were split into three groups and shackled five to a chain. The chain didn't look that strong and the padlocks were the sort you'd use to secure a garden shed. However, the guards have shotguns and stun devices so it probably wouldn't be a good idea to try and escape.

Clanking our chains, we scrambled onto the minibus and, with Sunday attempting to get a singsong going, we set off for the village of Cave Creek, a 45-minute drive away.

The sheriff told me he likes to have his chain gang working in the centre of Phoenix to set an example to anyone planning a life of crime. There's also the freak-show spectacle of chicks in chains and he wants prisoners to be laughed at by the public.

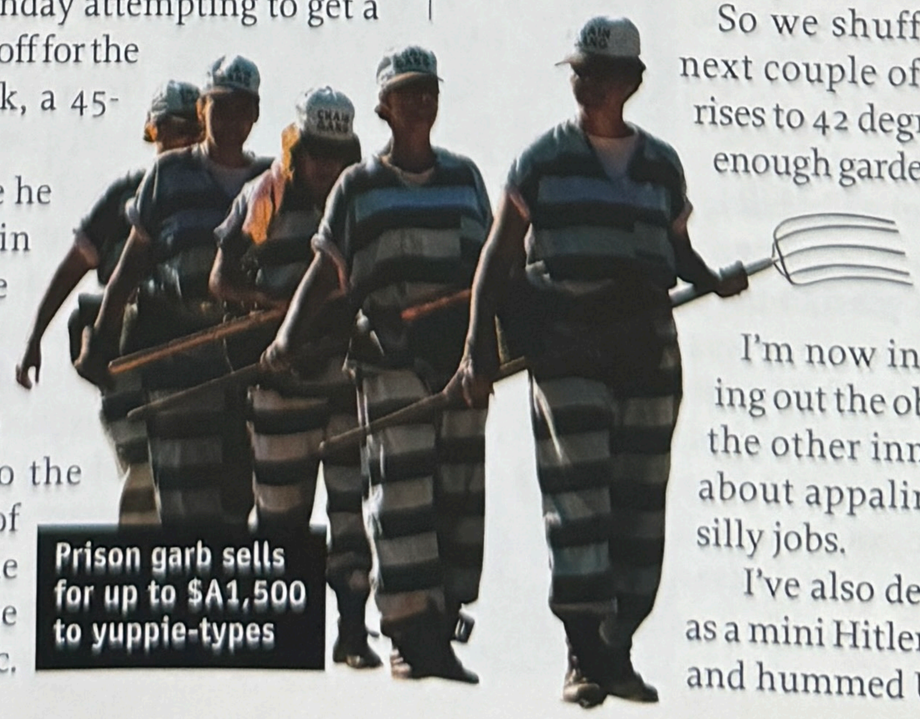
But as we pass Carefree Highway and Happy Valley Road it becomes clear we're off on a big adventure. It turns out a retired prison officer runs a bar and has a big fireworks party for American Independence Day. Last time the cacti and surrounding shrubbery caught fire, so he's enlisted the chain gang to clear the weeds and rubbish.

The place is practically spotless – the male chain gangs have been here before. We shovel, dig, and generally kick weeds out of the ground. As we clank around in our chains we tread all the weeds back into the ground.

I mention that the weeds will grow back in the two weeks before July 4. Chain-smoking officer Collins – who is killing nicotine-addicted prostitute Sharon Peters by puffing around her – shoots me a filthy look. Lisa shrugs and tells me, "A lot of the stuff we do is pointless."

So we shuffle around for the next couple of hours as the heat rises to 42 degrees. We don't have enough gardening tools between us and there's no litter to pick up. And obviously I'm now in trouble for pointing out the obvious and causing the other inmates to complain about appaling conditions and silly jobs.

I've also described the sheriff as a mini Hitler to my new chums and hummed U2's *Sunday Bloody*



Prison garb sells for up to $A1,500 to yuppie-types



Sunday relents. After all, I'm not a real criminal. We all stop for a water break. The filthy canisters are filled from the tap in the cells and the water tastes, well, filthy. But we're in the desert so, therefore, we're allowed to drink. We're also ordered to cover ourselves in jail issue factor 15 sunscreen before we leave the bus.

But there's no topping up on the sunscreen during the four hours the chain gang spends in the heat. The sweat pours off you, your nose and the back of your neck fry, and every bone in your body aches.

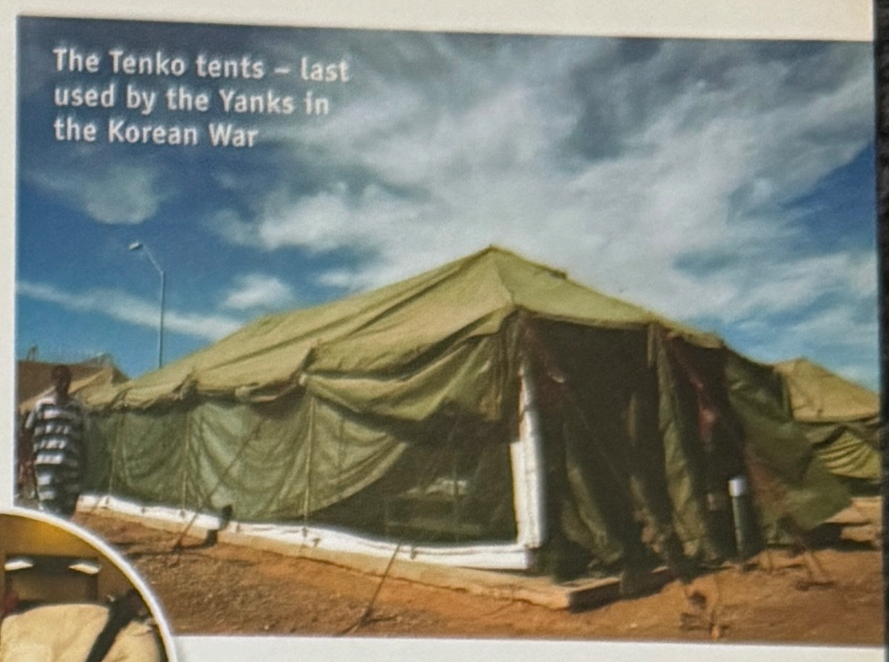
There are injuries too. Deidra Swain, a boyish-looking car thief who has just celebrated her 20th birthday on the chain gang – just like her 19th the year before – trips over and falls into a cactus bush.

She screams in agony and rolls around on the ground as Officer Collins pulls out the spikes with what looks like a small pair of pliers.

My own injury happened within seconds of getting out of the minibus. As we scrambled up some rocks, I felt an awful twang in my left ankle and screamed. So did the prostitute, Kasi Cooper, behind me.

It turned out our chain had got stuck under a rock. Marlo, who was leading the way, screamed at Kasi for being stupid. Our left ankles were now feeling delicate after being twisted the wrong way.


The chains go on for the day


The Tenko tents – last used by the Yanks in the Korean War

After my turn, I yanked open the lock and discovered I couldn't get out of the door. Deeply embarrassed, I banged on the door and everyone sniggered nervously outside. It turned out Sunday had put rope around the entire port-a-loo. It was her idea of a little joke, proving, one assumes, that she quite liked me after all.

That done, I decided it would be a good idea to make my excuses and escape. Officer Collins wanted to know why I didn't hang on for the appetising lunch of green-boloney sandwiches. Boloney is some kind of man-made meat left over from World War II, so I declared I was a vegetarian and got myself unchained.

After hugging my new friends and respectfully shaking the giant hands of officers Sunday and Collins, I announced I was exhausted and going for a shower and a sleep at my hotel.

Deidra looked longingly. "You're so lucky. You've never slept on our beds. It's impossible."

She's right. They still had two hours more of work ahead of them, a long drive back to the jail, and no chance of a cigarette, a coffee, an edible meal or even a shower upon their return.

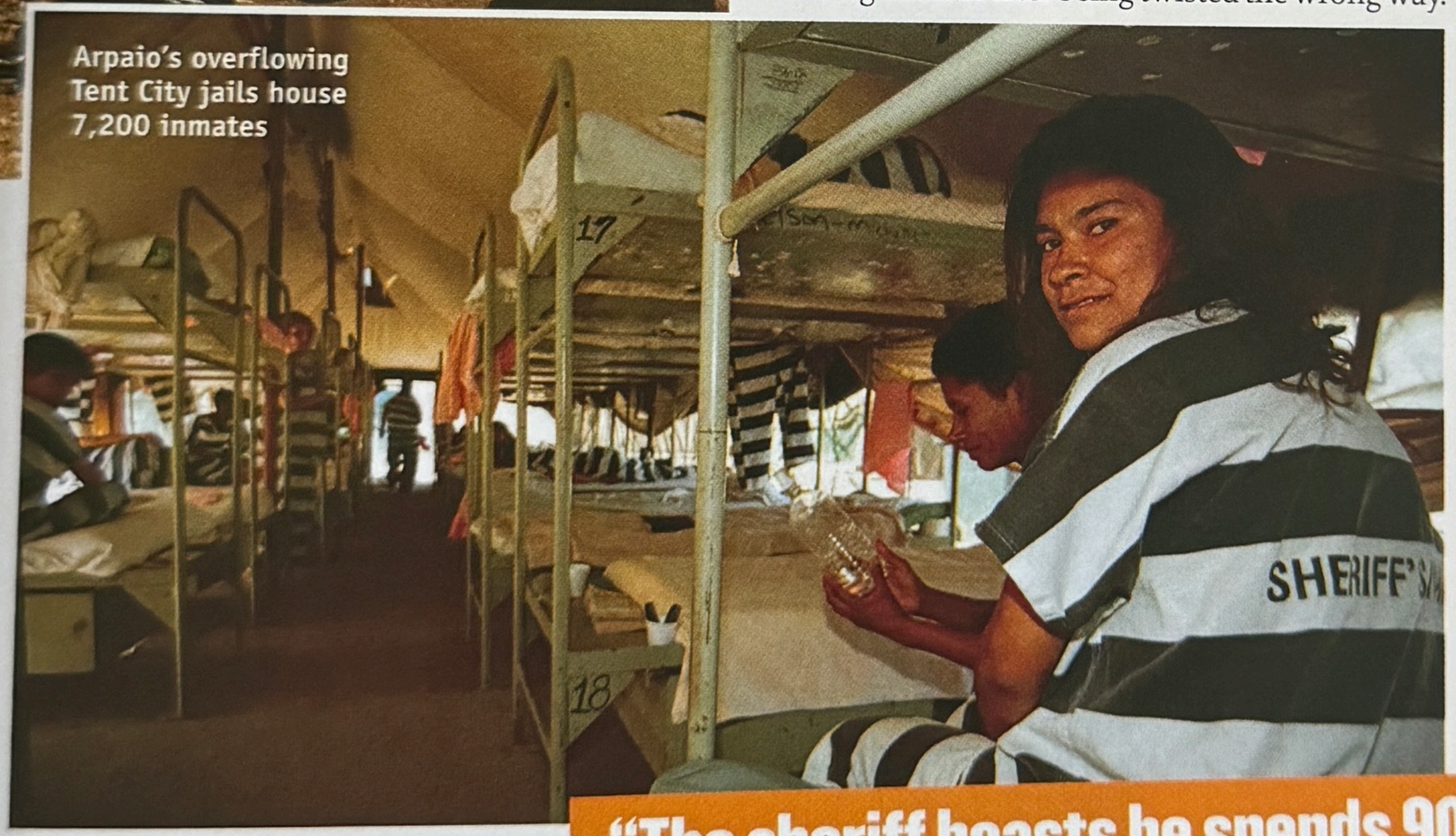
Sheriff Arpaio was elected in 1993 on the promise that he'd take away all so-called inmate privileges. In the six years since, he's taken away every aspect of normality.

Prisoners are treated worse than animals. The sheriff boasts he spends just 90 cents per day on feeding each prisoner, while it costs him $1.10 to feed each of the jail's dogs. And, what's worse, he makes a profit by charging each prisoner $1 per day to eat the inedible.

There's no such thing as settling in to watch TV in the evenings either. Arpaio presents them with what he calls the Bedtime Story – a personalised video rant from him, followed by a kiddie film or the deeply boring TV Weather Channel.

The sheriff's overflowing jails hold 7,200 prisoners and he's building another one based on an experiment abandoned by the British in Ireland in 1798. Apparently it will make Alcatraz look like a holiday camp, and he seems to find that funny.

As I lay in bed, exhausted and aching all over, I found myself too furious to sleep. In my mind, the only person who needs locking up is the sheriff himself for crimes against humanity. And please, let me throw away the key... **FHM**



"The sheriff boasts he spends 90 cents per day on feeding each prisoner, and $1.10 to feed each of the jail's dogs"

Sunday under my breath.

Sunday has heard all this and gleefully approaches with one of her unchained helpers – a tattooed junkie called Daisy who has graduated from the gang to becoming a trustee who travels with them to sort out minor problems. Daisy is lugging a rucksack full of water.

"This," Sunday triumphantly crows, "is the water bag. It weighs between 12 and 14 kilograms and anyone in trouble wears it as they work for 10 days."

Daisy straps it to my back, and it's so heavy that I drop my rake. "Pick that up," Sunday barks. I try, and all but topple over. I stick this medieval punishment for 10 minutes and whinge that I might faint in a minute. This is a trick the other girls have taught me.

I then spent two hours watching Marlo and Kasi snipe at each other. However, it was all pretty subdued, as one step out of line and they'd both be wearing a water bag for 10 days.

Finally, at 9am as the sun became completely unbearable, we were allowed back down the hill for a loo break. Every girl took their turn clambering into a vile port-a-loo with three foot or so of chain attached to their ankle while the others waited patiently outside.





A crisp clean bite

LENE NYSTROM

The tasty bratwurst burst its skin on the Webber grill

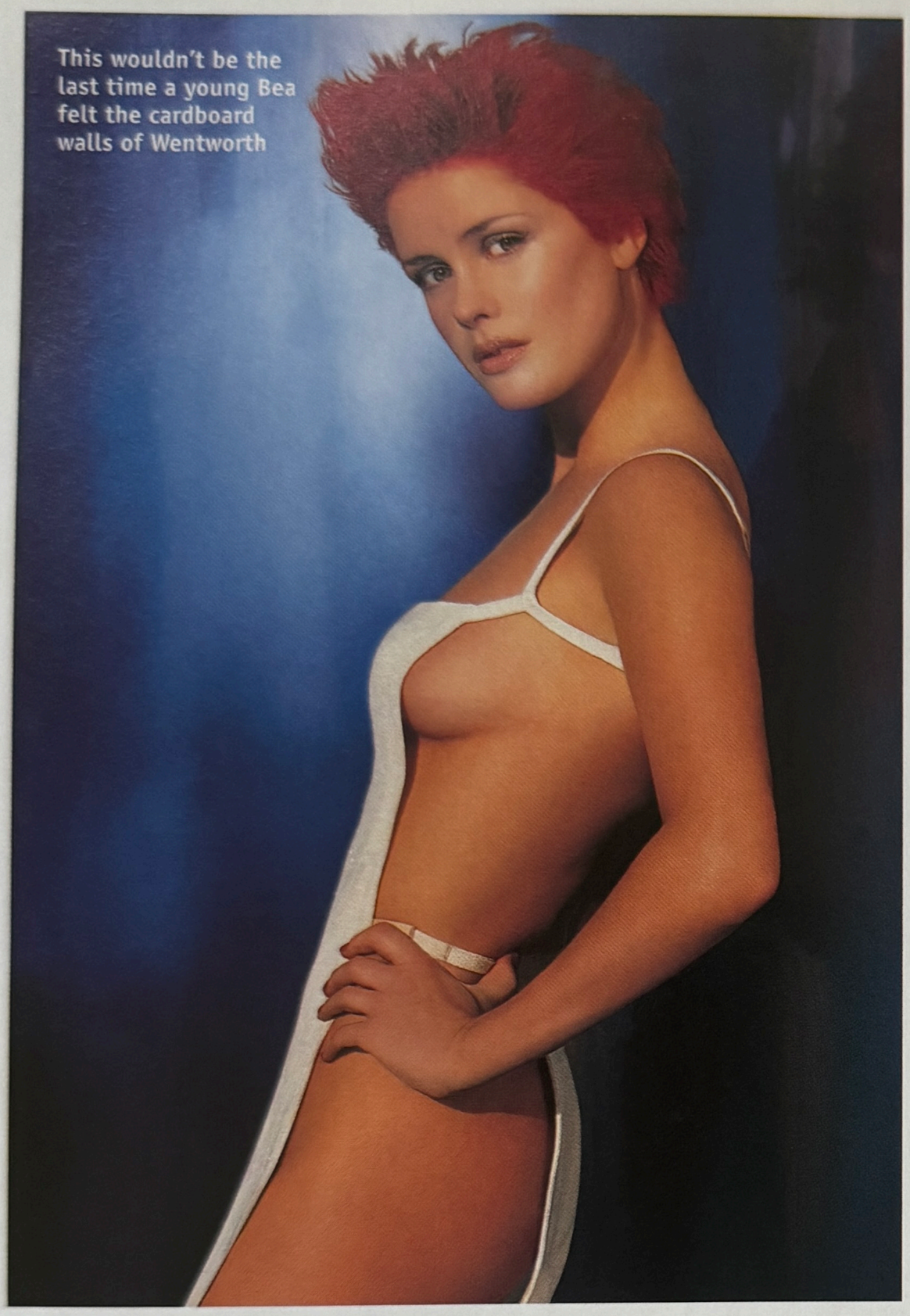


SHE SANDPAPERS OUR EARS WITH ABRASIVE POP, YET THE SIGHT OF

RED HOT AND AQUA

AQUA'S LENE NYSTROM IS A SOOTHING BALM FOR EVEN THE TIREDEST EYES

INTERVIEW: MIKE PEAKE PHOTOGRAPHY: SEAN McMENOMY



"WHEN I WAS 16 I DID A MODELLING SHOW AND A PHOTOGRAPHER FOOLED ME INTO TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF"

Give a schoolboy a clout around the ear and tell him to recount all he knows about Norway – then stand back as the slobbering urchin dribbles on about Vikings, longboats, and other important things that have been beaten into him at school. After reprimanding him for using the term "rape and pillage" in public, you'll concede that, sadly, even as a mature adult you know little more about the icy Scandinavian landmass than your tiny-testicled juvenile friend. Think Norway and you think snowy-whiskered brutes inflicting murderous pain on foreigners. And that's about it.

In keeping with this local tradition, Aqua singer Lene Nystrom has a penchant for brutalising innocent strangers too – thanks to her piercing, squeaky voice, which is as much a part of the whole Aqua sound as their catchy EuroPop hooks. Yet Lene *can* sing like an angel – as proven on the 1998 single *Turn Back Time*. And, as well as redeeming herself further in this exclusive *FHM* photo shoot, the flame-haired beauty is even big enough to admit that their hideous *Barbie Girl* song might just have been a little bit, well, annoying...

"Oh man, I've *hated* that song," she tells *FHM*. "But I've just gone full circle and started to like it again. The worst thing for us was when we went to America when the song was a big hit – we were being sued by the makers of Barbie dolls, every journalist was asking about Barbie, and people were dressing up their kids like Barbie and Ken to meet us. It was disgusting. We played in New Jersey for a radio show and I was so fed up with the thing I went on and yelled, 'Who the fuck is Barbie?' Then I came off stage, told the guy from the record company to go find himself another Barbie Girl, trashed the bathroom, ran out into the crowd, and then locked myself in my room. After that, it was time for a break."

At 26, Lene – full name Lene Grawford Nystrom – has done more than most have done by their mid-thirties. She served in Norway's Home Guard when she was 16: "I learned to shoot," she giggles. She's worked in a bar, she co-presented a Norwegian TV game show ("It was my job to turn the cards over," she explains). She had a fling with gap-toothed A-ha warbler Morten Harket, and she's even been a model. She hated it.

"You're a piece of meat," she huffs. "They talk as if you're not there, and it's not a healthy business to be in. When I was 16, I was with a group of four girls who did modelling shows together, and a photographer fooled us into taking our clothes off. When you're 16 you don't have much experience and if someone is good at talking you around to something, it's hard to say no. I remember that I didn't feel comfortable doing the pictures at all, but I learned from it. They weren't porn pictures – they were beautiful – but I do regret it."

She's laughing now, though. When *FHM* meets up with her the day after her hair-raising photo shoot – "I was nearly burned to death!" she chuckles – Lene is down-to-earth, open and friendly. Endearingly, she has one of those cute Euro accents that make words like "very" sound like "werry", and she's looking cool in jeans and a tight T-shirt – the kind of gear she feels most sexy in. It's no surprise she's feeling good about herself. The new album's in the bag, and – despite the band's detractors – Aqua has made her a fortune.

"Yes," she smiles, "the band has made me rich. But it's not something I want to talk about." No problem. We'll try something else instead... ▷

The Gates of Hell were actually rather inviting

Lene was to avenge the sack race disaster in the egg and spoon

"I CAN RESIST PUFF DADDY'S CHARMS WITH EASE"

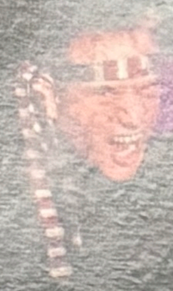
Lene's ankle tassles saw to the dungeon's pesky mozzies

"THE PRINCE OF BRUNEI IS A BIG AQUA FAN. HE KEEPS SENDING US LYRICS"

What's it like having to share a dressing-room with three blokes?
Well, we're not really bothered by nudity. With the guys it's like being married – sometimes we love each other, sometimes we hate each other and sometimes I find them attractive and sometimes they find me attractive. There's a degree of curiosity, too. You hear a girlfriend say, "He's got a big one," and you want to check it out, you know?
And do they look at you, too?
Of course they do – they're always touching my tits and touching my bum, but it's okay. They're my family. I've been fully naked in front of them many a time and it doesn't really bother me.
You're quite a party animal – what are you like when you've had a few?
I'm a happy drunk. I wander around and dance a lot. I get very restless – and I have to pee every fifth minute. Puff Daddy tried the worst ever chat-up line on me once. He said, "When you walk down the streets of New York, girl, you gonna be safe, because you're gonna be walkin' with the Puff Daddy." Isn't that *so* bad? He was coming on to me big-time – but he comes on to everyone, doesn't he? I resisted him with ease – he's not my type. Too smooth.
Do many celebs try to pull you?
"Pull me?" Do you mean go to bed with me? Well, you always flirt with people – I'm pretty friendly to everyone as long as they're friendly back, but I am quite flirty. Always have been. But I don't think I wake up in the morning and go, "God, why did I do that?"
Don't people get the wrong impression?
Oh yeah. All the time. My friends always say, "You'll have to stop that, Lene." But I'm just being me. Do I have a trick? Well, I use my eyes a lot. Some people say I use my mouth a lot, too. But I often don't even think about it – you can walk down the street and catch someone's eye and that's it, you're happy for the rest of the day. It doesn't have to be much.
How about fans? If a male fan whipped off his shirt and had a tattoo of your face on his chest, would you be chuffed?
Oh God, he would be a psycho and I'd stay well away from him. I get a lot of lesbians attracted to me – I seem to appeal to them. They say, "We know you're a lesbian but you don't know it yet. When you know it, let us know!" It's flattering – but I'm convinced I'm not gay. I can kiss a girl once in a while, but there's nothing in the closet!
We were quite upset to learn that a lot of the tatts you've been seen sporting in band pictures are fakes...
I've got a few real ones – and I'd happily have some more. I just got a piercing in my nipple, and when you start with something like that you always want more. I got my nipple done in Soho. The needle thing didn't hurt – I can take a lot of pain – but it was funny because the guy doing it was a big hell's angel type and I didn't want to show him any fear at all. But it's still a bit sore.
Do you feel sexy with it?
Oh, I feel *so* sexy with it. When you have small breasts I think it's all right, but when you've got really big ones it seems a bit more vulgar.
Do you give it a twiddle in bed?
Ha-ha! No – I'll leave that to my boyfriend.
Have you considered a boob job?
Yeah, of course. I actually went to talk to a doctor about it. I would never have big, big breasts, but I sometimes feel like I'd like a bit more for when I'm wearing dresses. The doctor said I could have up to 350 grams – that's a lot. Much more than a handful! But I don't think I'll bother – it's better having small breasts when you're on stage, rocking out.
Ever had any disasters at a gig?
One time I got dragged into the crowd. My top got pulled off, and there I was, half-naked, with everyone touching me. But I wasn't pissed off – it was my own fault. It was being shot for TV, but luckily it never got shown.
Did you get hassled much when you worked in a bar?
I worked in a bar in Norway, in the area I grew up in, and there was a group of older local men who thought they were hot-shots 20 years after they really were. One night, one of these guys really came on to me while I was working, but I was tired and not interested, and he just kept coming on to me – every time I passed he went for my bum. In the end, I dropped this tray of glasses I was carrying and whacked him in the face.
Nice one. Did you serve any weird local drinks – like reindeer piss?
Where the hell did you get that from? Maybe natives up in the north drink that, but it wasn't something we stocked. We had a drink called Aquavit – it's horrible and sticks to your mouth, and it's really strong.
Did you ever get wrecked on it?
No way, it's disgusting. My most drunken night out was last spring in Paris. I'd broken up with my boyfriend and was ready to have fun. We went to a restaurant and had dinner and a few drinks, and then Frederik, the Prince of Denmark walks in. We got talking to him, had a few drinks and went out. We got totally, totally pissed – and then we went back to his apartment. Nothing happened but there was a bit of "thing" in the air.
Is that your only brush with royalty?
No. I had dinner with Prince Albert of Monaco, and the Prince of Brunei is a big fan of the band and keeps sending us lyrics. He's really sweet.
Excellent. Do you have a bit of a penchant for royals or something? How about Prince William, do you think he's the "sauce"?
I'll think I'll leave that to someone else. But he is quite cute, isn't he... FHM

Aqua's new album, Aquarius, is out now on Universal.

Before burning, Arc
was subjected to
abject cruelty



Office survivalist

CONQUER THE MODERN OFFICE

Covert surveillance, drug testing and even genetic screening – today's office is a breeding ground for paranoia. So take *FHM*'s advice, win the workplace race and succeed in the cut-throat business of office politics...

WORDS: STUART MILLAR
PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES

Even when doing the accounts, Flatley just couldn't help himself

On October 29, 1998, Roz Johnstone was bang on time, as usual, for her 6am shift as a cleaning supervisor at Leeds Metropolitan University in the UK. As far as she was concerned, her working day passed without incident and she clocked off as usual. But within just a few hours, the 41-year-old found herself in police custody, charged with conspiracy to assault her manager. The sole evidence for this alarmingly serious accusation was a covertly shot video, in which Johnstone is heard saying to colleagues that if her husband met her boss, he would, "Kick the shit out of him."

You probably think that your conduct at work could never wind up with you in such a ludicrous predicament. Maybe you're never so careless as to badmouth your boss in the office. Or perhaps you're certain that you work for a company that trusts you to do your job without having to rely on underhand KGB-style surveillance techniques. But consider the following statistics: according to a recent survey by research company Privacy International, more than 60 per cent of Australian companies believe it is justifiable to use undercover surveillance on their staff – and more than 20 per cent admit they already invade their employees' privacy in some way.

Just because nobody's taken you to task on your little expense-fiddling scam, that doesn't mean your superiors aren't carefully filing away evidence for the day when you've outstayed your welcome and they need an excuse to have you escorted from the building without forking out a penny of redundancy pay.

Basically, if you've ever taken a few long lunch hours, looked up a sports result on the Internet, received a personal e-mail, or even let a relationship get in the way of your work, your job could be on the line... ▷



Tapp's toilet visits could last hours

The range of James Bond-style options open to prying bosses is vast. Pinhole cameras and tiny recording devices can be secretly installed at desks, in tearooms, and in toilet cubicles. E-mails, details of Internet usage, and voicemails are all stored away for easy scrutiny, and staff at major corporations like Nestlé and SmithKline Beecham even have to wear smart badges which monitor their movements around sites. Also, more and more employers are fitting satellite tracking devices to company vehicles to check that your sales conference in Adelaide isn't actually a dirty weekend in the Barossa Valley.

If that isn't bad enough, don't be fooled into thinking you can rely on your fellow workers for solidarity. With job insecurity so high, many employees think the key to survival is to crush the will of their colleagues. According to research published in January by the Andrea Adams Trust, a staggering 93 per cent of British workers say bullying goes on in their company.

Most of the Big Brother-style policies are winging their way over there from the States. In 1986, only 20 per cent of American firms had drug-testing policies; today more than 70 per cent do. In Australia, about five per cent of workers face testing, but that figure is growing steadily, even though the techniques are often crude and inaccurate. Medical experts have discovered that false positives can be caused by hundreds of foods and prescription drugs, including poppy seeds, tonic water, asthma inhalers, ibuprofen or cold and flu medicines.

Take the case of John Kinnie, a Ford worker from Arizona, who was sacked in 1998 when a random drug test apparently showed that he was using speed. In fact it was his bronchitis medicine which produced the false result, but nearly two years on, he has still not been given compensation or reinstated.

"The range of Bond-style options open to prying bosses is vast"

And there are even more alarming developments to come. A growing number of American companies are introducing genetic screening to weed out potential recruits deemed at risk of diseases which they may – or may not – contract in the future. And modern employers are not just interested in what their staff get up to in and out of the office, they also want to get inside their heads to see what they feel. The latest craze in recruitment is the EQ – emotional quotient – test. As well as having the qualifications to do the job, workers are tested for skills such as empathy, graciousness, and the ability to read a social situation. If their emotions don't fit, they could be looking for a different job.

Personnel directors are raving about the technique; others are not so sure. "I don't think it has any value at all in the workplace," says Debra Allcock, head of campaigning at the Industrial Society. "It presupposes people cannot adapt to new circumstances and locks them in to a certain category."

Allcock is certain that EQ testing, surveillance and all the other new management techniques are merely the tip of the iceberg. "For two decades, organisations have had it all their own way, but now workers are starting to realise that their knowledge gives them power. Employers are not going to give up without a fight, and if that means making life hell for their workers, so be it." There's no doubt the future looks grim – but fortunately there are ways to make sure you're the one who stays to pick up a promotion when it's time for the office staff cull. Not only that, but if you play your cards right, you can be the workplace winner who snags all the best bonuses, gets the easiest assignments, and still has time to sneak his girlfriend in for some after-hours sex on the hated line manager's desk. *FHM* shows you how...

SURVIVAL TIPS WORDS: MIKE PEAKE; JAPS WORDS: CHRIS BELL.
ICON: SYRIOL JONES. RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/ANTHONY SUAU/NETWORK

10 tips for survival

How to curry promotion-winning favour with bosses and work mates

In a world of sneaky subterfuge and bitter office politics, every would-be player requires some cunning tricks up his sleeve to give the impression of being a hardworking, loveable rogue. Now, with the help of *FHM*'s 10-step guide, you too could be the king of the office...

1 Make yourself popular

It's all about fitting in to the office culture. You don't let the team down, you pull your weight, and you don't run power trips. You're easy to get on with, you go down to the pub if everyone else does, and if someone gets into shit, you bail them out. Easy. Generally, people tend not to like those who are out for themselves – someone who will really fuck them over for his own sake – or a total nerd. Between those two, you'll usually be in the popularity band. Try boosting your cred by masterminding office games, or running ludicrous sweepstakes. Random acts of kindness could also boost your appeal ("Right! Coffee!"), but don't be a sycophant – an occasional gnashing of teeth and a bit of drunken bravado should let people know not to mess with you.

2 Knowledge is king

Your colleagues will have their eye on just two things: getting the job done and going home. You, however, should become a jack-of-all-trades. Study up on the company, become pally with different departments and acquire skills that have nothing to do with your job. Not only will you be in a position to trade inside info about the company, but you'll also be first to know when new jobs are coming up.



It was blood from a stone for Drac's plummeting Telstra shares

3 Find a scapegoat

Evil human nature decrees that most offices require a natural-born loser who's been picked on since the first day at primary school. Find him and make this luckless fool your scapegoat by informing him whenever you're about to do something slightly suspect. Then, if you get caught, just direct the flak at your socially-inept colleague. "Well, I told Jenkins, and he didn't say anything..." you snarl, nodding in the direction of the unloved goon.

4 Control the boss

There's not much point being popular with your work mates if the very sight of you makes the boss want to skewer you to the floor. Make him your friend and he'll confide in you, nurture you – and take you with him as he scrambles up the corporate ladder. When starting a new job, keep your head down for the first month and suss out what the boss is like. What does he give grief for? What does he like? But watch out colleagues don't start making jokes about you giving him a blow job every time you're in the back room planning the company's future.

"An untidy desk gives the illusion you're too stressed to tidy it"

5 Sound important

The best way to appear like someone with the welfare of the company at heart is to suggest simple "improvement" measures. Enthuse to your boss about how marvellous it would be if your company was to expand to Singapore. Explain how a fortune could be saved if another department submitted their reports a little earlier. As long as your suggestions make a modicum of sense and there's no chance you'll be asked to make them come to fruition, you'll come across as the hard-working "big picture" guy who's always thinking.

6 Dress right

As Bob Geldof and the Paxtons have found to their peril, it's hard for people to take you seriously when it looks like you've walked into the office straight from a street fight – the sharp-dressed man will always have the edge. Even just changing the colour of your shirts can make you look different. Warmer colours can make you look more approachable and less like "just another suit". Also make sure the colours of your suit and shirt are in your tie – otherwise it can look like you've just thrown anything on. As for suits, single-breasted is more slimming, and you should have a few so you can alternate them: as this gives the wool time to rest and return to its natural shape. And try to avoid wearing a white shirt with a grey suit or you'll look like an overgrown boy in a school uniform.



7 Look busy

The lazy man's best kept secret was blown wide open when *Seinfeld*'s blubbery neurotic George Costanza revealed how "looking annoyed" was the key to appearing snowed under. And while becoming ruffled whenever you're approached remains a clever ruse, the modern office layabout should have other weapons in his arsenal. A criminally untidy desk is a winner – it gives the illusion that you're too stressed out to tidy it, and ensures plenty of frantic scrabbling about when you're trying to find anything. The smart loafer also has the sense to walk speedily, with purpose, when he is, in fact, idly roaming the office. E-mail is your friend too – bash away and the boss will think you're busy, especially when you pause to ask a colleague a work-related puzzler.

8 Make sacrifices

By extraordinary coincidence, the night your boss has to stay late is the night you have to stay behind too. "I tried to get this finished last night," you tell him, shrugging bravely, "but it's taking longer than I thought to do it properly." Alternatively, try hinting you've got an important night out coming up a few nights before you stay back – and then cancel (loudly) at the last minute, because you've got "work to finish". Once the sound of his footsteps heading out to the car park has subsided, you need only be two minutes behind him...

9 Be successful

Presumably, your goal is a promotion – and the extra money. Timing is crucial here – just before your next pay review, offer to take up a new task. And be sure to remind the boss of this during pay negotiations as many companies are moving towards performance-related pay reviews, so you should think about how you're going to state your case before your review. Have you taken on extra work? Are you managing more staff? Have you been working longer hours? If the offer on the table is laughable then you could try holding out for more, but if it's fair, then it's probably not worth testing your boss: take it.

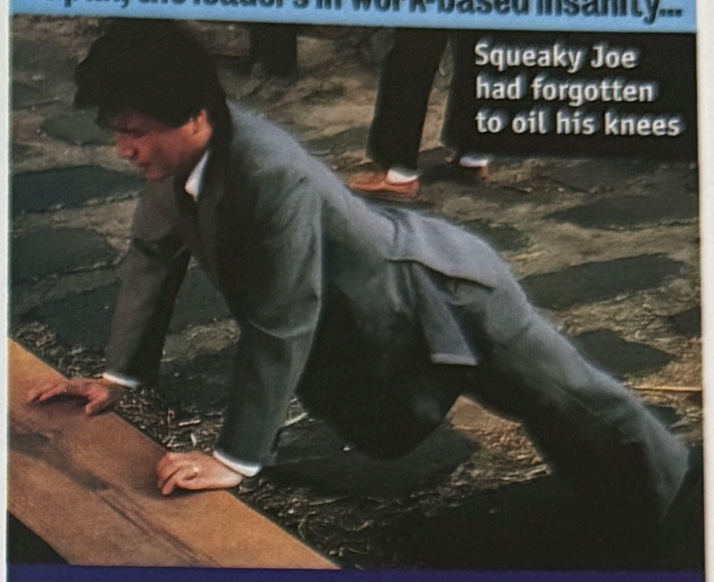
10 If all else fails...

If you're one of those unfortunate saps doomed to share the same popularity genes as the self-exiled Christopher Skase, join a union. For mere dollars per week, you will have someone who will back you when your world turns to shit, and if nothing else, at least you can tell people you belong to a club. Self-employment, begging, and the dole are all options, too...



Mad Japs

Japan, the leaders in work-based insanity...



Squeaky Joe had forgotten to oil his knees

Crawling
Forget pathetic one-upmanship like always working until the boss has left: you'll never beat the Japanese accountant who, in 1997, died of fatigue after spending two straight weeks in his office. He hardly left his desk, and had only a futon for sleeping and his food brought to him as he fought to prop up brokerage firm Yamaichi Securities Co. The 38-year-old died a week after the company folded.

Commuting
Next time you're crammed on the bus, breathing flu germs and body odour for 20 minutes, spare a thought for Tadao Masuda – his daily round-trip journey takes a marathon six-and-a-half hours. For 30 years, he's risen at 4am every morning to travel between his trucking company in Tokyo and his home town of Mito. Only his wife rises before him each morning; she makes his noodle lunch.

Skiving
The old trick of leaving your jacket on the back of your chair while taking a long lunch is no use to employees of Tokyo's Xerox company as bosses now track them wherever they go. Using a $60,000 system, special mobile phones – which could soon be replaced by body-implanted chips – transmit locator signals to a central computer, linked to managers' screens.

The boot
When Toshiyuki Sakai was assigned to the company's "personal room" by his Sega bosses, he knew his number was up. His new office, a box of a room, had no phone or windows, and he was given no work. Two weeks is usually enough for workers to accept "voluntary" retirement, the Japanese alternative to a pension, but Toshiyuki endured three months before being sacked. "I was close to tears," said the 35-year-old.



Big brothers

Has your snooping firm gone high-tech?

■ According to former minister for employment Amanda Vanstone, Australian businesses should introduce pre-employment drug testing to reduce absenteeism, which costs our industry $1 billion each year. Recent figures from America claim that testing has reduced absenteeism between 20 and 60 per cent, prompting Vanstone's report to the National Occupational Health & Safety Commission (NOHASC).

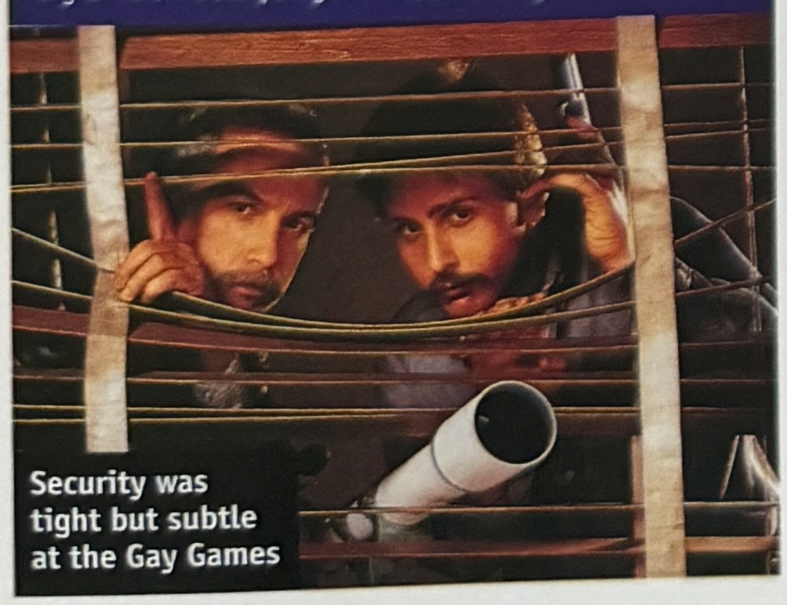
■ **According to a survey by the American Management Association, 67 per cent of companies admitted monitoring their staff, either by recording calls, eavesdropping on voicemail or monitoring e-mail and Internet usage. A further 70 per cent said they tested staff for drug use.**

■ It's not just e-mails you send or files you store that can be snooped on by prying employers. Computer keyboard-monitoring systems, such as those made by British company Vascom, can transmit all individual computer key presses to a receiver located up to 150 metres away. These are then sent either to a printer or a display unit, so everything you type can be monitored.

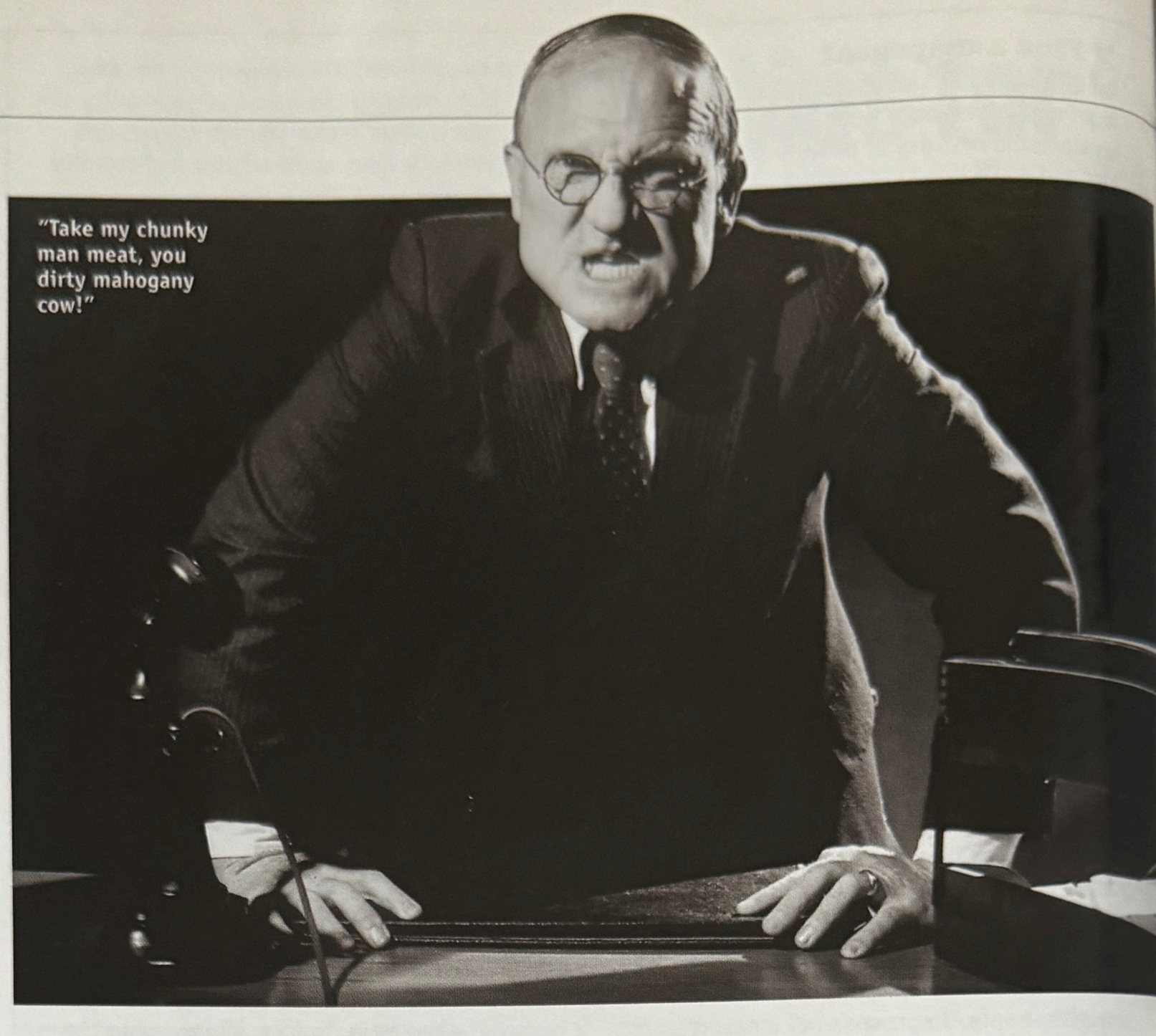
■ **Many UK employees are already forced to wear tags revealing their exact location at any time during work hours. But Professor Kevin Warwick, a cybernetics expert at Reading University, is working on a microchip that can be inserted directly under employees' skin.**

■ According to an American survey of telecommunications workers in 1990, 84 per cent of workers who knew they were monitored complained of stress and tension, compared with 67 per cent of unmonitored staff.

■ **One US airline reservation agent, whose staff are electronically monitored, would only allow staff to have an 11-second gap between calls and a 12-minute break each day.**



Security was tight but subtle at the Gay Games



"Take my chunky man meat, you dirty mahogany cow!"

Bosses from hell

If you think your boss is a mean bully, take a look at this lot...

Millionaires force pensioner into servitude

Partially-blind farm-hand Leslie Bawden got little reward for his 55 years of service when his millionaire employers forced him to work for a pittance and stole all his savings. Eighty-year-old Bawden had happily worked for wealthy Oxfordshire, UK, farmer Joe Hillier since 1932, but when his boss died in 1991, the estate passed into the hands of Hillier's daughter, Joan and her son Adrian. The greedy pair quickly plundered his bank account and pension fund, paying him a laughable salary of $15 per week. Bawden was even kicked out of the family farmhouse after being promised a new home in a luxury caravan. "It turned out to be nothing more than a rusty old banger with a big pit of pig slurry right outside," said the angry pensioner. The miserly pair got their comeuppance last year when a judge ordered them to pay Bawden $120,000.

Weatherman fired for correct forecast

Weather forecaster Sean Boyd was sacked in April 1995 following a broadcast in which he suggested, correctly, that it might rain. Boyd claims his bosses at Californian radio station KMJ instructed him to change the wording of his forecast from "partly cloudy" to "partly sunny", so crowds wouldn't be deterred from attending the annual station-sponsored picnic. But Boyd went ahead with his premonition and hundreds of revellers failed to show. "I think those people had a right to know," he said. The forecaster's bosses denied he was sacked because of his prophecy. "His reports had become babble," insisted KMJ's general manager, Al Smith.

End of line for grape thief

Disabled sales assistant Sylvester Boyne was canned by English supermarket chain Marks & Spencer in March 1998 after being caught on CCTV eating a grape. Boyne was dismissed for lifting the forbidden food from a consignment of waste fruit and veg in a warehouse. "I can't believe I've been treated this way, especially as the grape was out of date," said Boyne, 43, from South-east London. A spokesman for Marks & Spencer was unsympathetic: "The company has a consistent policy on theft. It will not be tolerated." A month later Boyne was reinstated.

"A disabled sales assistant was sacked for eating a grape"

Secretaries sacked over dingy decor

Two legal secretaries were given their marching orders in March 1997 after complaining about their office decor. Linda Clarke and Dorothy Buckton were told to "resign or be sacked" after criticising the dim lighting and arrangement of their desks in a Melbourne solicitor's firm. "This office is my vision, my hard work," moaned the overbearing solicitor at an industrial tribunal in 1998, describing the women as "a cancer eating away at my business". The court ruled that the secretaries' dismissal had been unfair and they were eventually reinstated.

BOSSES AND BIG BROTHER WORDS: TIM HERBERT. IPL/SUPERSTOCK/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

Uncandid camera

You may not know it but your boss is watching your every move...

Employment issues make up the largest cause of privacy complaints, according to the Privacy Committee of New South Wales. The major cause for concern is the use of surveillance for purposes other than for which it was intended, ie: security cameras used on employees rather than customers. As these cases highlight...

Petrol station

A petrol station employee was approached by his manager and criticised for certain work practices. The manager revealed that he had been watching tapes from the surveillance cameras in the shop which included voice recordings – and may constitute a breach of the Listening Devices Act.

Café

The chef of a small inner city café complained that a camera had been installed in the kitchen without consultation or warning. No other cameras were installed inside or outside the premises. The only previous problem known to the employee had been an incident in which he had sworn loudly and been told off by the manager in case he disturbed patrons.

Management

A suburban retail store manager saw two electricians leave his office late one evening. He rang them to ask why they'd been there, but they refused to comment. The next day, he noticed a tiny camera in an air duct above his desk. He had previously received a positive audit result and while he regularly counted cash at his desk, no imbalances had ever occurred.



A quick zap shooshed the rambunctious teens

"Employees do not have to be notified that they are under surveillance"

Toll booth

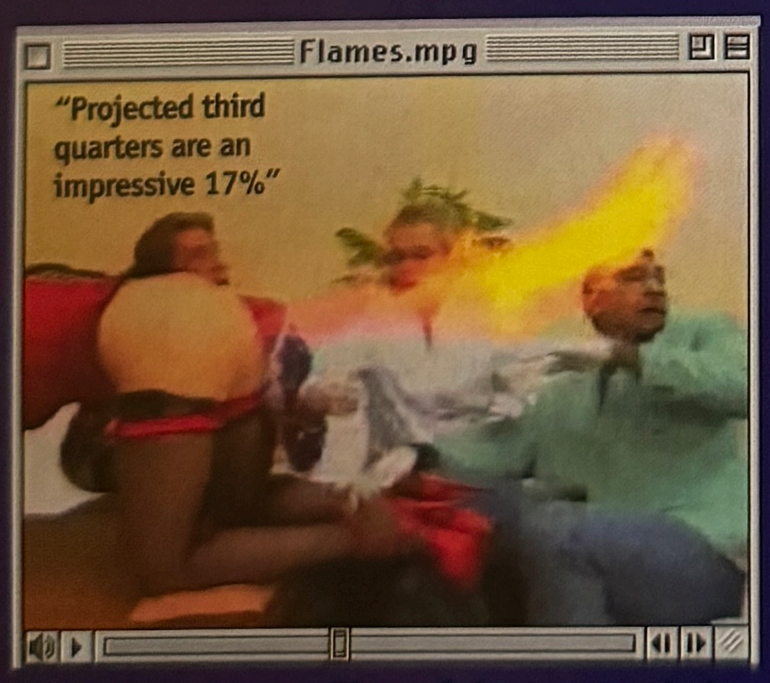
An employee who worked alone collecting admission fees said that, since he handled cash, he understood why a camera had been installed above him but, because the camera was focused directy on him, he thought it unlikely it was being used to identify intruders in case of hold-up.

According to Tim Dixon of the Privacy Commitee of New South Wales, "complainants are consistently surprised that there are no legal constraints on use of workplace cameras, and that there's no requirement for employees to be notified of surveillance." So think twice about forwarding that e-mail through the office network next time you get sent a joke. **FHM**

Sacked for receiving porn

Until January 1999, Paul Joseph worked for a busy media company in Sydney. Then one of his mates sent him a "revealing" e-mail...

There was always a lot of computer stuff flying around the office that had nothing to do with work. Anything from harmless Clinton jokes and *Simpsons* screensavers through to full-on porn. We knew it was against company rules, but no one seemed to take it too seriously. Then last year I got an e-mail from a guy with some files attached. They were on the lively side, it



has to be said – stuff like blow jobs, cum shots and anal sex. I suppose it was pretty hardcore for the workplace, but one of the top people in my office was renowned for being a porn king and he'd never been done for it, so I didn't really feel I had anything to worry about. I didn't think any more about it until about a fortnight later when I got an e-mail from someone else in the building. It was also porn, although not nearly as hardcore as the first lot. The next day I was summoned to the boardroom for a meeting. When I went in, all the company bigwigs were in there. It set the alarm bells ringing to say the least. "We've registered you've been accessing pornography on your e-mail, which constitutes gross misconduct," my boss said. "We'd like you to go back to your desk, get your stuff and leave."

I sat there for a moment and then started bleating: "But... surely I should get a warning or something? It was an accident, a mistake. It got sent to me and I opened it. I didn't know... I won't do it again." But they'd made up their minds. And that was it. After 18 months of work, I was out.

I actually reckon they wanted to get rid of me and were using the porn as an excuse. I appreciate that employers want to root out any secret Gary Glitters getting their kicks during office time, but to mark me out as a deviant because I opened up an e-mail is absolutely outrageous.

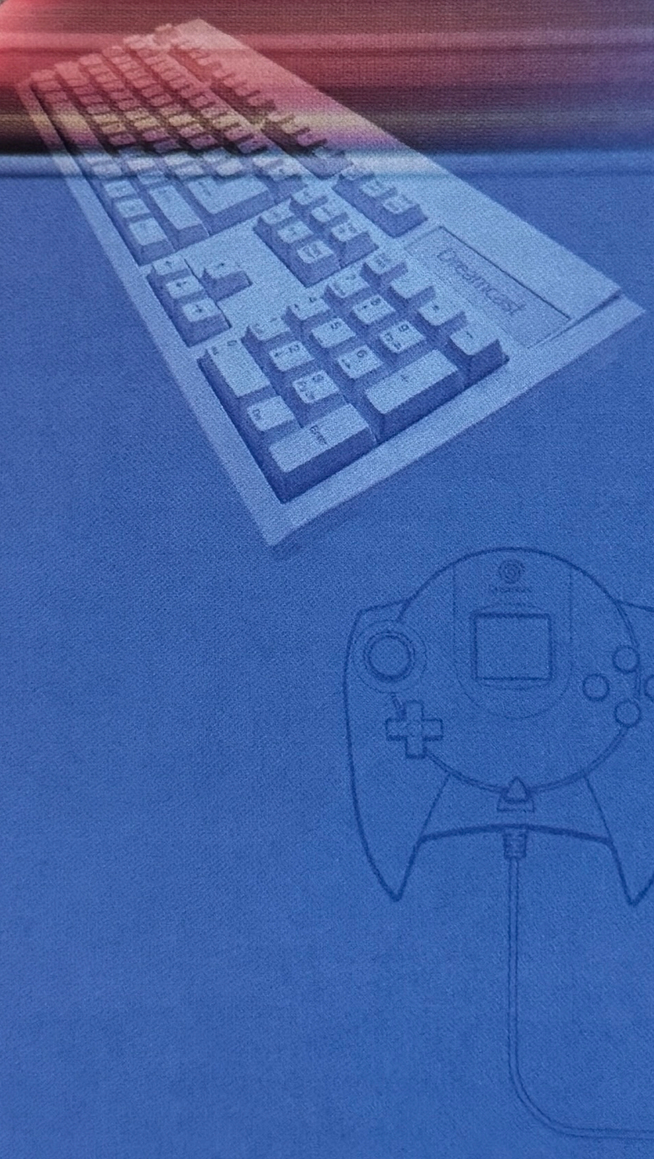
SACKED WORDS: TIM HERBERT
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WOMEN.

WHO NEEDS THEM?

Imagine a world without women. Beer, tools, and engine parts would rule everyday work conversation. Find out how *you* would fare...

WORDS FLIC LOUISE EVERETT PHOTOGRAPHY ADAM LAWRENCE

Planet of the apes

Would you survive?

Women are forever carrying on about how males are redundant. "We can do your jobs," they say, "raise families, even – thanks to artificial insemination – conceive without you." And of course, deep down, all men fear that ladies are more than capable of pleasuring themselves sexually. Yet could the opposite be true? Released from the constant need to impress females, would blokes roam the Earth joyous and free? To find out if you can handle that concept, complete *FHM*'s questionnaire. But beware: you might find out you're already living in a man-only world...

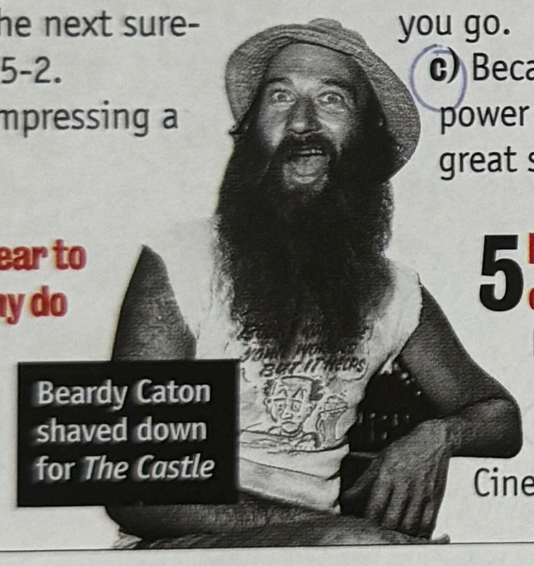
Section 1: Money

1 You win $200 on the gee-gees. How do you spend it?

a) Buy your fellow grizzled gamblers a drink – you spend a lot of time with them these days.
b) Drop the lot on the next sure-fire nag running at 5-2.
c) Blow the lot on impressing a beautiful woman.

2 You pay $500 a year to join a gym. But why do you go?

a) To keep fit for your local reserve grade footy comp.
b) To generally feel less like an ever-widening lard-bucket.
c) To buff your body into a polished babe-magnet.


Beardy Caton shaved down for *The Castle*

3 You've just paid $2,000 for an adventure holiday. Why?

a) To spend time with like-minded blokes, testing your body to the limit.
b) Your love-life's been tangled lately and you want a total break.
c) You need some great stories to make you look like Doctor Danger when chatting-up girls.

4 What was the reason for your last visit to an expensive hairdresser?

a) To look through the window and laugh at the nancy-boys inside.
b) Your ex said you were starting to look like Brian Mannix, and made you go.
c) Because your pulling power is increased by a great style.

5 How much do you spend on women a month?

Flowers .....
Drinks .....
Food .....
Cinema .....


Estrada: unwatchable

Presents .....
Phone calls .....
Petrol to collect and drop her off in the car .....

And how much on your appearance?

Shaving kit .....
Haircuts .....
Clothing .....
Decent pants .....

Now look at your total. Are you:

a) Unmoved – you knew it was miniscule.
b) Unsurprised.
c) Amazed – no wonder you're so broke all the time.



6 Which of these three would you spend $2,000 on to own for a night?

a) Matt Shirvington's package.
b) A Lear jet.
c) Michael Hutchence's address book.

Section 3: Appearance

1 Why do you take the time to shave every day?

a) You don't.
b) Because it looks nicer.
c) Because you don't want any women to get stubble rash.

Section 2: Social Life


Shadow-puppet duck nuzzled the bog women

1 Your best mate is just back from a stint in the outback. How do you see the night out?

a) Spend the entire evening in the pub, guffawing at how your pal "penetrated the bush".
b) Go to his "welcome home" party, hoping some women might turn up.
c) Hire a strip-a-gram for him, then go on to a lap-dancing bar.


It was Gregan's job to get the cab

2 Which of these pubs would you prefer to drink in?

a) The Stump-jump Hotel – tiled walls, concrete floors, schooners of Tooheys Old – the only sound the occaisional clink of glass on beer tap.
b) O'Paddywack's – Irish pub, mixed crowd, Guinness, and jolly fiddle music.
c) Stagz'n'Henz - "fun pub" – Impulse and hair spray chokes the air, Lemon Ruskis flow freely, and *You Sexy Thing* pounds out.

3 What would your dream public holiday include?

a) A monster truck show.
b) Mates down the oval.
c) A beach, a bikinied lovely.

4 You're going out for a meal. Where will it be?

a) A big-steak pub with a large smoking section.
b) Pizza Hut.
c) A wildly expensive restaurant run by a celebrity chef.

5 What is the key to a great evening?

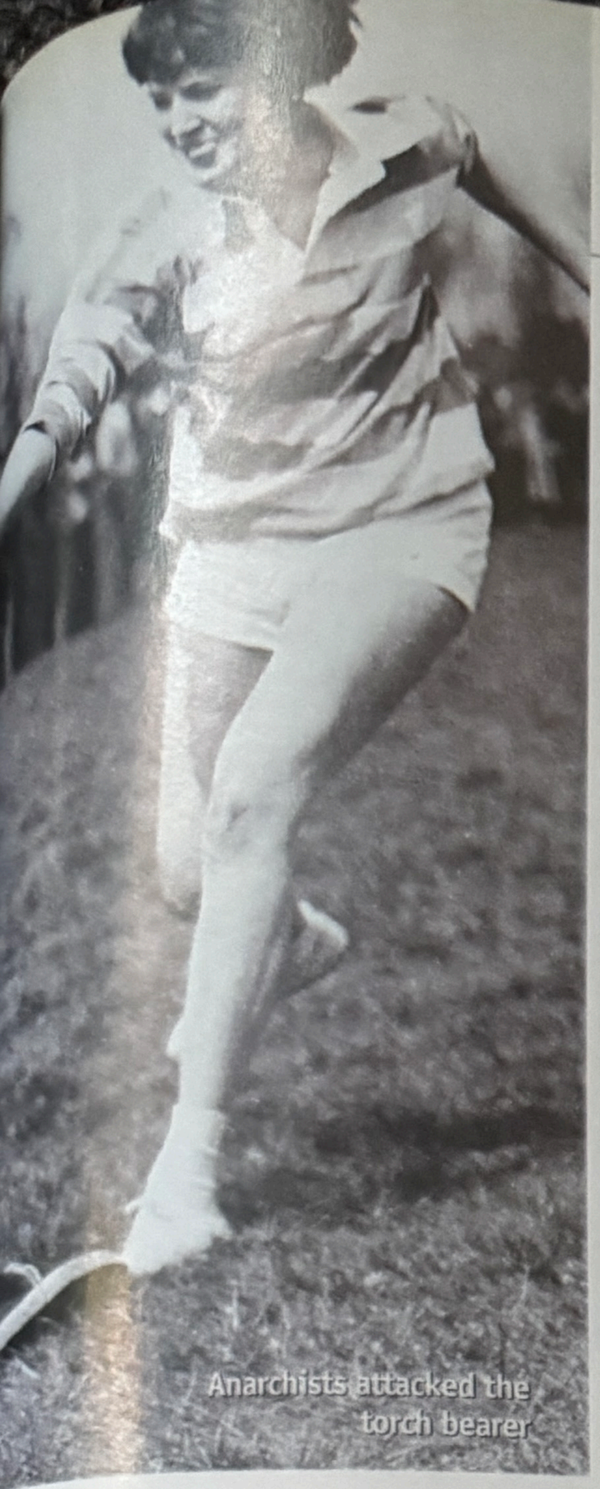
a) A packet of Winnie Reds and a car manual.
b) Seven cold schooners lined up in front of you.
c) Breath freshener and a pack of condoms.

6 Tick the events you'd enjoy out of list A...

- ❑ A beauty contest
- ❑ Female mud wrestling
- ❑ A screening of *Dirty Dancing*
- ❑ A lambada class
- ❑ A pole-dancing championship
- ❑ An evening at *The Phantom Of The Opera*

... and list B

- ❑ A whitewater rafting weekend
- ❑ The Oktoberfest beer festival
- ❑ A boxing match
- ❑ The Summer Nats in Canberra
- ❑ Go-karting
- ❑ A John Woo action double-feature



Anarchists attacked the torch bearer

2 Which best describes your dressing-gown?

a) Non-existent – you use a foul-smelling brown towel.
b) White towelling, a little grubby.
c) Black satin, with an embroidered tiger running rampant.

3 What determines the trousers you buy?

a) The army surplus store's selection of camouflage pants.
b) Comfort, price, style.
c) How well they show off your package.

4 Why do men need to build up their muscles?

a) To lift car parts, kick balls, stack crates, and biff each other.
b) To feel healthy and attractive.
c) To show women how easily they could pick them up and throw them on the bed.

5 Which of these garments would you wear?

- ❑ Ugg boots.
- ❑ Cowboy boots.
- ❑ White ankle-socks.
- ❑ Snowflake-patterned jumper.
- ❑ A 'pies beanie with a pom-pom.
- ❑ Grey loafers.
- ❑ Y-fronts.
- ❑ Stripy pyjamas.
- ❑ Death-metal T-shirt.
- ❑ Gold signet ring

Section 4: Work

1 You detest the daily grind. So why do you work so hard?

a) You're saving for a vintage Cadillac to strip down.
b) You want to buy a house, and one day have a family.
c) You believe that being loaded and successful will make girls desire you.

2 Do you consider Two-Minute Noodles essential fuel for lunch?

Yes/No

Would you work for half your salary if half as stressed?

Yes/No

Is your future a bachelor flat, a load of CDs, and a great car?

Yes/No

Are your bloke colleagues a bonus of your job?

Yes/No

Do you loathe office gossip?

Yes/No

Would you be horrified if your colleagues gave you a cheesecake and a Garfield mouse-pad on your birthday?

Yes/No

3 If there was nothing involved but your daily pleasure, would you be any of the following:

- ❑ Professional gambler.
- ❑ Deckchair attendant.
- ❑ Mediterranean fisherman.
- ❑ Mattress tester (sleeping).
- ❑ Sandwich-board man.
- ❑ Video game reviewer.
- ❑ Champion hot dog eater.
- ❑ Bum.

4 Why do you generally put in overtime?

a) Because you don't want to let the boys down.
b) To get away from your girlfriend, and/or for the money.
c) You don't, but you say you do to cover up your affairs.

5 You get sacked. What's the next move?

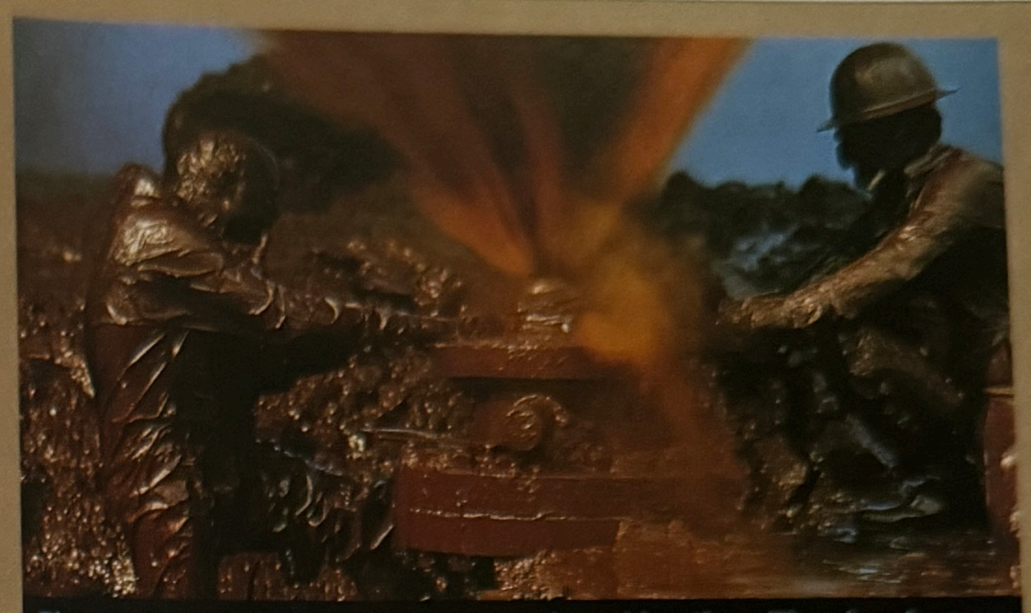
a) Several schooners, then a call to your brother Joe on the building site.
b) Beg your employers for



The parking meter was insatiable

Different Strokes

How men of today cope without women



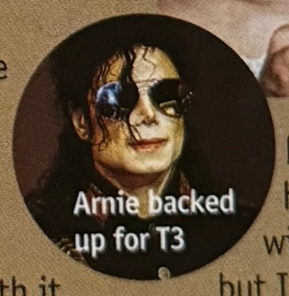
The treatment plant workers regretted mocking the millennium bug

The rigger: Tim, 36, works at lonely fossil-fuel outposts.
"I work in oil and gas exploration on rigs around WA's north-western shelf. We work a month on, a month off – a 28-day 'hitch'. It gets pretty blokey out there, we get a bit aggro, being away from chicks for so long. When the guys get off their hitch they hit whorehouses and the pub. Most guys deal with frustration by plastering porno over their rooms. They're always talking about pussy, but we've just got to live with it. In Asia, rig workers can send for "take-out" from a whore-house if they're working on offshore platforms, but Australian regulations are strict. There are more chicks working rigs now though. They're pretty popular – even the really fucking ugly ones."

The gay man: Mark, 45, works for Sydney's Bobby Goldsmith Foundation.
"I'm happy to be surrounded by men – but I do miss women sometimes. Women's gossip is always juicier and they offer a different perspective – they're more open-minded to issues and prepared to change their mind more readily while guys are full of bullshit. I have slept with women, but I feel no desire towards females now. Gay sex offers me more variety. Straight sex tends to be controlled by women, while gay sex is the man's domain. I think if we lived in a world without women there would be far too much testosterone-driven competition. There'd be lots of war and upset as men are so competitive – whereas women are great moderators.



Greg could never remember the Masonic handshake



Arnie backed up for T3

The celibate man: Greg, 23, works for Pure Love Alliance, a national morals organisation.
"PLA encourages young people to refrain from sex until after marriage. We're active on campuses around Australia, taking the message of 'absolute sex' not 'free sex' to students. We're bombarded by sexual imagery from TV, films and the media, so it takes a lot of inner strength. Physical desires are only natural, but you have to learn to restrain yourself. We don't discourage men and women from mixing, we just encourage a platonic relationship. Sexual forces are very strong. That's why we run seminars to educate people that the best sex they will ever have is within marriage."



Meanwhile
left, Daphn
an amazin

your job back, then whinge to your girlfriend.

c) Attempt to charm your female boss into reinstating you, then place a call to the Xanadu massage parlour.

Section 5: Sex

1 You feel strangely excited. Why?

a) You've just bought a state-of-the-art computer with a kick-arse video card that runs *Doom* at light speed.

b) You've just been invited to a great party where there will be stacks of girls and champagne.

c) You've just been invited to bed by the most gorgeous woman you know.

2 Which of these aspects of sex would you miss?

- ❑ Stockings.
- ❑ Kissing.
- ❑ Pillow talk.
- ❑ Stroking.
- ❑ Reassuring your partner of her attractiveness.
- ❑ Blow jobs.
- ❑ Lacy knickers.
- ☑ Soft skin.
- ❑ Gentleness.
- ❑ Contraception.

3 Which of these appeals to you more?

a) Buying a magazine with Kimberley Davies on the cover.

b) Buying the latest "fix-your-car" manual.



"I've quite a big one, actually"

4 If you couldn't have sex, you'd be happiest:

a) Tinkering with a fuse box and eating beer nuts.

b) Watching a porn movie and drinking VB.

c) You can't imagine being happy – ever again.

5 What is the easiest way to attain orgasm?

a) A no-nonsense tug.

b) A good flick through a porn mag, then a session with Mrs Palmer and her five daughters.

c) Enjoying a session of luurve-making with a beautiful woman who you truly care for.

6 What is your definition of "intimate talk"?

a) "Barry? I've got a problem with the clutch: I'll be down the pub from about eight."

b) "Sweetheart, of course I like your tits – are they real?"

c) "No one understands me like you – will you marry me?"

Section 6: Home

1 What would you prefer to sleep under?

a) A bath towel, someone else's coat, leaking canvas.

b) Brown nylon sheets, a *Star Wars* doona – anything that's warm.

c) Fine white cotton sheets, a tastefu bedspread, and a silk canopy.

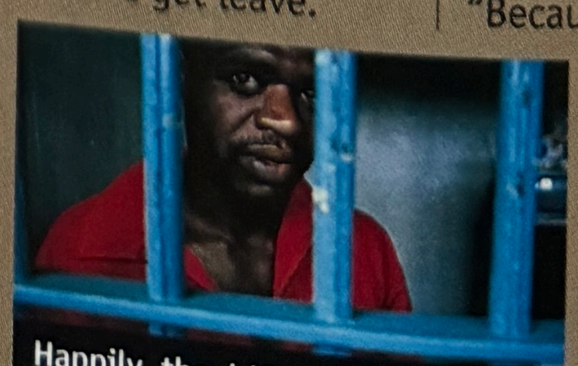
It's A Man's World



Hanks could see Ryan's privates

Soldier **David, 28, is a corporal with Darwin's 2nd Cavalry Regiment, serving in East Timor for six months.**

"When we're in Darwin, we often head out to the bush for up to five weeks on exercises. There are no women in our troop. A lot of blokes take a stack of magazines – mostly porn – as an antidote to the lack of female company. Because we sleep at pretty close-quarters, using the mags is a different story. Blokes usually wait until they're on 'picket', which is guard duty, to have a shifty pull. Occasionally, they get caught red-handed, so to speak. After exercises, when we get back to base, we usually have a party and get a couple of strippers along. Before we left for Timor, you could see how touchy-feely the guys were getting with their girls. As for me, I'm single and when I'm on the job I just focus on that. I'll party when I get leave."



Happily, the driftnet snared Binks

The prisoner **Brett, 53, did 10 year for armed robbery.**

"Because there are no women, there's a real macho atmosphere on the inside. If you touch someone without their

SYGMA/A KELER/SYDNEY FREELANCE/ACTION PRESS



The ants hefted the succulent corpse from the gutter

2 What food would you like to find in your cupboard/fridge?

a) Cup-o-Noodles, Deb, microwave pizza, Barbecue Shapes, tomato sauce, toothpicks.

b) Burgers, frozen meals, chips, bread, cheese, vegemite, beans.

c) Fresh spaghetti, homemade pasta sauce, vegetables, fruit, low-fat yoghurt, dolphin-friendly tuna, Waterford table-crackers, brie.

3 What posters would be nice to pin up?

a) Truckfest '92 tour poster.

b) A tennis player scratching her buttocks.

c) Monet's *Waterlilies*.

4 Tick everything you'd be happy to leave on the floor:

- ❑ Underpants.
- ❑ Pizza boxes.
- ❑ Take-away cartons.
- ❑ Ashtrays.
- ❑ Cigarette packets.
- ❑ Tissues.
- ❑ Remote control.
- ❑ Magazines.
- ❑ Toenail clippings.
- ❑ Bottles.
- ❑ Unconscious mates.
- ❑ Plates with tomato sauce wipings.
- ❑ Mugs.
- ❑ Chip bags.
- ❑ CD cases.
- ❑ Open baked beans tins.
- ❑ Socks.
- ❑ Shoes.
- ❑ Burn-marks.
- ❑ Bottle tops.

5 Which of the following most looks like your bath?

a) A pig trough, covered in muck.

b) A very ordinary avocado-coloured number, half-full bottle of Selsun Blue nestled in the soap-holder.

c) A gleaming, claw-footed Victorian tub.

6 What would you prefer was in your garage?

a) A gaming arcade for you and your mates – air hockey, pinball, old-school *Space Invaders*, Formula One driving games.

b) A nice car, and all the tools you'll ever need to keep it running soundly.

c) A sex dungeon – shackles on the walls, velvet drapes, a brace of willing handmaidens.



Dokic: scratchy

A-4 B-15, C

The scoring

Note down the number of As, Bs, and Cs you have scored, then factor these additional answers into your calculations

Section 2

6) **List A:** choose none from the list and give yourself an A; one to three and get a B; four to six and get a C

List B: four to six gets an A; one to three gets a B; zero gets a C

Section 3

5) Choose five to 10 from the list and give yourself an A; one to five and get a B; zero and get a C

Section 4

2) Choose "yes" three to six times and score an A; one to three and get a B; zero and get a C

3) Choose six to eight from the list and score an A; three to six and get a B; zero to three and get a C

Section 5

2) Tick zero or one and score an A; one to five and get a B; tick six to 10 and get a C

Section 6

4) Tick 10 and above and score an A; one to five and get a B; zero to five and get a C

Are you a ladies' man?

Time to face up to the possibly painful truth...

Mostly As:
Not only could you live without women – you virtually already do. In a world of men you would take your place as leader, perched atop a gleaming ute, microwaved pie in hand. No female has ever come close to dissuading you from your domestically alarming habits and sports-oriented plans. For you, a womanless planet is a dream to be savoured while the sports action unfolds on your widescreen TV. You believe that only men can grasp what's truly important – tinkering, fishing, drinking, and cheering. A lack of women would simply make those things easier to do, because we'll all be working in harmony to provide more sport, more pubs, and more garages.

Mostly Bs:
You like to think your life doesn't revolve around women, but you'd be hard-pressed to be happy without them. Whenever you've had a knock-back, the first thing you do is look for a woman to share it with. In a world of men you'd be a lost soul, wandering amidst beefy blokes eating meat and fixing cars, longing for a loving arm around you. You'd quickly tire of microwaving tasteless food, and the endless AC/DC trivia one-upmanship would get to you. Soon you'd long for the soft fragrance of a woman, the clammy affection, and the nagging that proves she cares.

Mostly Cs:
You couldn't survive in a room without women, let alone a planet. Keeping you from them would be like condemning Michael Douglas to a Thai prison. Every decision you make revolves around what women want, what they need – and, most importantly, what they're impressed by. Without them, you'd be an empty husk of existence, too heartsick to even try and strike up a conversation with the baffled blokes in flannel shirts roaming the barren globe. Your world would be a cold, bitter place, where no sweetness or colour permeated the masculine gloom of beige lounges and stale beer. So should a world without women fail to come about, get on your knees and say a prayer of gratitude. FHM



Surprisingly, Green embraced "mufti" Friday

permission, even if it's an accident, it can be seen as aggressive. That bloke you touched might feel like he's been insulted and, that he has an obligation to defend his honour. Then you have to watch your back because there's always the chance he's going to have a few of his friends stab you. On the other hand, about 10 to 20 per cent of prisoners have homosexual sex, and it's mostly consensual. I fell in love on more than one occasion while inside. I'd been so removed, and done a lot of time in solitary, that I felt like I no longer had social skills or knew how to be intimate with anyone. I remember immense pleasure at having fallen in love with another prisoner because it was a total renewal of myself."

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AIR NEW ZEALAND

NEWMANS HOLIDAYS

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Cheating [illegible] HRH put positive [illegible] effort into his "[illegible] for cash"

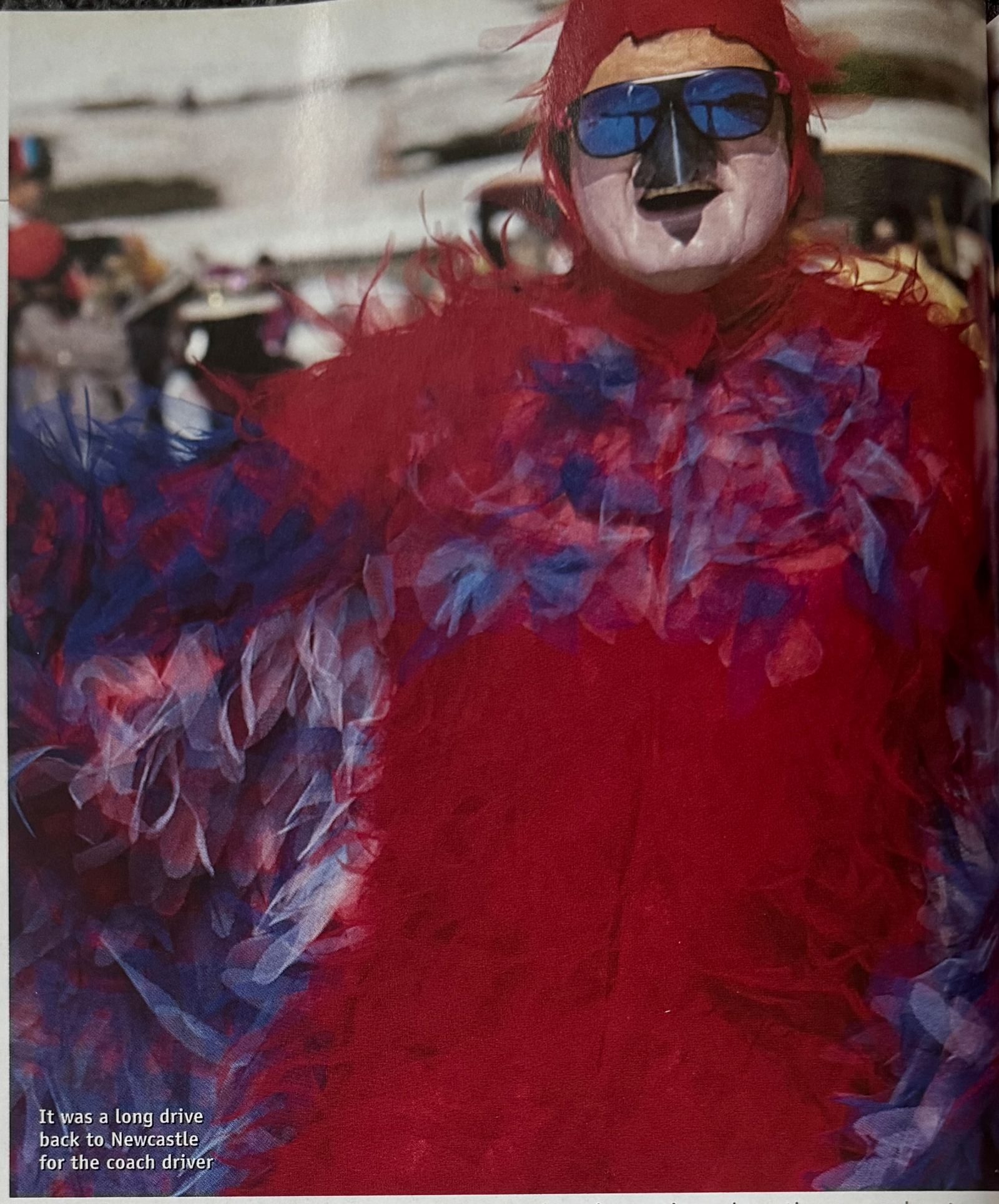


WORDS: KIMBERLEY WILSON

A MORONS GUIDE TO SNOW

Do gnarly dudes and snow cave collapses scare you from the slopes? Follow *FHM*'s idiot-proof guide and you'll be carving with the best of 'em...

PICTURE MEDIA/UK PRESS/APL/ZEFA


It was a long drive back to Newcastle for the coach driver

GETTING STARTED

Can a travel agent plan my ski trip for me?
Absolutely, some resorts can sort you out with a single call. If you're heading to New Zealand, contact their Australian tourist office on 02 9582 5777 or travel.com.au or www.nzski.com. If you're after package deals, consider ski wholesalers like Ski-a-rama (1300 650 400), and Alpine World (1800 063 063 for Australia, NZ, and the Northern Hemisphere) and Value Tours (1300 361 322 for NZ and the Northern Hemisphere).


"I call him Neville"

If I go overseas, should I obtain insurance?
If you book a package, your operator is legally required to offer you travel insurance and, if you're going overseas, you should take it. A week's insurance in New Zealand costs about $60 to cover emergency, cancellation, luggage/gear loss and personal liability. The same level of cover for a week in the US will cost about $93 with your package.

"Some resorts will book the entire trip at a single centre, making the whole thing easier and cheaper"


The cannibals added the turnips

How about if I go skiing in Australia?
Operators offer similar insurance packages to those mentioned above for about $35/week in Australia, and Medicare will cover you for any medical treatment – although make sure that you're covered for ambulance costs.

What if I get there and there's no snow? Can I get my money back or insure against this?
You can't insure against it but some resorts offer "no snow" guarantees – which means that if poor snow cover substantially limits the area where you can ski or board, you'll get a portion of your lift ticket or even your accommodation refunded. That said, snow-making and snow-moving techniques are so advanced that this doesn't happen often.

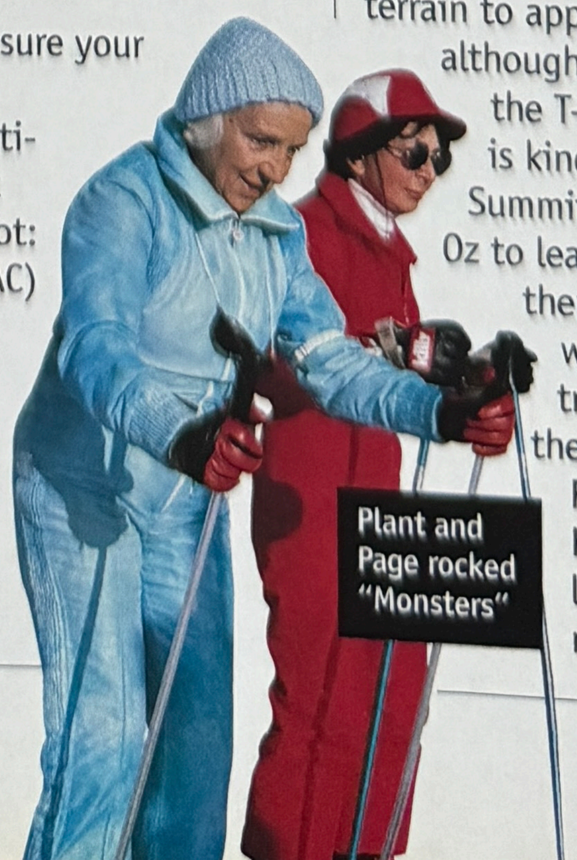
How do I get from the airport to my hotel if I fly in?
Many resorts offer a fly-in alternative and it's worth talking to your travel agent or calling the resort's booking line for details. Usually, transfers between the airport and the resort are offered with the flight booking. Some resorts allow you to book the entire trip (flights, transfers, accommodation, lift tickets etc) at a single centre, making the whole thing easier and often cheaper. Victoria's Mt Hotham, for example, open their on-mountain airport this season and you can buy a package of return flights including five nights in self-contained accommodation (five share), five-and-a-half-days lift tickets, and all transfers for $609 ex Melbourne or $710 ex Sydney. Best of all, you can book it all with a single phone call.

Do I need tyre chains?
Yes, and you'll need to make sure your car is equipped for sub-zero temperatures. That means anti-freeze in the radiator, decent tyres, and a shovel in the boot; call your Royal Auto Club (RAC) equivalent for a leaflet on prepping your car. Carrying chains is required on Australian snow roads and there's a fat fine for non-compliance. Chains are available at ski hire places and service stations along the way and cost about $25 for a weekend, but make sure you know how to put them on before trying to do it in the dark on an icy road.

DESTINATIONS

I hear it's cheaper to ski overseas?
It depends on what you're after. If you're interested in value for money, overseas is good because it usually offers bigger ski areas, greater vertical, cheaper lift tickets, and impressive package deals. But due to airfares and nasty exchange rates, it's still probably going to hurt your hip pocket more than a week in a local resort, even with GST.

Are there less daunting resorts for non-heroes?
In Australia and New Zealand, all resorts cater for inexperienced skiers. Perisher Blue has three times the area of any other resort and plenty of terrain to appeal to someone on their L-plates, although beginner boarders may not like all the T-bar lifts in Front Valley. Falls Creek is kind to families, and Mt Hotham's Summit run is probably the best place in Oz to learn to snowboard. Then, of course, there's plenty of terrain to follow it up when you're carving. In New Zealand, try the gentle slopes of Cadrona or the sun-drenched learners area of the Remarkables. Coronet Peak and Mt Hutt have reliable snow on the lower slopes as well as plenty of nearby attractions.


Plant and Page rocked "Monsters"



Where are the best "party" spots?
Parties happen everywhere. Serious, hardcore partying is just one part of any great snow-bound holiday. But if you want specifics, you'll find beers, bands, and late nights galore at Mt Buller's Kooroora Hotel; Falls Creek's The Man; Mt Hotham's Swindlers; Thredbo village's Keller Bar; Jindabyne's Lake Jindabyne Hotel; and Perisher's Jax. Across the ditch in New Zealand, Queenstown has the hottest night-life around, so grab a beer at The Edge, Villigrad or the Red Rock.


Neil Young relaxed at Maroochydore

ACCOMMODATION

Should I stay at the slopes or in town?
In New Zealand you can't stay on the slopes, as they don't have hotels in the ski area snowline, but there's no shortage of party atmosphere in town. In Australia, if you can afford to stay in the villages, it's worth it for the experience. It usually means you can walk to the ski lifts in the morning, ski home from *aprés-ski* (the traditional 5pm booze-up while still in your ski gear), and stumble out again to a restaurant or bar without setting foot in a vehicle. (A good on-snow deal at Thredbo in July, for example, is $549 for five nights self-contained, four-share accommodation with five-and-a-half-days lift and lesson passes.) Then again, base towns like Marysville or Jindabyne offer great times that are friendlier to your hip pocket (the same deal in Jindabyne might cost $435 but beware, then you'll have to pay to park on the hill each day).

Should I get a package that includes meals?
Buy lunch on the mountain to avoid trudging back to your lodge. With dinner, you can book accommodation that's fully catered, catered for breakfast and some nights or totally self-catered in a lodge or an apartment. There are plenty of great restaurants in every village but cooking in your lodge or kitchen apartment can be a blast. If you choose to self-cater, take major ingredients as you can always run down to the small village supermarket for extras – just remember to tell your travel agent if you want to self-cater.

Follow *FHM*'s ready reckoner for the best resorts Oz and NZ have to offer

AUSTRALIA

Mt Buller (VIC) So close to Melbourne, you can surf in the morning and and ski in the arvo. There's terrain for every ability, so it can get crowded. Renowned for its party life, Saturday night at the Kooroora is an institution.

Mt Hotham (VIC) Recent revamps have turned Hotham into a modern mega-resort. Big hills, surrounding wilderness, and great snow means it's not for "sceners".

Falls Creek (VIC) Beautiful lake and mountain views, long cruisy trails, and a charming village means that the Falls' faithful can't often drag themselves away. Great for families, but don't be fooled, The Man pub goes off during uni holidays, and is sure to go off even more when the Mt McKay area opens up this year.

Thredbo (NSW) Cute village that offers something for everyone year-round. Well known for a great events calendar and hot night-life, Thredbo also has some of the best steep and deep skiing in Australia.

Perisher Blue (NSW) A Perisher ticket offers you about three times the area of any other local resort, but expect rolling hills, not steep drops. The night-life rocks, so this is the spot for a week with the boys.

NEW ZEALAND

Mt Hutt (South Island) An hour's drive from Christchurch, Mt Hutt skiers usually stay in the gateway town of Methven. Mt Hutt is one of NZ's biggest and highest ski areas. Great heli-skiing and long, well-groomed runs make this a favourite of racers and snowboarders.

Coronet Peak Great terrain and snow, and treeless slopes makes Coronet one of NZ's best. Plus, it's only 30 minutes from the party town of Queenstown, where you can bungee, jet-boat or drink beer.

Remarkables Only 28km from Queenstown, The Remarkables' great beginner slopes hide some challenging slopes and chutes. Pick up a snowcat to access fresh snow or take the Homeward run at day's end so you can ski some of the way home before a shuttle picks you up and delivers your tired arse home.

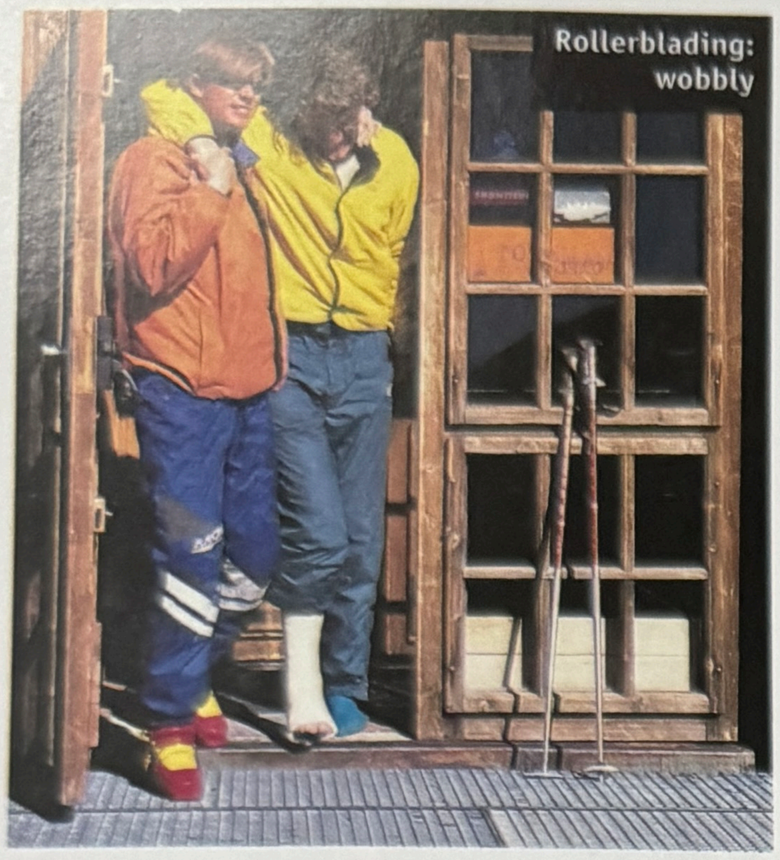
Cardrona Known for its gentle slopes and family feel, Cardrona is also NZ's most snowboard-committed resort. It's a mere 33km from the funky lakeside town of Wanaka and 90 minutes from Queenstown.


The village: peopley

Treble Cone The biggest snow resort in NZ's South Island has long intermediate runs and is known for its great powder snow, stunning views, and sunny aspect.

KEY
sex · death · snowboards · chicks · party · cost · quality snow · crowds · back country · yuppies

ANDREW BARNES/APL/MPTV/AUSTRAL/SYGMA/SUNSET BOULEVARD/
GRAHAM LAWRENCE/PICTOR UNIPHOTO


Rollerblading: wobbly

Is the booze more expensive at the resorts?
Yup. So's the pizza, the toilet rolls, and just about everything else. Mind you, if you ran a supermarket and had to lug all that stuff up the mountain and make all your money for the year in three months, you'd probably charge a bit more too. If you're self-catering, it's worth bringing a slab with you.

If I don't want to ski for a day, is there anything else for me to do?
Yes. In New Zealand, there's plenty to do in town, especially if you're staying in Queenstown (with bungee jumping, whitewater rafting, and golf, to name just a few). In Oz, Thredbo and Mt Buller have great non-snow facilities like indoor pools, gyms, climbing walls, and even movies; and resorts like Falls Creek and Mt Hotham offer adventures such as snowshoeing, horse riding, and skidoo trips. All resorts offer shopping (for snow gear), cafés, restaurants, and pubs.

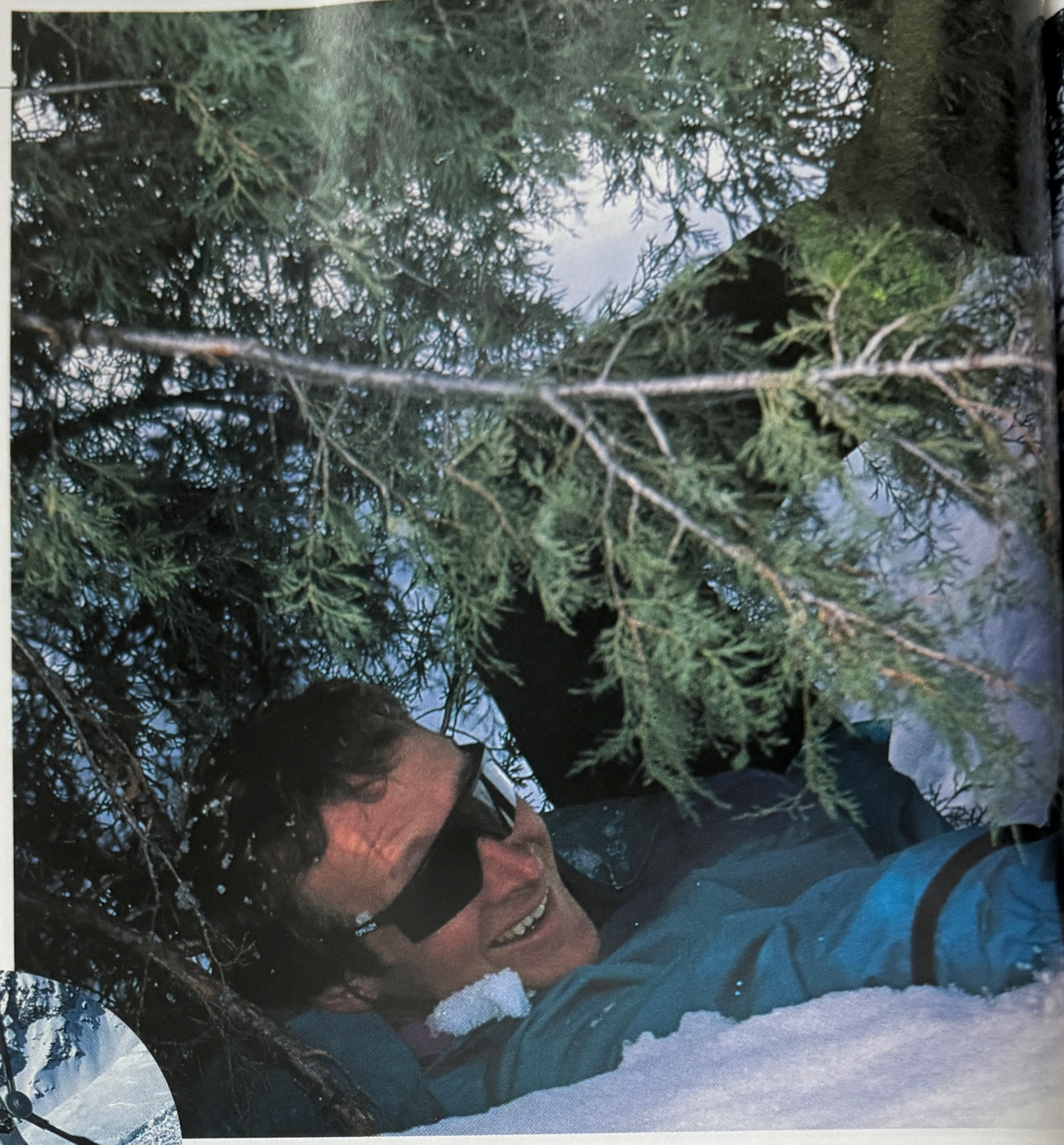

The Sunbeam frothed the Pavlova Magic

GEAR

Should I hire my equipment before I leave?
Carting your skis or boards in the cabin of your car is not only dangerous but illegal; whereas hiring your skis or snowboard on the mountain ensures that if something doesn't work or is uncomfortable you can take it back and swap it. It will cost between $50 and $90 for boots, skis, and poles for a weekend, depending on the quality of gear you're after.

How do I know what sort of skis I want?
Most hire places offer the new sidecut skis. If they give you skis that are fat at the tips and quite a bit narrower at the waist (under the binding) you're in for a good time. If your ski looks like a fence paling on a diet, ask them for a sidecut ski or go to another shop.

What kind of clothing should I wear so I don't freeze my nuts off?
Layering is the key. Steer clear of cotton – wet cotton is a fast way of getting seriously cold.



"Thredbo and Mt Buller have non-snow facilities like climbing walls, pools, gyms and movies"

Wear a thin thermal top with a polar fleece (or woollen jumper) and a ski jacket on top. If you're the cold-blooded type, stick a spare thermal top in your pocket just in case. On your lower half, thermal long johns (or trackie-daks) and ski pants will usually do. Wear a beanie and ski gloves, and make sure you're carrying sunscreen, money, and some decent eye protection. Sunglasses will do in most weather.

Most body heat escapes through the head, should I wear a hat?
Ma ol' grandaddy used to say, "If your feet are cold, put on a hat." He was a smart guy. Most body heat *does* go out through your noggin, so stick a beanie on it and make sure it covers your ears. Most baseball caps are made of cotton and if they get wet, they'll make you colder. On top of that, they blow off once you get a bit of speed up; and you can always shove a beanie into your pocket if you get too hot.

LESSONS

Is it all a simple case of "benz zee knees"?
Nope, it's a case of being smart enough to use the free lesson the lift company gives you if you're a beginner. When you buy your chairlift ticket, tell the cute girl behind the window that you want a "lift and lesson package for new skiers" – it costs no more than a normal day ticket ($73 at Thredbo this year) and you'll get a two-hour lesson for free; which is the resort's way of making sure you love skiing and come back and spend your money again. Hey, who are we to argue?

How many lessons (and how much money) do I need?
For most people, one two-hour group lesson (free with your ticket) is enough to get you going, and stopping. Learning to stop before you follow your mates is the best way to avoid being rescued and looking stupid. When your mates tell you they'll teach you, say "no". Mates teaching mates is the fastest way to snow disaster. Besides, when they come back to find you with the busty blonde Austrian ski instructor, they'll wish they'd stayed behind. Group lessons are about $35 per two hours, and private lessons are around $90 per hour; and yes, you can ask for "Wanda from Sweden".


Despite callipers, Sister took to the convent's trash



Ken's new Christmas bean bag was a crock



an afternoon cruising around at your own pace. Usually, you'll stick with the same group and instructor, which is a great way to meet people. But you don't have to. One lesson on a board or on skis will have you cruising.

How do I get the ice off my boot to get my foot back in the bindings?

Scrape it over the binding, wipe it with your pole or ask a friend to brush it off for you.

My friends are better skiers than me, how do I meet them at the top of the run?

The trick is in signs, trail maps, and a bit of planning. Your trail map doesn't just tell you where the lifts are, it also tells you where the runs are, and how hard they're going to be (ask for one at your lodge, an information desk or at the ticket window). Go to the trails marked on resort maps in green on your first day. How fast you progress to the next-level blue run is up to you. Avoid runs marked by a black diamond until you're really confident. Once you can handle a blue run, you can access every mountain bar around, and if green's your colour, check the map to see how hard the trails are or ask the guy who works at the lift. If unsure, ask someone, don't ski off on your own.

What do I do if it rains?

Well, it's more likely to snow, so don a pair of goggles and keep going – fresh snow is a joy, although low visibility will challenge your skills. If it really is rain, head for the nearest bar.

Our hotel is a long way from the slopes, how can I leave early if I get sick of skiing?

Buses run up and down the mountain almost all day. Go back to where you were dropped off and jump on or ask for help. Failing that, grab a taxi or a plate of nachos and wait in the nearest bar. ▷



The flying monkeys buckled with altitude sickness

ON THE SLOPES

What should I expect to pay for lift tickets?

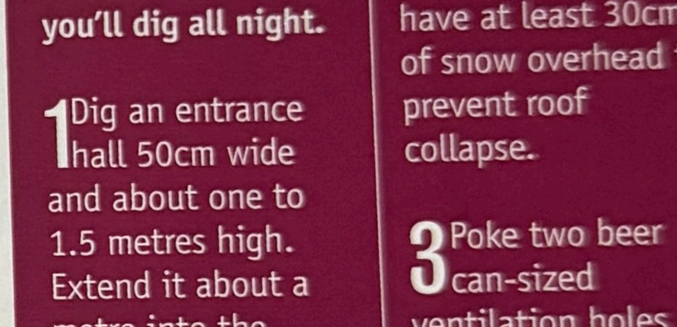
Australian lift tickets are around $70 per day, $140 per weekend, and $220 for five days. In New Zealand they're about $NZ56 per day or $NZ160 for three days. Buy as part of a package or buy a weekly ticket instead of a day pass and watch the price plummet.

Am I destined to spend my week on the beginner slopes?

No way. If you're around for a week, consider enrolling in a two-hour group lesson each morning ($395 for a five-day lift ticket with one lesson per day), and you'll be amazed how fast you'll learn with a few tips every morning and

Build a snow cave

Go camping in the great outdoors



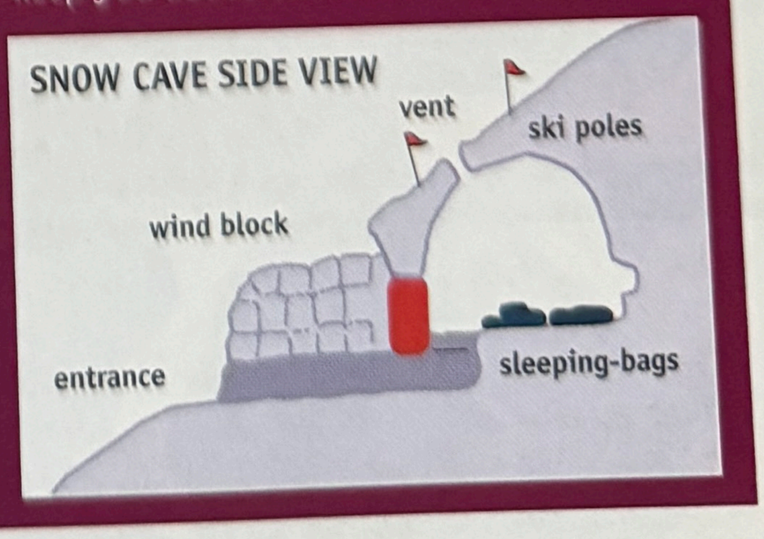
You'll need a shovel, a mate, a few hours, and a fresh dump of snow that's well packed and angled at 30 to 40 degrees – more angle and you risk an avalanche, less and you'll dig all night.

1 Dig an entrance hall 50cm wide and about one to 1.5 metres high. Extend it about a metre into the slope. Dig inward another metre, then outward and upward to create a living area. You can use cleared snow to make a windbreak wall. Share the work and don't work so hard that you sweat, it's a fast track to hypothermia.

2 Once you've cleared enough space so you can sit up, bring your mate in and dig together. Don't dig downward, as your living area should be higher than the entrance to keep you above the cold air coming in from outside. Dimensions for a two-person snow cave should be at least 1.5 metres (front to back) by two metres wide and just over one metre high. Make sure you have at least 30cm of snow overhead to prevent roof collapse.

3 Poke two beer can-sized ventilation holes through the ceiling with ski poles, then plant them outside on the slope to show your position and stop skiers from dropping through your roof. Put your pack in the entrance to keep out the cold, but leave an opening for fresh air to flow in.

4 Round the roof and walls so melting snow rolls down the walls instead of dripping on you. Make a trench just inside the walls to drain off melt-water.



AUSTRAL/REX/ANDREW DUNSMORE/BENELUX PRESS/STOCK IMAGE/ALEX GUZMAN/APL

SAFETY

Should I ski in a blizzard?
If you stay on the marked runs and ski in a group, you should be fine in most snow conditions. If you're having problems seeing, hire or buy a pair of orange-tinted goggles and ski beside or under a lift line so you don't become disoriented. If the conditions become too dangerous, the lift company will close the lifts, but beware, cold and disorientation are dangers that only you can really control.

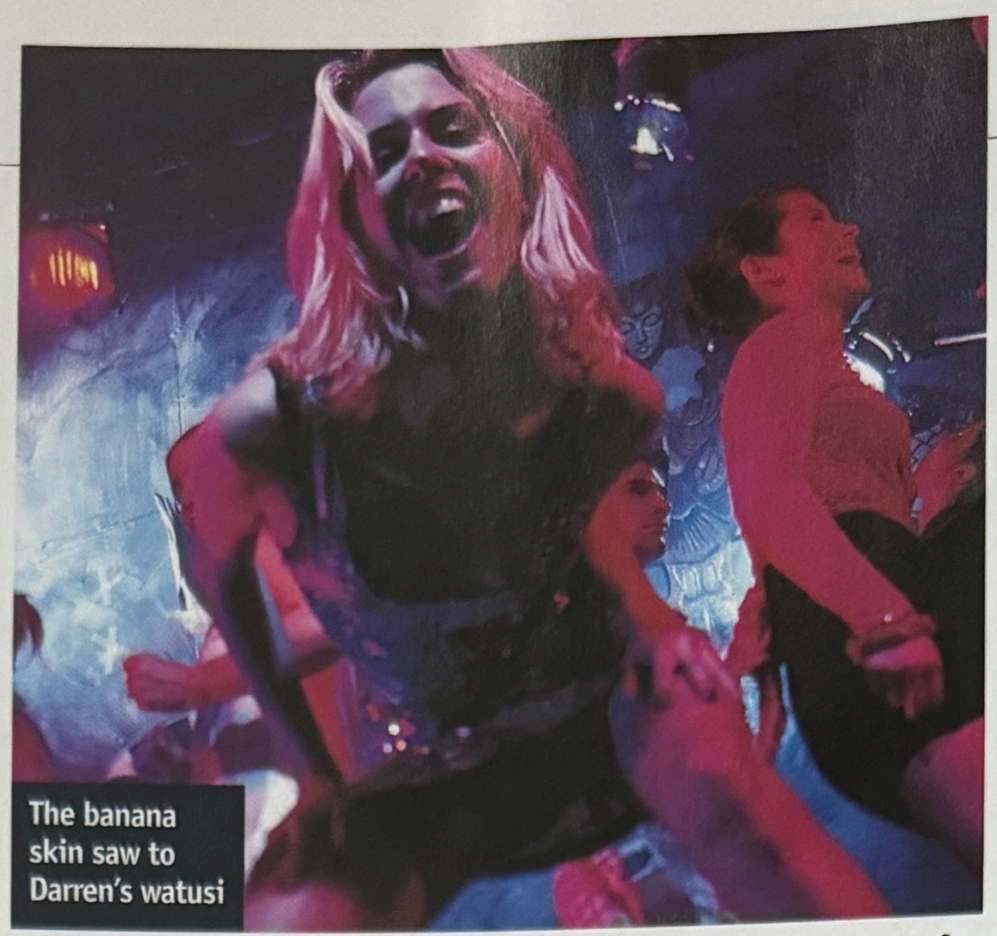
If I'm going to crash, what should I slam into?
The ground. Fall over now, before you're in danger of wrapping yourself around a tree, a lift tower or another person.

If I'm first on the scene, what's a quick tip for a broken leg?
Call the ski patrol or a good skier going past and ask them to notify a person working on the lifts. The "lifty" will phone the ski patrol. Keep them warm if necessary, reassure them, and protect them from the danger of anyone skiing over them by sticking your crossed skis upright in the snow just uphill of them. By the time you do that, ski patrol will be right beside you.

If I get scared, how can I get down quickly?
Ask the lifties if you can ride the chairlift back down again. In your lesson, you will have been taught to side-step up a hill, and that works well going down too. Although taking your skis off can be dangerous in deep snow, on most Australian runs you can usually safely take them off and walk down the side of the run.

If I get lost, what should I do?
Prevention is the key. Carry a trail map, tell someone where you're going to ski, stick with people who know the area, and don't go past fenced-off areas or "run closed" signs – there's a reason they're there. If you think you're lost, stop. Ask someone for help or look and listen for signs of a lift and go toward it.

PHOTO LIBRARY SYDNEY/PETER DOKUS



The banana skin saw to Darren's watusi

"Private lessons are about $90/hour, and you can ask for 'Wanda from Sweden'"

What should I do in an avalanche?
The chance you'll be caught in an avalanche within an Australia resort is slim. In New Zealand, it's slightly less laughable, so listen up. Yell to your partners, drop any gear that will stop you moving, and try to grab a rock or tree or dig your ski pole into the ground and hold on. If that doesn't work and you're caught in the flow, "swim" toward the surface. As the snow slows, thrust upward, but if you're still buried, try to make breathing space by putting an arm in front of your face. Inhale deeply to expand your ribs before the snow sets and it becomes impossible to move. Don't struggle or shout, try to conserve oxygen, and hope your buddies know what to do. Avoidance and awareness is the key.

Start your holiday here: Mt Hotham (1800 35 45 55 or www.mthotham.com.au); Perisher Blue (1300 655 811 or perisherblue.com.au); Thredbo (1800 020 589 or www.thredbo.com.au); Mt Buller (1800 039 049 or mt-buller-accom.com.au); Falls Creek (1800 45 35 25 or www.fallscreek.net.au). For New Zealand go to www.travel.com.au for bookings and information, www.nzski.com for resort info; or call the New Zealand Tourism Board on 02 9582 5777.

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"Some risks are worth taking. Others aren't."

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For most travellers, it's just not worth taking risks – especially when it comes to quarantine. There's too much at stake. For example, our eucalypt forests could be wiped out by a common South East Asian fruit disease. A beetle from Africa could destroy our grain industry.

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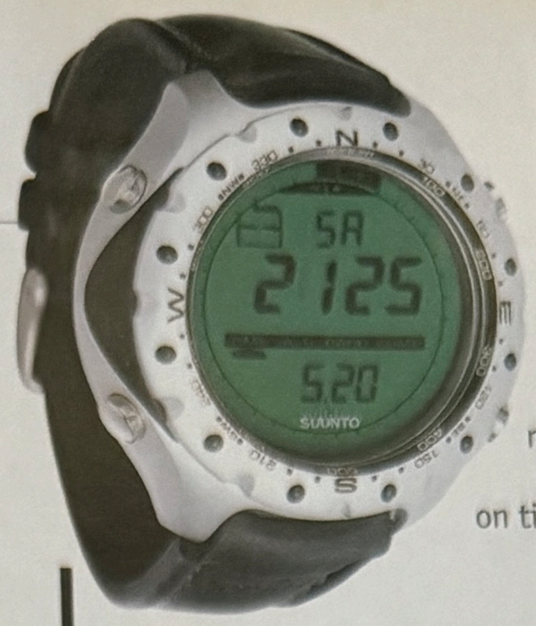
Eliminate the teeniest whisper of vacation stress with this awesome snow gear...



BEST FOR EVERYONE
BURTON SI-X BINDINGS

Forget sitting in the snow fiddling with straps while your fingers freeze and your mates all piss off ahead – just stomp your foot into Burton's SI-X step-in snowboard bindings and take off. Great responsiveness and control, a simple one-handed or one-footed release system and, thanks to Burton's patented 3-D disc system, a mere 38 million stance options.

PRICE $445 (rrp) (Viking SI $450)



BEST FOR TECH-HEADS
SUUNTO X LANDER

This is the Eddie McGuire of gadgets, in that it has about six times it's share of jobs – it's a wrist-top altimeter, barometer, compass, stopwatch, countdown timer, and watch all-in-one. Wear it for a day in the mountains and it will calculate the number of vertical metres you've clocked before lunch, warn you of a weather change and get you to the pub on time. Easy to use, it looks just enough like a real watch that you won't look like a complete pratt.

PRICE $670

BEST FOR CHARGERS
SMITH TURBO CAM SERIES

They may look like your average, space-age vision accessory, but take a closer look. Note the little fan and air intake valve above the lens, and the battery pack on the headband. That pack contains two AAA batteries that power a silent micro-electronic fan which runs continuously while you're on the slopes, to ensure you never peer through fogged-up goggles again. It sounds ridiculous, but it's good. Top lenses, clip buckle, and thermal lens complete the package.

PRICE $299





BEST FOR ALCOHOLICS
CAMELBAK ZOID 40

Gnarly dude's with ridiculous beanies may think lunch is for sissies, but even they'll admit that drinking water is a bonus out on the slopes – especially after a big night on the turps. The Camelbak Zoid backpack contains a 1.2 litre bladder attached to a long, straw-like affair that allows you to drink without even slowing down. The straw, mouthpiece, and bladder are insulated, so the contents don't freeze, and a harness system lets you to wear it under or over a jacket or pack. It's meant to carry water but the irresponsible can fill it with your cocktail of choice.

PRICE $95 (or $110 for the two litre version)



BEST FOR GUMBY
LEKI POLES

Hate fumbling around with irritating and fiddly pole straps? Then it's time for you to check out Leki's new pole system. Leki has created a little harness for your hand, to ensure that the pole flicks back into your grip without any wild swinging – which is handy if you tend to flail wildly.

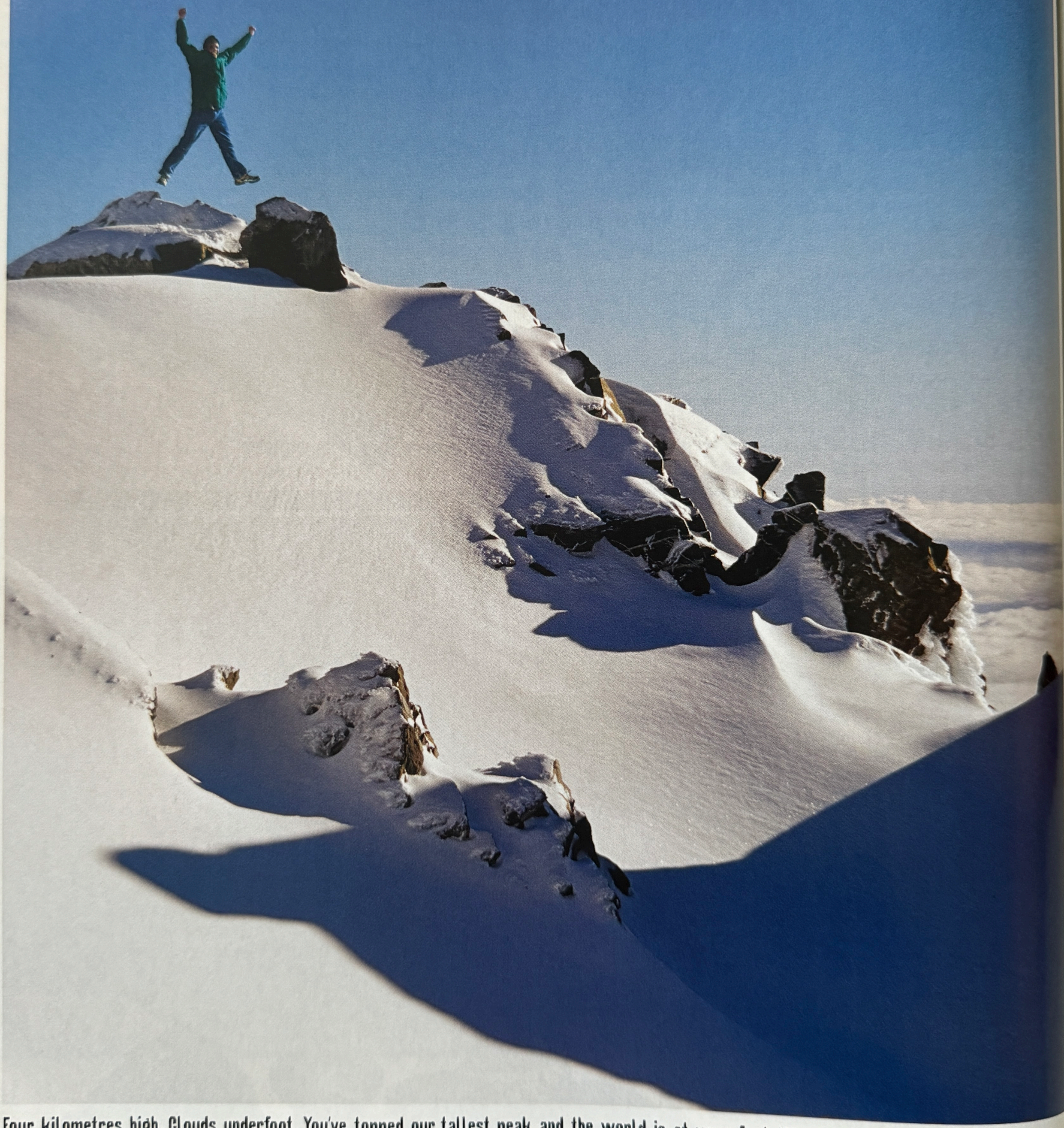
Even better, you can leave the harness over your gloves and just click in and out of the pole in a millisecond, removing the old hassle of trying to struggle your glove out of the harness. With just a snap of a press stud, your hands are free but your pole is attached to your wrist, so you can't drop them off the chairlift mid-pash.

PRICE $120



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LITTLE BIG MAN

He was the world's favourite comedy midget, so how did Gary Coleman find himself bankrupt and facing a $US1 million lawsuit?

Cruel parents who want their offspring to endure a lifetime of misery have many options at their disposal. A Victorian-style regime of beatings, solitary confinement in a dark cellar, and ceaseless mockery usually does the trick; as does the opposite tack of mollycoddling them to the point that they are mercilessly teased at school for being a sissy and grow up unprepared for the myriad horrors of adult life. But if parents *really* want to screw up their kids, they should try and make them famous at an early age. So routine is the story of child star becoming a maladjusted adult that it's more of a shock when an infant thespian hasn't had a spell in rehab by the time they've reached puberty. Drew Barrymore, Macaulay Culkin, Michael Jackson – all took an early bite of the celebrity cherry and have ended up variously in rehab, jail, dead or just plain weird as a result. But surely no ▷

WORDS: BRIDGET FREER PHOTOGRAPHY: RICHARD LOHR

one has had as rough a time as Gary Coleman, the chubby-faced imp who, at the age of nine, was catapulted into the public eye when he won the part of Arnold, the loveable adopted boy-child in US sitcom *Diff'rent Strokes*.

The show ran from 1978 to 1986 and, by the time it was canned, Coleman was on $US100,000 an episode and had amassed a fortune of $US18 million. But with puberty, it all went horribly wrong: he didn't see a cent of his money and had to sue his managers, who included his adoptive parents, to get at his assets. Work almost completely dried up – the only offers he got were guest appearances as Arnold on other shows. By the early '90s, he was reduced to working as a $US7-an-hour security guard. He was out shopping for a bulletproof vest for this job when a fan, 15-stone bus driver Tracey Fields, asked him for an autograph. He signed, but she wasn't satisfied and asked him to write more. A scuffle ensued, during which Coleman allegedly punched Fields in the eye. He got a suspended sentence and was ordered to attend anger management classes, but Fields is suing him for $US1 million, claiming he'd caused her physical harm and mental trauma. Then, in August last year, he filed for bankruptcy. But this still wasn't the final chapter of the story. His latest move has been to get involved in a web-a-thon, called "Save Me", auctioning his possessions, including a spatula (which went for $US41) and his yellow pinstriped pimp suit ($US325). The site



The Hard On's tour of the Oval Office found a relaxed Bill and Hillary

"Women have never chucked themselves at me. I don't know why. I can't explain it

(http://www.ugo.com/welovegary/) veers between homage and mockery, and includes interviews, sex advice, and footage of his humiliating audition for a part in the US *Teletubbies*, in which he has to affix a large comb to the back of his scalp to enable the casting director to "visualise you better in the role".

Born in December 1968, Coleman grew up in Zion, Illinois – the only adopted child of a nurse and a factory worker. When he was six, his cousin started modelling in the seasonal fashion show at the local mall. Gary asked if he could do it too and got the gig. The mall manager thought he was, "... the most entertaining kid he'd ever worked with, and he gave my parents the card of a talent agency in Chicago." This led to roles in local TV commercials, but while Gary and his mum spent a lot of time with casting agents, they spent far more in doctors' offices. At five, Gary had been diagnosed with the kidney disease glomerial nephritis, which has stunted his growth. At 10, he had his first kidney transplant, which lasted 11 years. He tried another kidney in 1989, but that only lasted 10 months, and since then he's had to rely on dialysis to stay alive. He used to have a home system, but constant use and repeated infections means he now has to go to hospital three times a week.

According to Gary, the illness has made him a medical expert on his own body: "This one I wish I could just throw away and get another." It also made him the butt of many a playground joke about his lack of height. "When I got to fourth grade I pretty much stayed the same height until I was 16, when I finally got to four foot eight." Long before that time, he had become one of the most recognised faces in the country. The little kid had gone down a bundle in the Chicago advertising world, and someone had mentioned him to a big shot sitcom producer who called him down to LA for an audition. He was cast in a new sitcom, about two wisecracking Harlem brothers who get adopted by a wealthy white man.

Diff'rent Strokes premiered at 8.30pm on a Thursday in 1978, and became an instant hit. It sat comfortably at number one for the next six years. Number one, that is, with everyone except Coleman, who hated being in the studio. "I never got into the Hollywood scene," he says. "Even at nine, I didn't want to socialise with people after work. I didn't like kids even when I was one; hanging out with actors and other kids just was not my nature." His adoptive parents had promised him that if he ever got tired of it he could quit, "But that promise was broken." He wanted out at the end of the fourth season but the adults had already signed his contract for him. And that was the beginning of the end of his relationship with his parents.

"I was always disappointed they had no backbone," he says now, ruefully, "and that they chose money and status over me and my needs."

Neither did he get any comfort from his costars, Todd Bridges or Dana Plato, both of whom went through their own private hell post-*Strokes*. Plato was nailed for trying to rob a Las Vegas video store (haul $US150) and suffered from a succession of drug problems until her death by overdose in May 1999. And Bridges has been arrested on various charges from drug possession to attempted murder. Despite the inevitable talk of a "Curse Of *Diff'rent Strokes*", Coleman is still keeping his head above water, hoping to be saved from further financial strife by website organisers UGO, in whose swanky Manhattan offices *FHM* caught up with him:

Auctioning your possessions on the Internet. That's scraping the barrel, isn't it?

Well, when UGO first approached me, they said, "We love you as a person and as an entertainer and we are going to do this with or without you." So I thought: "Hey if you want to do it so badly, let's do it." I'm not embarrassed. And I'm not a charity case. We auctioned things off, so I wasn't begging. I had no intention of begging.

How much did you make out of your cast-offs?

Almost $US10,000. But I'm not looking to be a

millionaire again – damn that!

Why – do you prefer being bankrupt?

Being bankrupt's great! I should have done it years ago. It's been a fresh start. All my debts are cancelled. And, no, I don't feel guilty – nobody's taxes go up because of it and most credit cards, if not all, have included the possibility of their clientele filing bankruptcy in their fee structure.

After *Diff'rent Strokes*, it must have been humiliating to take the security guard job...

No, it was wonderful, I love real jobs. I prefer them to entertainment work. I've never laughed at an offer of work.

Okay. Do you fancy a job as *FHM* office dwarf?

The first consideration is what the medical facilities in Australia are like: Do they have the necessary facilities to keep me alive? The next considerations would be lodging, vehicle, and salary. I can't say how much you'd have to pay me, but it'd be quite a bit.

Do you get scripts for sicko films aimed at perverts who like to see little people shagging?

No, I don't get porno stuff sent to me, and if I did I'd call the FBI and say, "Excuse me, you might want to add this to your collection."

Did you see Dana Plato's porno?

I didn't, no. I'm not into that kind of thing. I don't even like strip joints, I don't like to watch women demean themselves.

You admit that you're still a virgin at 32: are you waiting for a special little lady?

Yeah, it would be nice some day, but it is not the most important thing going on in my life. There is certainly not going to be any marriage, but I would like to go bowling occasionally, or dinner. That kind of thing.

What kind of bowling partner would you like?

I try to jump into the head of females and find out if she's a gold-digger or a reality-based person, and whether she has ulterior motives. I've lost more money dating women than I care to count. And then there were those three that went to the *National Enquirer* to sell stories about me. All that has made me cautious around women.

There's a sex line on the web-a-thon: you certainly sound as if you know what you're talking about on that?

Give me a little credit – after 32 years you've heard stuff and accidentally seen a porno or two. And I love petting and necking. I love cuddling more, though.

Did women chuck themselves at you when you were at the height of your fame?

Ha, no! Women have never chucked themselves at me. I don't know why – I can't explain it. If women were flinging themselves at me, I probably would have had sex well before I was 16, but that didn't happen.

How long is it since someone greeted you with the words: "Whatchoo talking 'bout, Willis?"

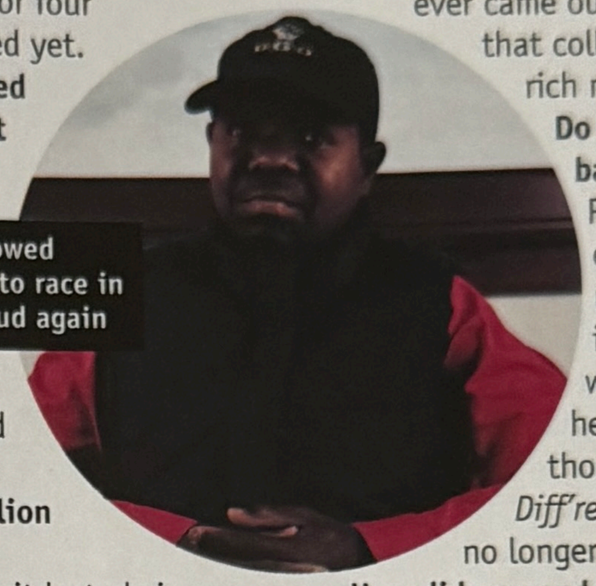
It happens on a daily basis. Almost any radio station I go to, someone says it. People ask me to say it all the time but I just flat out refuse – 15 years is long enough to be stuck in a time machine: give me a break, things move on!

Do you have anything to do with the *Diff'rent Strokes* crew now?

Very, very rarely. Todd Bridges is a producer now, and wants to have me in his movie, but we'll see. He's been working on it for four years and it hasn't materialised yet.

After the show ended, you sued your parents: wasn't that a bit painful?

I did not sue my parents. I sued my business manager, but she was a slickster and documented the paperwork in such a way that my parents had to be included in the suit.



Dye vowed never to race in the mud again

How much of your $US18 million did you ever see?

I started the lawsuit in 1989, it lasted six years and for all that, I ended up getting $US720,000, and the lawyer got $US335,000. When you have six people spending your money like water, there isn't a lot left to get.

Are you still talking to your parents?

I haven't talked to them in so many years I've lost count. They have no way of getting in contact, and it's going to stay that way. I was ignored until the time came for me to earn some money, so the relationship was easy to end.

If you had to choose one word to describe your career, what would it be?

Misguided. And poorly informed. We didn't know what the hell we were getting into and there was nobody around to tell us. There was nobody to put a bug in my adoptive parents' ear or my ear before it got out of hand, so we continued down the path of destruction.

What could they have warned you of?

I wish someone had said: "Your life will no longer be your own; you'll always be under the microscope of the press; you'll never be treated as a human being ever again; you'll always be an object and a commodity; you'll never have an identity; you'll always be pessimistic and cautious and guarded, and you'll probably be a manic depressive."

When did you become aware that things were "getting out of hand"?

In 1982, when the lawyers wanted to renegotiate my contract for 30 grand. They didn't allow me to go back to work on *Diff'rent Strokes* until they got their $US30,000 and other contractual stipulation crap. That's when I realised I must be hot shit.

Did you try and live it large?

No. It became annoying having people fawn all over you. They would absolutely lose all reality around me, so I just started buying full-size, upright video machines and watching movies at home – I had all the toys and gadgets I could ever want; I didn't need to go out.

What was your biggest extravagance?

Apart from video games, I had model trains and GI Joes. I collected every GI Joe product that ever came out. Of course, I don't have that collection anymore – I'd be a rich man if I did.

Do you think they'll ever bring back *Diff'rent Strokes*?

People talked about it endlessly. It's very unfortunate that Dana Plato is no longer with us – she was a wonderful woman, but her death was a welcome, though sad piece of closure to *Diff'rent Strokes* – the possibility no longer exists now, thank God.

How did you end up having that biffo with Tracey Fields?

Every celebrity runs into a highly-abusive fan at some point and it was my turn – but my lawyer's taking care of it. I cannot deny or agree as to whether I whacked her one, but whatever she got, she got. She thought she was special and thought I should bow at her feet, and that's all I can say because she's just plain wrong.

Has anyone asked you for your autograph since?

All the time. I wish they'd been deterred, but it still continues. Although, thankfully, I don't have to deal with fawning, invasive, unintelligent fans on a daily basis now. Most of the ones I do deal with call me Gary, which is encouraging. It amazes me that 15 years after the show finished, people still call me Arnold – that's an instant turn-off: either they were born fully grown without a brain or they've been living in a cave since 1979.

Do you think Mini Me from *Austin Powers* has stolen your short-guy thunder?

Oh, not at all – as a matter of fact I'm hoping he'll regenerate interest in small people acting on television.

Is everything about you shorter than normal?

I think I'm all right. I'm in proportion. There's nothing stubby about me, if that's what you're asking.

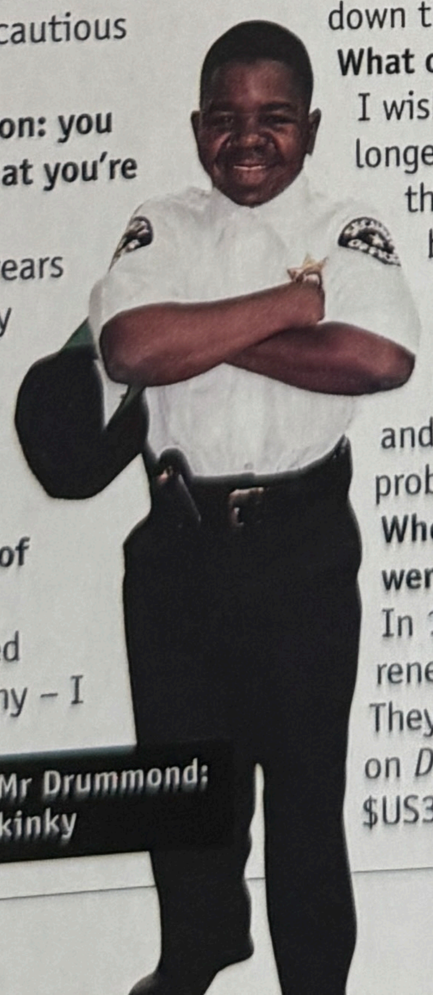
Have you ever worn heels or a big afro to make yourself appear taller?

No – since I got to four foot eight I've been pretty comfortable with my height. I don't have an issue with my height – everybody else does.

Finally, can you do "different strokes"?

No. I can't swim. FHM

"I'm hoping Mini Me will regenerate interest in small people acting on television"



Mr Drummond: kinky

SCOPE/FRANK SPOONER PICTURES/AUSTRAL/REX FEATURES

HOLLY VALANCE



RAMSAY'S treat

IT'S *NEIGHBOURS'* DELECTABLE HOLLY VALANCE. MINUS HER ERINSBOROUGH HIGH PINAFORE...

INTERVIEW: JOHN BASTICK PHOTOGRAPHY: RICHARD DILLON



BIKINI BY NADINSKI – AVAILABLE FROM SEPT 2000; SHOES BY JUSTINE PRATTEN

"WHAT'S THE LATEST GOSS ON ME? DOES SOMEONE WANT TO TELL ME, 'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW"

BIKINI BY ROBBIE CRANFIELD

Pa loved sliced 'nana
on his Strawberry Pops



From a height, Holly avoided the scungy loo bowl

SHOT BY PHILLIPS, WRITTEN BY PHILLIPS

As anyone reared in the endless sprawl of Australia's suburbia would know, the 'burbs are rife with bored housewives peddling idle gossip through fence palings to their equally bored neighbours. One such person to fall victim to recent salacious and unfounded innuendo was delectable *Neighbours* star Holly Valance. "There's some pretty sad rumours going around about me," reports the 16-year old, who stars as cheeky schoolgirl Felicity in the perennial soapie. "Supposedly I'm going out with a 50-year old! I just laugh at it, though. What's the latest goss on me? Does someone want to tell me, 'cause I don't know." Burnt at 16? We think not: Holly cut her teeth in modelling prior to telly stardom – a catty business in itself – and a similar cross-over made by many of the handsome cast from Ramsay Street. "It's not a definite thing you have to be beautiful, it's a bonus," says Holly of the goodness's penchant for lovelies. So does Holly think ugly *NIDA* graduates could be pissed off with her success? "Yes, they could, but that's not my problem. I'm working just as hard as they would be," she justifies. "There's no point getting bitter at people who are on the show because they think they got it for their looks. I wouldn't have it if I couldn't do the job."

Holly's suitably shacked up with her folks. Her beau of three years is playing soccer in Uruguay and she offers a terse, yet polite "no comment" to *FHM*'s prying sex orientated questions. But will there be any *locamoting* into the music biz? "At the moment it's acting. I've been singing for a while. ▷

HOLLY VALANCE

Holly mooned the
marauding cicada plagues



BIKINI BY JACLIN CHOUCHANA; SHOES BY JUSTINE PRATTEN

"I'VE NEVER BEEN A FAN OF BEING CHUMMY WITH THE NEIGHBOURS"

BANDEAU TOP BY FINELINES; HOT PANT BY JACLIN CHOUCHANA; SHOES BY JUSTINE PRATTEN; WRISTBAND BY PORTMANS

A "promised" walk lured the Scottie to the worming tablets



The Lip-Eze aloe vera took to Symonds's chaffing

RAVAGE BRA & G-STRING AVAILABLE FROM IM NATIONALLY

I love it and it helps with self-confidence, but the music career is pretty much nonexistent..."

***Neighbours* is the Queen Mum's favourite show...**
Really? It *is* huge, we're like in 50 countries.
Is that daunting?
It's not daunting, it's exciting. You think that you only get recognised here, but you'd go to Britain and get swamped as well. It's kind of cool that you're doing your everyday job and you get recognition all over the world.
Is stardom as interesting as you thought it would be?
It's really no big deal. Even now when I sit and watch premieres on *Entertainment Tonight* I think, "Wow, that looks exciting", and then I go and it's like, "Ahh, just take me home!" I've never hung out with other "TV people". I don't make an effort to get to know everyone in that crowd.
Are you a good neighbour yourself?
No. I've never been a fan of being chummy with the neighbours. It's good to say, "Hi, how are you?", when you see each other, but not like, "I just came 'round to borrow some sugar."
Here's a good one: where do we go when we die?
I think we go somewhere. I think there's a "heaven", but I don't know if that's because the images we see – particularly on TV – are always Christian. We don't know much about Muslim

"I ALWAYS LOOK AT A GUY IN A BIG V8... I GUESS IT'S THE WOG IN ME"

culture because on TV things are fairly "Jesus" "God" and "Mary" – not "Allah" or "Mohammed".
On that, do you think the *Neighbours* writers are a bit out of touch with what's really going on?
I think the show's a nice escape from reality. We go through enough shit every day that you hardly want to come home and watch it again on telly. It's nice to come home to this not-real world, a half an hour of a pretend world.
You have some Muslim friends, what will they think of your saucy *FHM* pictorial?
I don't know. It's not something they would do. I think the shots are flattering and tasteful, I'm hardly naked. I'm wearing bikinis, which I wear every summer. Just because you take a photo of someone in them doesn't make it any ruder.
You appeared bikini-clad in *FHM*'s 2000 calendar. I heard that got up the noses of a few execs at Channel 10?
It made the papers, but nothing was said to me. I think a drama was made out of something that didn't really matter. One of my friends is a mechanic and he's like, "We've got the calendar up in the workshop" and when it's someone who knows me like that, it just leaves me cringing.
You hang around with a lot of mechanics?
I'm a car girl, a car chick. I always look at a guy in a big V8 – whoa, yeah, big-time! I love body kits, big mags, big spoilers. My girlfriends don't understand it, but the guys that I hang out with do. I guess it's the wog in me, nothing like a bit of wog.
Time is unfortunately up, so how about a joke?
I only know really foul ones.
Better still.
Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm schizophrenic and so am I. Ha, ha, ha.

See Holly nightly on Neighbours, 6.30pm on Channel 10.

"ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE, I'M SCHIZ-OPHRENIC AND SO AM I. HA, HA, HA"



Rightly, Holly hid her hideous thumbs

THE AIDS PATIENT

Thirty-five-year-old Kim Cooper on prejudice, contracting "leukaemia" and contemplating "the end"

How are you feeling today?

Fine. I get bad days but I'm feeling pretty good today. Fatigue is the worst problem.

What kind of symptoms do you have?

Night sweats, a dry cough like a smoker's, swollen glands, and I'm more susceptible to coughs and flu. Some people get skin lesions and rashes, but that doesn't affect me. There's a point called the "Siroconversion" that most people reach about six months after contracting HIV. This is when the virus becomes active in your body. You know you've reached it because of the fatigue. You feel exhausted just walking up stairs.

What about treatment?

I've chosen not to have any. It's a personal choice. I eat healthily and I take vitamins. The triple therapy they use now is based on a combination of drugs, because the virus can get around just one drug. This way it hits the virus from different angles. The therapy has bad side effects though – nausea, diarrhoea, dementia, I don't want that.

Do you know how long you've got to live?

Nobody ever really knows how long they have. I was diagnosed HIV-positive seven years ago and the doctors gave me 10 years, max. Now we talk about living with Aids, not dying from it. People are living longer. There are five stages of HIV spread out over a long time scale. I'm at stage four. That means I'm classed as disabled by the virus and it's at the point whereby it's developing into full-blown Aids. The people at the centre at stage five are not in good shape. They have motor difficulties with walking, tumours, and cancers developing as the immune system breaks down.

How were you diagnosed?

At a drug rehab centre coming off heroin. I'd left rehab and gone away on holiday, and when I got back to Sydney, I found out they'd been ringing around trying to get hold of me. I knew instinctively it wasn't to see how I was.

How did you feel?

It came as a blow. I'd always been a pretty out-going person, going out to parties, embracing life. I remember thinking about how it's illegal to have a relationship with someone and not tell them you are HIV positive, and how nobody would want to be with me again. It was a pretty lonely feeling.

Do you know how you got the virus?

Yes. I had been on remand and came out of prison for a few months. I was staying with a friend who had stage five Aids and I remember one night he had a fix ready for me when I woke up. I took the needle without thinking. It was only afterwards I wondered if it was clean. Soon afterwards I was tested again and I was positive. I'm 90 per cent certain I contracted HIV from that needle.

Did you want to kill him?

No. He's dead now anyway. I just felt angry at myself for not being meticulous enough in my drug use. I'd slept with guys, but never had penetrative anal sex and I'd been using heroin on and off for 15 years without any problem. I guess I just never thought I'd get it.

How do people react when you tell them?

I told some close friends in Sydney, but not my family at first. Port Macquarie (mid-north coast New South Wales), where I'm from, is a small country town and I was afraid of how people would react. After a friend of mine had told my father against my wishes, I went back for a holiday. I remember being out at the local pub and, after I finished my beer, the barman smashed the glass and threw it in the bin. He said the locals didn't want to drink from it after I'd used it. Even today my father tells people I have leukaemia. He says he's embarrassed to admit his son is HIV-positive.

Q How do people react when you tell them? A At my local pub the bar man smashed the glass after I finished my beer

And how do you feel? Have you ever considered ending it all?

Sure, you get sick and tired of being sick and tired. I always used to say that if I got to stage five then I'd take my own life. I have three friends who have killed themselves. They just thought, "Fuck it. I'm over this." And I understand that. Suicidal thoughts are common. I felt my illness more when I was alone. But then I met my partner, Lynne, and now, even if I got really sick, I'd still want to fight it. Lynne provides such immense emotional and psychological support that I've never felt like giving up since I met her.

How did you get together?

We met at a community soup kitchen. I was pretty low at that point, as I'd been celibate for six years and was pretty pissed off with it. I've had relationships with men but primarily I'm heterosexual and, in my experience, there was very little support for positive heterosexuals – so much was gay-oriented. When I met Lynne I told her I was positive. I couldn't believe it when she said she didn't care. We've been together six months now.

And how's your sex life now?

Great. I felt very uncomfortable when she first suggested sex without a condom and, after having sex, I felt really bad. But she justified it in the fact that she had been diagnosed with bowel cancer already. She tests once a month now and, so far, it has always been negative.

So you've got emotional support, but what do you do for money?

I get a disability pension of $440 a fortnight. What with rent and a special treat of a hit once a month, it's hard to get by. I couldn't manage if it wasn't for organisations like the Bobby Goldsmith Foundation, People Living with HIV/Aids, and The Larder in Surry Hills, where I go for basic foodstuffs. When my insurance company found out I was positive, they encouraged me to cash the policy in, but the money didn't go far.

What else pisses you off about Aids?

I get tired of people always asking me how I feel, and asking me when I'm going to die. I feel like they expect me to look grey and gaunt all the time. I get angry about other people's paranoia about sharing a glass in a bar or shaking hands, but I guess that will never die. Even in Sydney where the level of public ignorance is generally lower, people still put you in a category and treat you differently. And as for people who say I deserve all I get, well, if I'm to be judged when I've not hurt anyone... I've just done some cheeky things with my life.

Any regrets?

If I had my time over then I'd never have touched heroin and I'd like to have waited until I was older before having sex, but I don't regret experimenting. I've known what I was doing all along.

What message would you give to someone recently diagnosed positive?

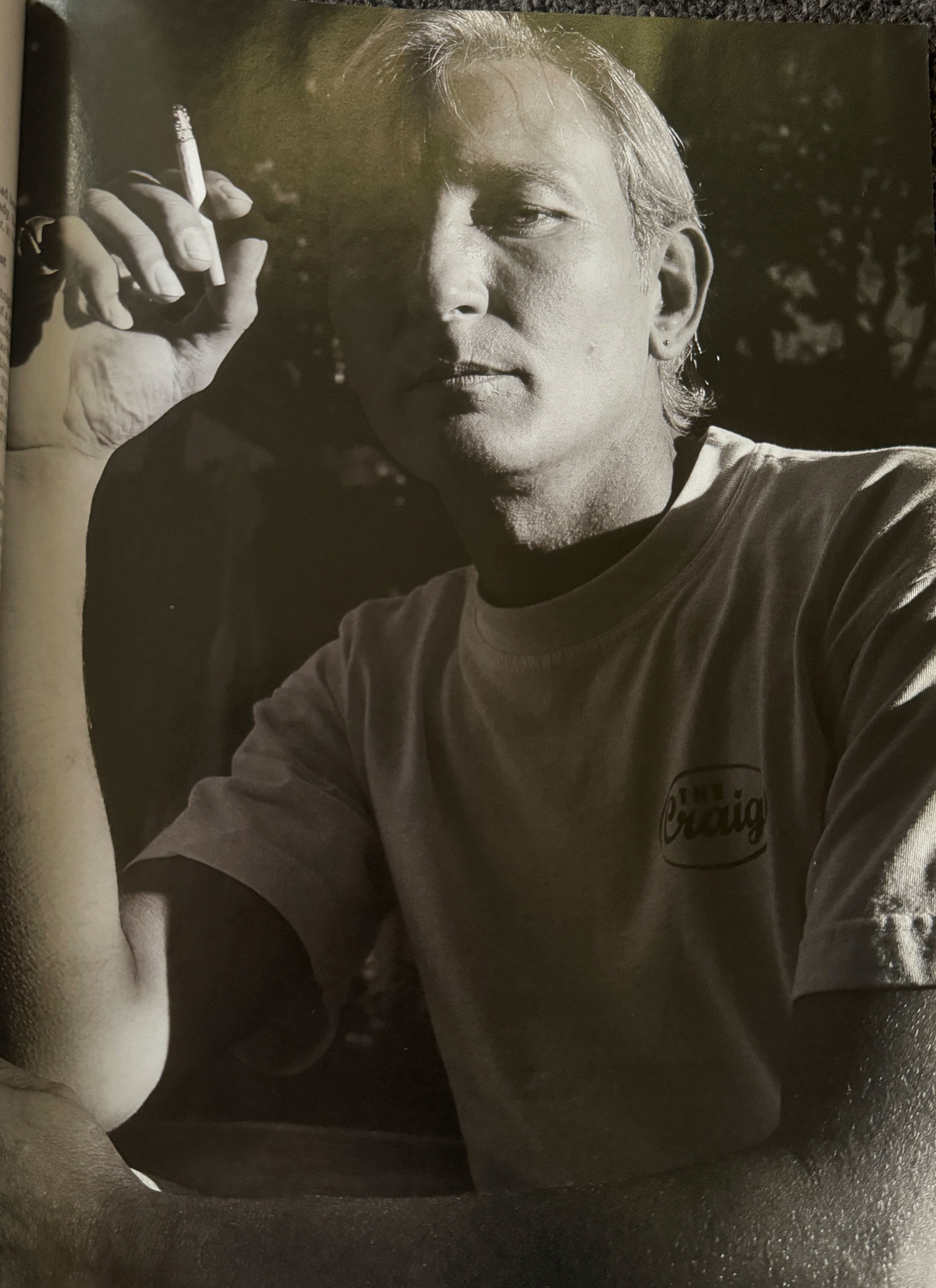
Actually this happened to me recently. I was at a drop-in centre when a girl came in crying her eyes out. She had just been diagnosed positive and wanted to end her life there and then. Everyone has that period of depression when they're first diagnosed, but I told her it was important to get past that. HIV is not the Grim Reaper. It's not the end.

Do you think about the end?

You do think more about the things you want to do with your life. It's like there's a ticking clock. I have a son from my first marriage and I really want to get to know him while I'm still healthy – he's only eight right now. How you will handle your own death is the first thing everyone thinks about when they're diagnosed with HIV. Personally, I've come to accept it. I'm at peace with it. And, when it's my time, life will go on for everyone close to me. Once you're gone, you're gone. **FHM**

Interview by David Atkinson.

STEPHEN DUPONT



LEFT: 100% WOOL SUIT $550 BY **PIERRE CARDIN**; 100% COTTON SHIRT $89.95 BY **GREG NORMAN COLLECTION**; LEATHER BRIEFCASE $229 FROM **DAVID JONES**

RIGHT: WOOL BLEND SUIT $299.95 BY **ROGER DAVID**; COTTON/POLYESTER SHIRT $79.95 BY **GEOFFREY BEENE** FROM DAVID JONES; TIE $79 BY **FLAIR**; STEEL WATCH $1,880 BY **NORTH EAGLES**; EYEWEAR BY **NAUTICA** $179

SECRET AGENT

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FASHION

LEFT: 100% WOOL SUIT $770 BY **SABA**; 100% COTTON SHIRT $249 AND SILK TIE $129 BY **PAUL SMITH**; BINOCULARS BY **TASCO**

RIGHT: WOOL BLEND SUIT $1,420 BY **EMPORIO ARMANI**; 100% COTTON SHIRT $90 BY **BEN SHERMAN**; SILK TIE $69.95 BY **TRENT NATHAN** FROM DAVID JONES; BINOCULARS BY **TASCO**





LEFT: 3-PIECE 100% WOOL SUIT $1,195 BY TOMBOLINI; 100% COTTON SHIRT $160 BY HUGO BOSS; SILK TIE $80 BY BRANDO; STEEL AND 18CT YELLOW GOLD WATCH WITH ALLIGATOR STRAP $5,310 BY PERRELET; LEATHER BRIEFCASE $229 FROM DAVID JONES; EYEWEAR $240 BY BLIND OPTICS

RIGHT: 100% WOOL SUIT $800 BY BLANCHETT; 100% COTTON SHIRT $90 BY GANTON; SILK TIE $39.95 BY ST JAMES FROM DAVID JONES; EYEWEAR $99 BY KILLER LOOP

LEFT: 100% WOOL SUIT $1,000 AND 100% COTTON SHIRT $200 BY **KENZO**; SILK TIE $89.95 BY **DECLIC**

RIGHT: 100% WOOL SUIT $1,750 BY **VALENTINO**; COTTON/ELASTANE SHIRT $269 BY **PAUL SMITH**; SILK TIE $69 BY **OXFORD**





LEFT: 100% WOOL SUIT $695 BY **FLAIR**; COTTON/POLYESTER SHIRT $90 BY **GANTON**; 100% SILK TIE $80 BY **BRANDO**; SHOES $200 BY **BRANDO**

RIGHT: 100% WOOL SUIT $699 BY **MILANA** FROM SELECT DAVID JONES STORES; 100% COTTON SHIRT $160 BY **HUGO BOSS**; SILK TIE $129 BY **PAUL SMITH**; SHOES $190 BY **AQUILA**; RAZOR SCOOTERS SUPPLIED BY **ONYA BIKE IMPORTERS**

FASHION

LEFT: 100% WOOL SUIT $750 AND 100% COTTON SHIRT $80 BY **DOM BAGNATO**; SILK TIE $129 BY **PAUL SMITH**; LEATHER BELT $79 BY **OROTON**; SHOES $210 BY **AQUILA**; MOBILE PHONE BY **MOTOROLA**

RIGHT: 3-PIECE WOOL BLEND SUIT $1,195 BY **HUGO BOSS**; 100% COTTON SHIRT $90 BY **BEN SHERMAN**; SILK TIE $129 BY **PAUL SMITH**; SHOES $150 BY **BRANDO**; LEATHER BRIEFCASE $229 FROM **DAVID JONES**; EYEWEAR BY **CALVIN KLEIN**; RAZOR SCOOTERS SUPPLIED BY **DITTA BIKE IMPORTERS**

PHOTOGRAPHER: **SIMON DAVIDSON**
FASHION EDITOR: **AMANDA SMITH**
FASHION ASSISTANT: **CINDY FLETCHER**
GROOMING: **ROBERT DE ROOZE @ REP**
MODELS: **ANTHONY CELLO @ CHIC** AND **JASON KRAMER @ OXYGEN**

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LEATHER SHOES $525 BY **EMPORIO ARMANI**

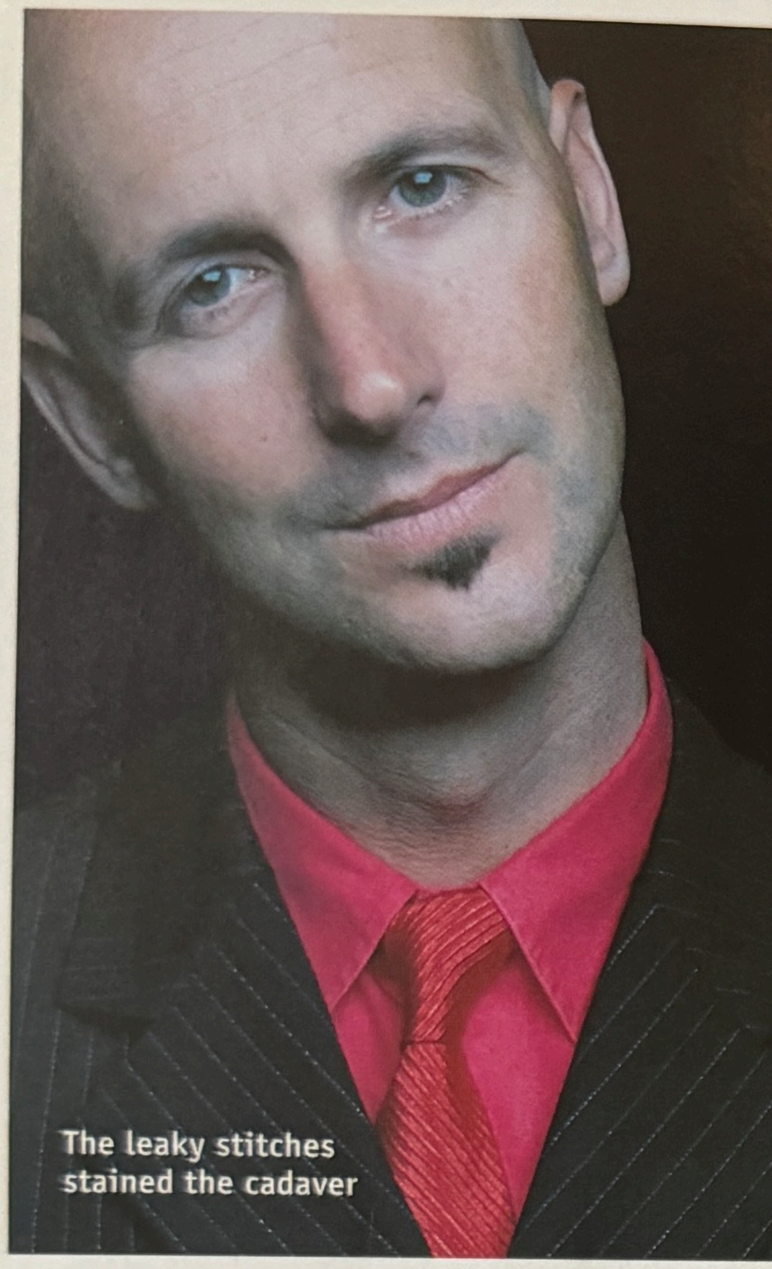
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LEATHER SHOES $359 BY **BALLY**

BACK IN BLACK

SLICK SHOES WILL ADD POLISH TO YOUR ROUGHEST BAG OF FRUIT

NEWS
OUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF SCHMICK NEW STUFF, HANDY GEAR, AND ADVICE



KARIN CATT

The leaky stitches stained the cadaver

Q&A

SIMON LOCK

The man behind the Mercedes Australian Fashion Week talks about the catwalk, sleep deprivation, and relaxing on white powder

Apart from the top models, what does the event have to interest Australian blokes?
The majority of clothes are women's but there's an increasing number of designers who are doing menswear. We're going to have about 15 this year, including Morrissey, Wayne Cooper, Roy, Saba, and new designers like Fox 14 and M-One-11. For men, it's an opportunity to see what the new trends are for spring and summer.

Do those designers' collections really affect what the average man wears?
I think so. Obviously, these designers are at the directional end of the fashion industry. You often find that trends filter down into mainstream fashion over a period of six-to-12 months. A classic example is last season, when three-quarter-length pants came in and everyone went, "Yeah, right!", but now you see them everywhere in streetwear.



Describe a typical day during Fashion Week...
It usually starts at six in the morning and ends at one or two the next morning. That's seven days straight. Last year, I attended something like 57 events – collections, media events, sponsor, and designer events – during the week. This year there's about 80 events. I don't know if it's possible to go to all of them.

Any drawbacks to being surrounded by beautiful women for a week?
I have to sacrifice everything else. That means sleep, friends, my wife, and my children. They all run second during that week.

How do you unwind from the week?
At the end of June, I take some time off and work as a ski instructor. I move myself and my family to Mount Buller (Victoria) and run the company from there, while I work on the slopes.

MENDOZA FHM/COLLARS



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THE GANTON SHIRT, TIE & BELT COLLECTION



FASHION INVEST

Denim has been around since the 17th century and has remained popular because it's simple, timeless, durable and affordable. Hence the appeal of this jacket from Just Jeans, the thinking man's Jeanswest. Buy it at this perfectly agreeable price and then amaze your mates by spelling out "Disco Stu" in rhinestones across the back. Or don't...

SEZA ME

Streetwear is in. Stripes are in. Combine the two and you've got Sesame Streetwear. Don this jumper and you'll be at the cutting edge of fashion and able to pass yourself off as the ever-affable Ernie. To complete the image, stop humming the latest Fatboy Slim or Stereophonics tunes and revisit classics like "C is for Cookie", "Rubber Ducky" and the immensely moving "Sunny Day". Guaranteed to impress the people in your neighbourhood, the jumper is by Sisley and a steal at $139.





UGG-OH

Damn those anti-fur protesters. Their placard-waving and paint-splashing has forced designers to stop using panda pelts and find new raw materials. Hence, the "A Boot", which has been lovingly created by Peter Alexander from the highest quality muppet skin. Modelled on the classic ugg boot, this shoe is perfect for a board wax-buying excursion or a spin in your hotted-up GTS. A steal at just $49.50.



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NEWS OUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF SCHMICK NEW STUFF, HANDY GEAR AND ADVICE

United killers of Benetton

Benetton's "We, of death row" campaign takes shock advertising to new levels by using murderers to help flog jumpers



Benetton has become one of the world's most recognised labels through its controversial advertising campaigns. The company's logo and slogan "The United Colors of Benetton" have been accompanied by images of a dying Aids patient, body parts tattooed with the words "HIV-positive", the bloodstained T-shirt of a dead Bosnian, and a black stallion mounting a white mare. Their latest ad shocker features photos of 26 death row inmates, along with their thoughts on life and their impending executions. Most controversial is that there's little information on the murders they committed and no mention of their victims. A cynical marketing exercise or, as Benetton claims, an attempt to humanise the doomed men? We can decide when the campaign is launched here this spring. Here are the stories behind three of the faces you'll soon be staring at:

"His next victim was abducted, beaten, assaulted and shot"

CESAR BARONE

Barone preyed on women in Portland, Oregon, during the early 1990s. In 1991, he sexually assaulted and strangled Margaret Schmidt in her home. His next victim was Martha Bryant, a nurse, who was abducted, raped, and shot dead in 1992. Two months later, Chantee Woodman, 23, was abducted, beaten, sexually assaulted, and shot before Barone dumped her body beside a highway. In 1993, Betty Williams, 51, died of a heart attack while Barone was sexually assaulting her.

CONAN WAYNE HALE

In 1995, Hale and an accomplice murdered three teenagers in Springfield, Oregon. According to the prosecution, Patrick Finley, Brandon Williams, and Kristal Bendele were killed because Hale went into a jealous rage after Bendele broke up with him and took up with Williams. He used a baseball bat to knock the boys unconscious before raping and shooting Bendele. His mate pulled the trigger on the boys.



Who Wants To Be A Millionaire consolation Tees left a lot to be desired

LEROY ORANGE

In 1985 in Chicago, Illinois, Orange was convicted of fatally stabbing four people, including his former girlfriend and her son. In the Benetton interview, Orange declares his innocence and claims he confessed after being tortured by a Lieutenant Jon Burge. A typical jailhouse delusion? Maybe not. Burge was dismissed from the Chicago Police Force in 1993 after charges of torture and physical abuse had been brought against him. Orange is just one of 10 inmates who say their confessions were extracted under Burge's torture. Even scarier – and a good argument against frying people – is the fact that in January this year Illinois released its 13th death row prisoner after he was proved innocent. That's one more than the state has killed since reintroducing the death penalty in 1977.

SORT ME OUT

Q **I'm trying to get back into full-time work but the problem is I have no idea what to wear to an interview. Do I need a suit or can I go for a more casual look?**
David Pickering, Perth

A *You may have the charisma of Mick Jagger, and more experience than Indiana Jones, but if you look like crap, you're likely to be out of luck and out the door. The most cunning way to work out what sort of dress code a company has is to ask when you get the call to arrange an interview. Obviously, if you're going for a bank or accounting job, a suit, business shirt, and tie are the way to go. But in less traditional jobs – say an Internet start-up or a cutting-edge advertising agency – you're gonna look stupid in a three-piece suit when everyone else is dressed in jeans, T-shirts, and sneakers. If you do have to wear a suit, make it one you're relaxed in or you'll look as uncomfortable as a Satanist at a Baptist meeting. And ensure your grooming is always up to scratch. Remember, a three-day growth, bleary eyes, and dirty fingernails won't say much about your ability to get the job done.*



Meggsy flayed adult Tiger Kelly

HEADPRESS/ROBIN SELLICK



MAN – COOL BUT FAIR

7am

Dawn light wisdom of V-man: "If you can handle the drama you can handle V!"

Being a one-man electronic force-field attracting quality fluff is messy work. Brisk farewells at dawn, an answering machine that moans with husky desire, jealous rivals damaging the Gucci, wicked vixens trying to leave their mark, tears before bedtime and, quite frankly, not a wink of sleep... A lesser man would crumble under the intense psychological and physical strain. V-man is made of stronger stuff and it's not Charlton Heston's love candy we're talking about here. Too young for Viagra, too smart for booze and black coffee, V-man gets his three essential B vitamins and a healthy blast of Amazonian guarana in one refreshing elixir. The taste is fruity and lightly carbonated, the formulation is natural and the results? Well, women can only purr like kittens and the envious wince as V plucks a mortal male out of mundane obscurity and hurls him, like a thunderbolt, into the face of adversity. Hangovers unheard of, Monday morning blues banished, siesta sugar slumps surmounted, cocktail hour melancholia bypassed and party time all the damn time. V-man carries off his insane schedule with worldly *élan*, but V vitality exacts a price: the complicated love-life, the vicious sullen glare of the envious, superhero hours... a spot of shagger's back. V – forewarned is forearmed.

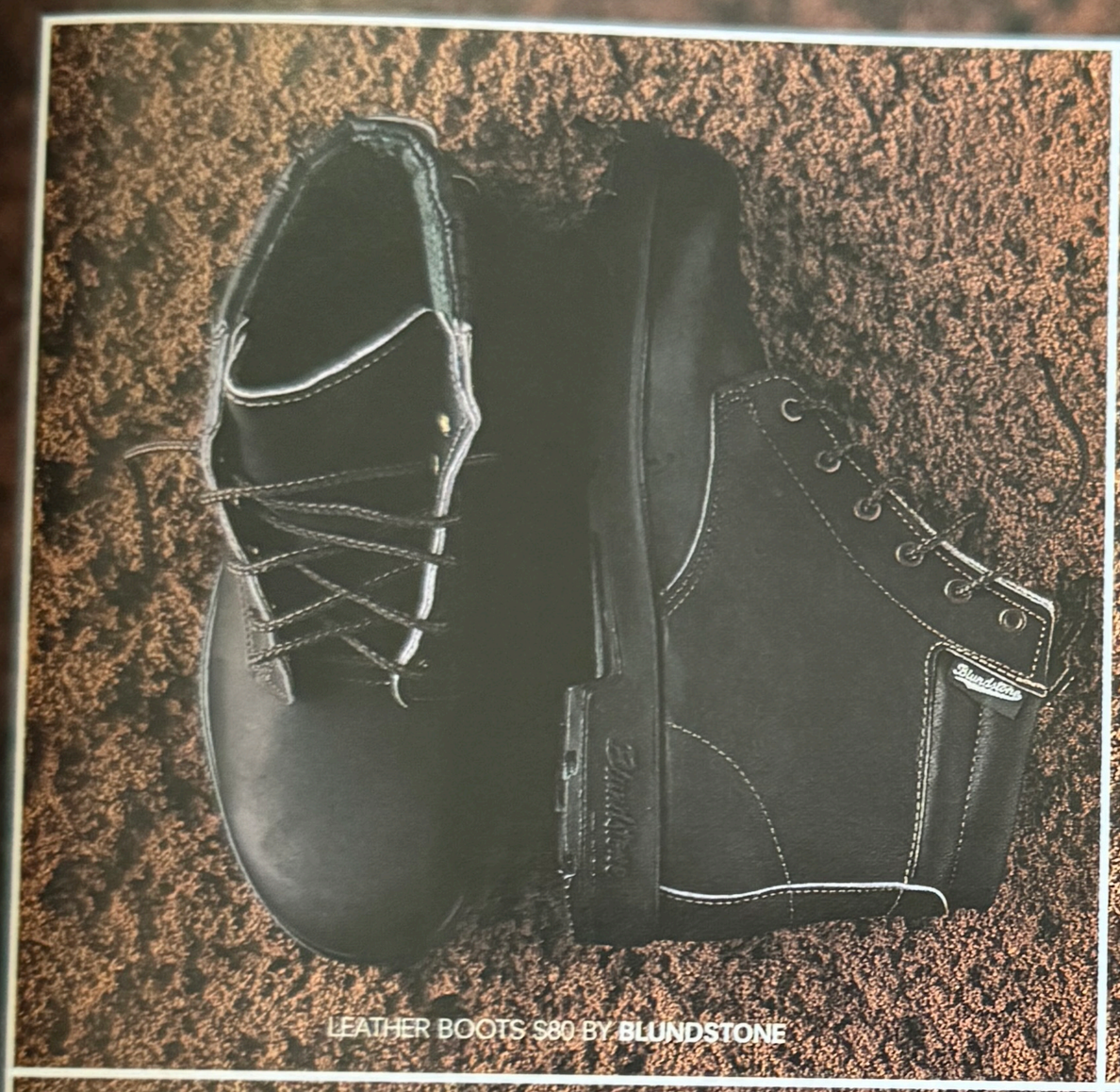
WEEKEND

DITCH THE STRAIGHT-LACED AND SLIP INTO THE COMFORT OF WEEKEND FOOTWEAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIMON DAVIDSON
FASHION EDITOR: AMANDA SMITH; FASHION ASSISTANT: CINDY FLETCHER

LEATHER COWBOY BOOTS $300 BY **ROUTE 66**

ADAPT TO ALL CONDITIONS CASUAL SHOES



LEATHER BOOTS $80 BY **BLUNDSTONE**



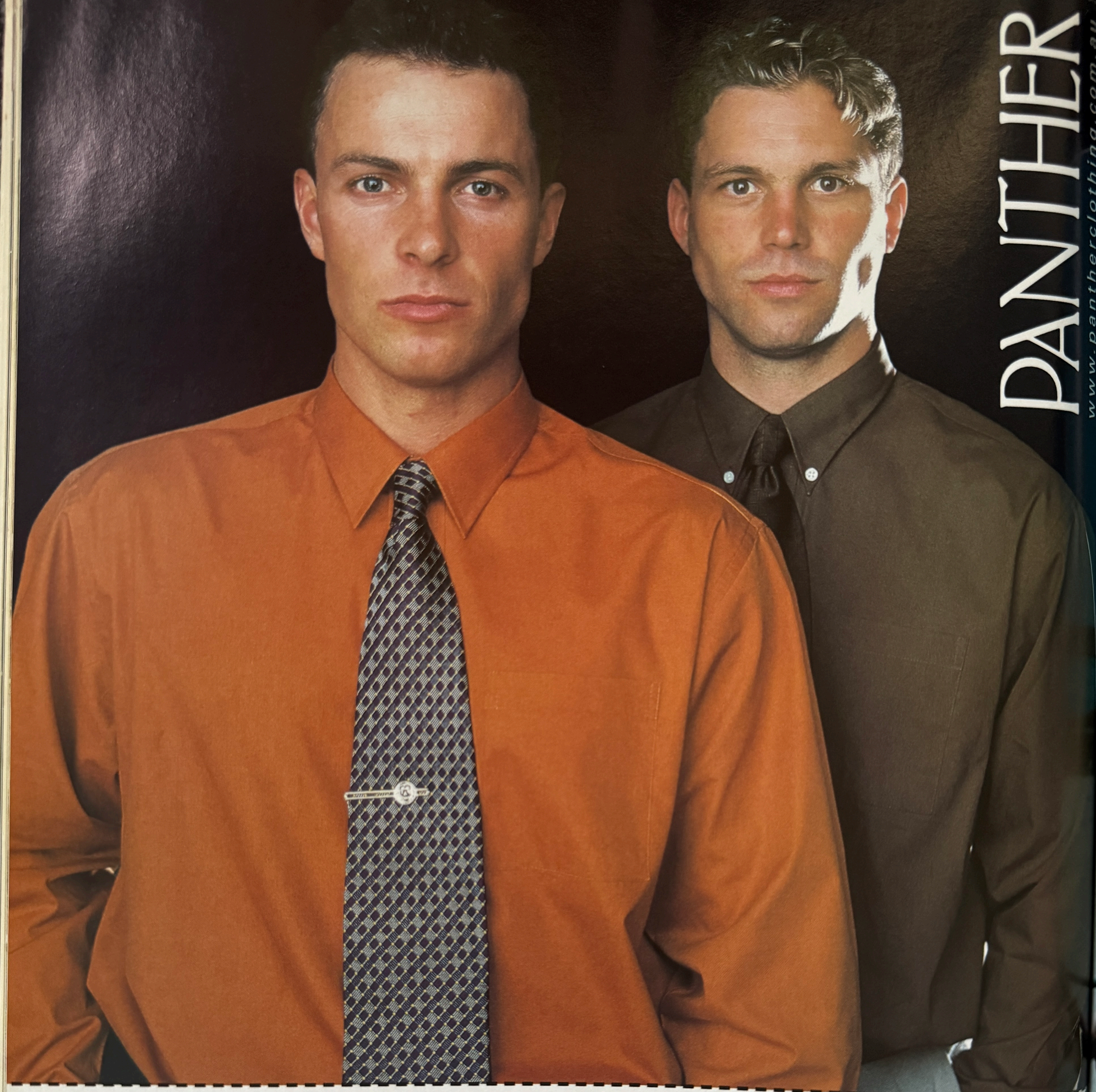
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CUSTOM-MADE SUEDE BOOTS $278 BY **RM WILLIAMS**



SUEDE BOOTS $250 BY **DRY SHOD**



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BLUE			❑ Button ❑ Regular	❑ Long ❑ Short (to elbow)	
DEEP BLUE			❑ Button ❑ Regular	❑ Long ❑ Short (to elbow)	
NAVY			❑ Button ❑ Regular	❑ Long ❑ Short (to elbow)	
MAROON			❑ Button ❑ Regular	❑ Long ❑ Short (to elbow)	
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HIM: LEATHER JACKET $800 BY [illegible]; COTTON SHIRT $64.95 BY [illegible]; MOLESKIN PANTS $124.95 BY [illegible]; HAT $89.95 BY [illegible] FOR RM WILLIAMS

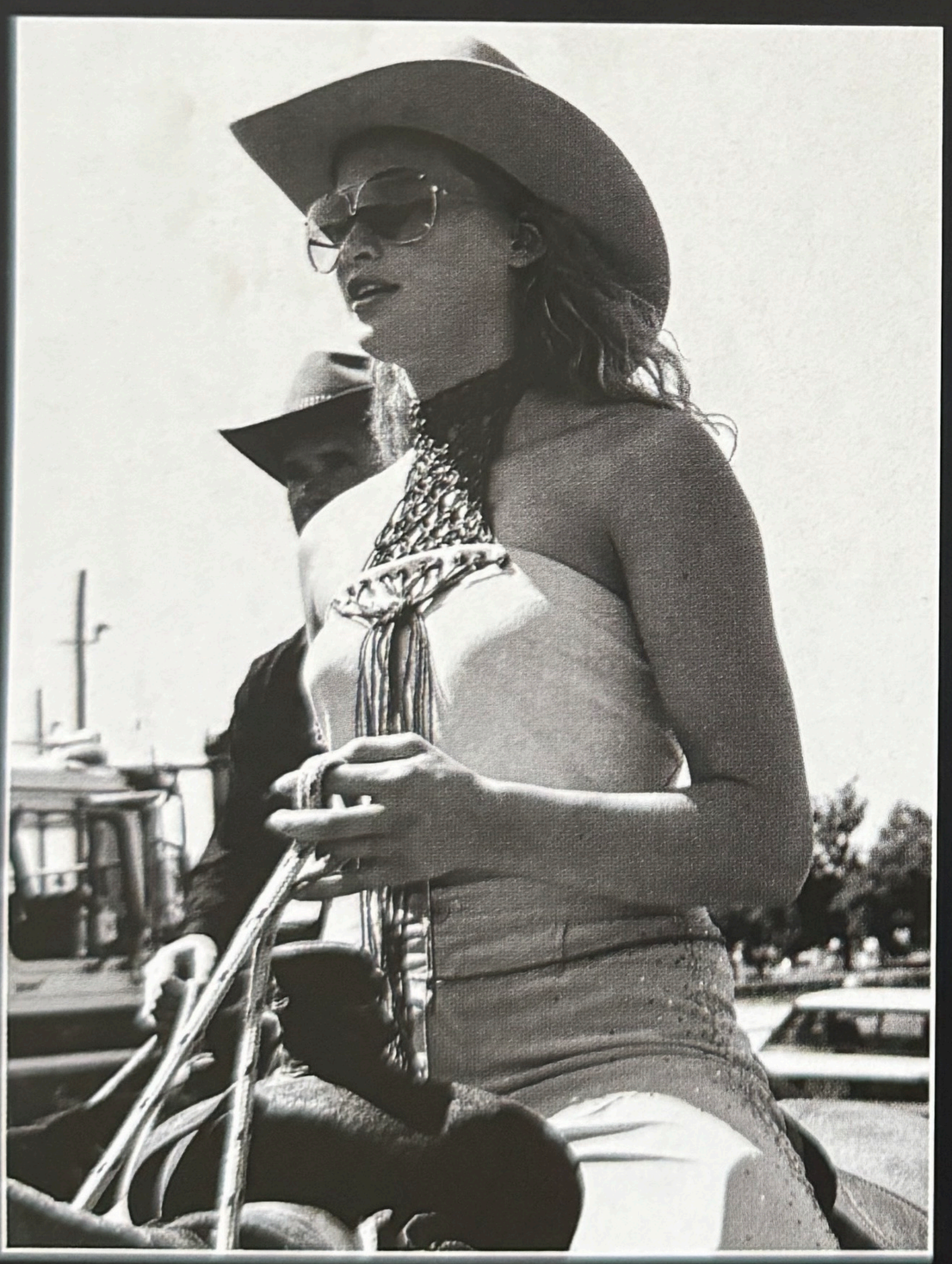
HER: DENIM JACKET $340 BY [illegible]; BRA $129 BY [illegible]; 100% POLYESTER SKIRT $220 BY [illegible]; LEATHER BELT $65 FROM [illegible]; HAT $114.95 FROM [illegible]; WHIP $339.95 BY [illegible]

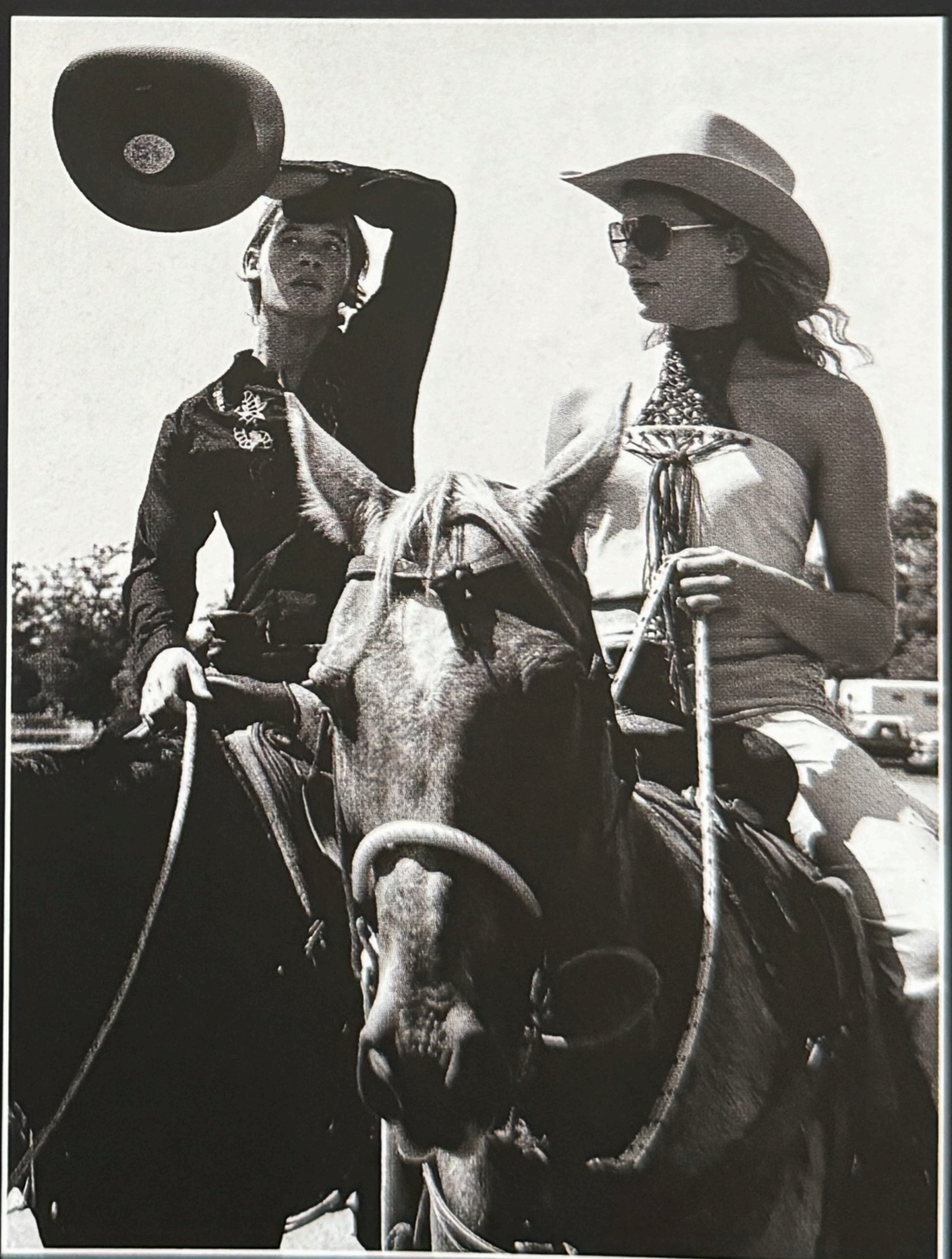
RODEO

THE DIRT, THE DUST, AND THE HARD YAKKA ALL REQUIRE GEAR THAT'S TOUGH, COMFORTABLE, AND UP FOR THE TASK...

FASHION







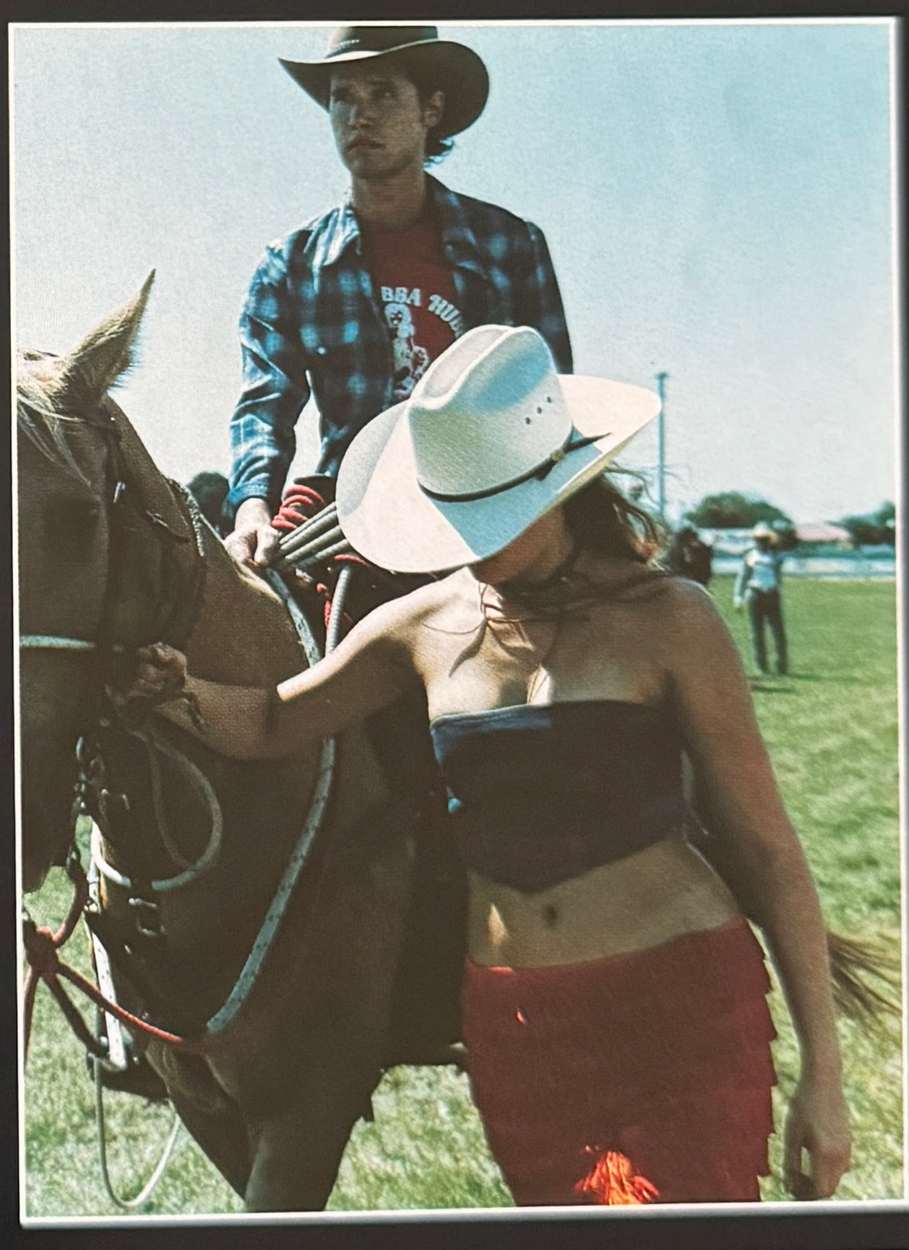
HIM: 100% COTTON SHIRT $119 BY **DANGERFIELD**; DENIM JEANS $69.95 BY **JUST JEANS**; SANTA FE BOOTS $229.95 BY **RM WILLIAMS**

HER: CHAMOIS SUEDE TOP $350 BY **SOPHIE KYRON**; PANTS $824 BY **MOSCHINO**; BOOTS $600 BY **DAHTO**; FELT HAT $114.95 FROM **STRAND HATTERS**; KANGAROO LEATHER STRAP $29 (AROUND HIPS) BY **DRAGSTAR**; EYEWEAR $59 BY **ID**





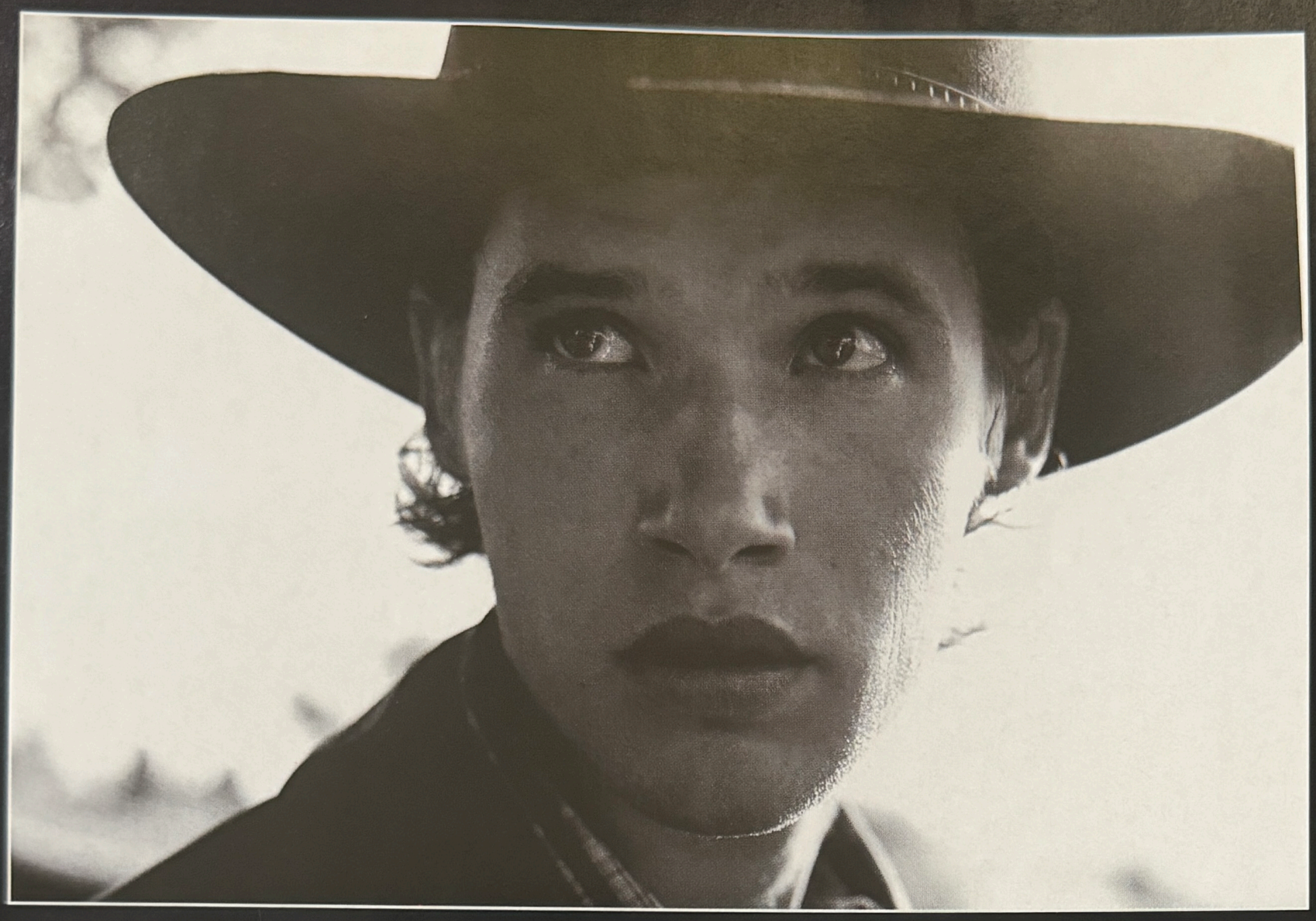


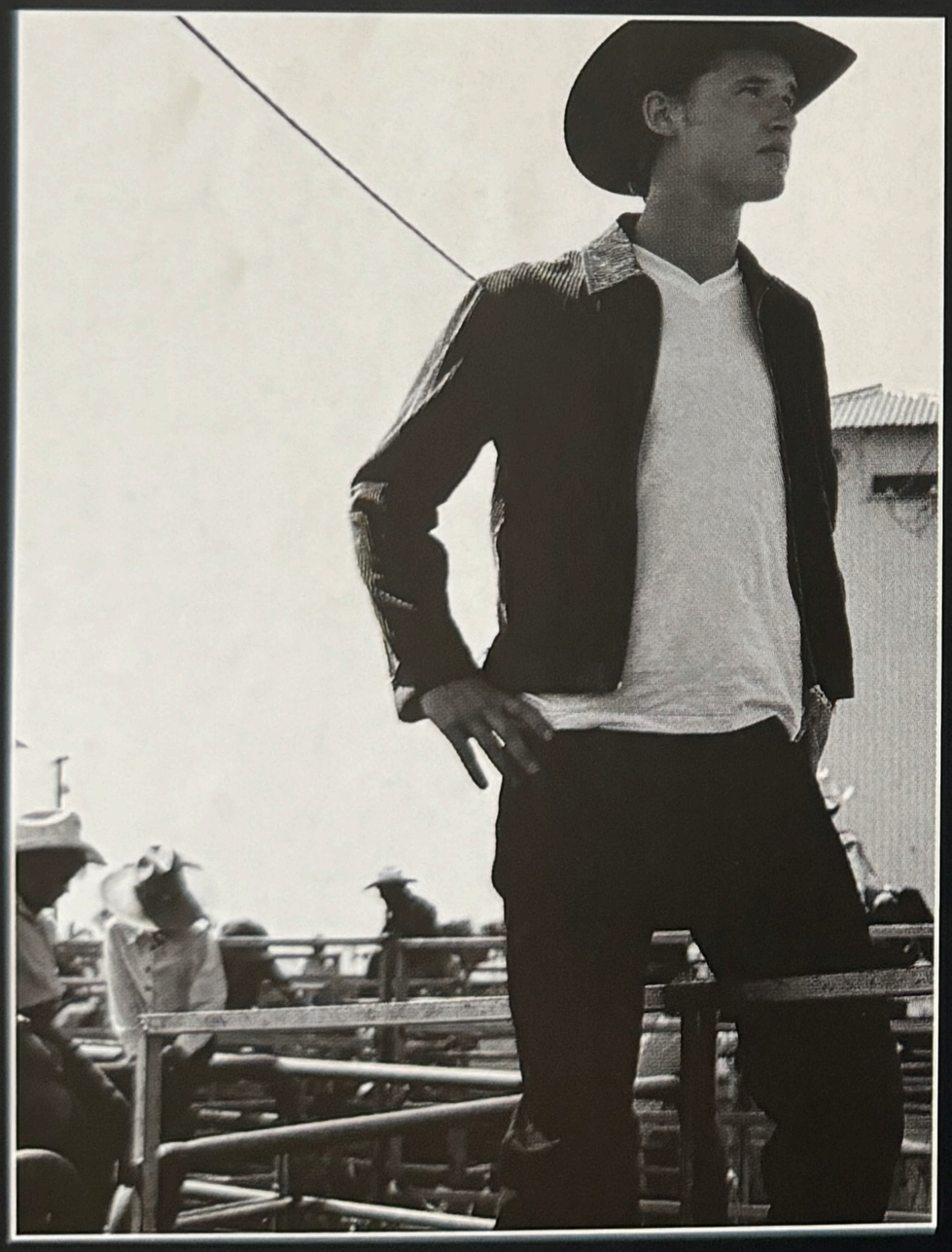


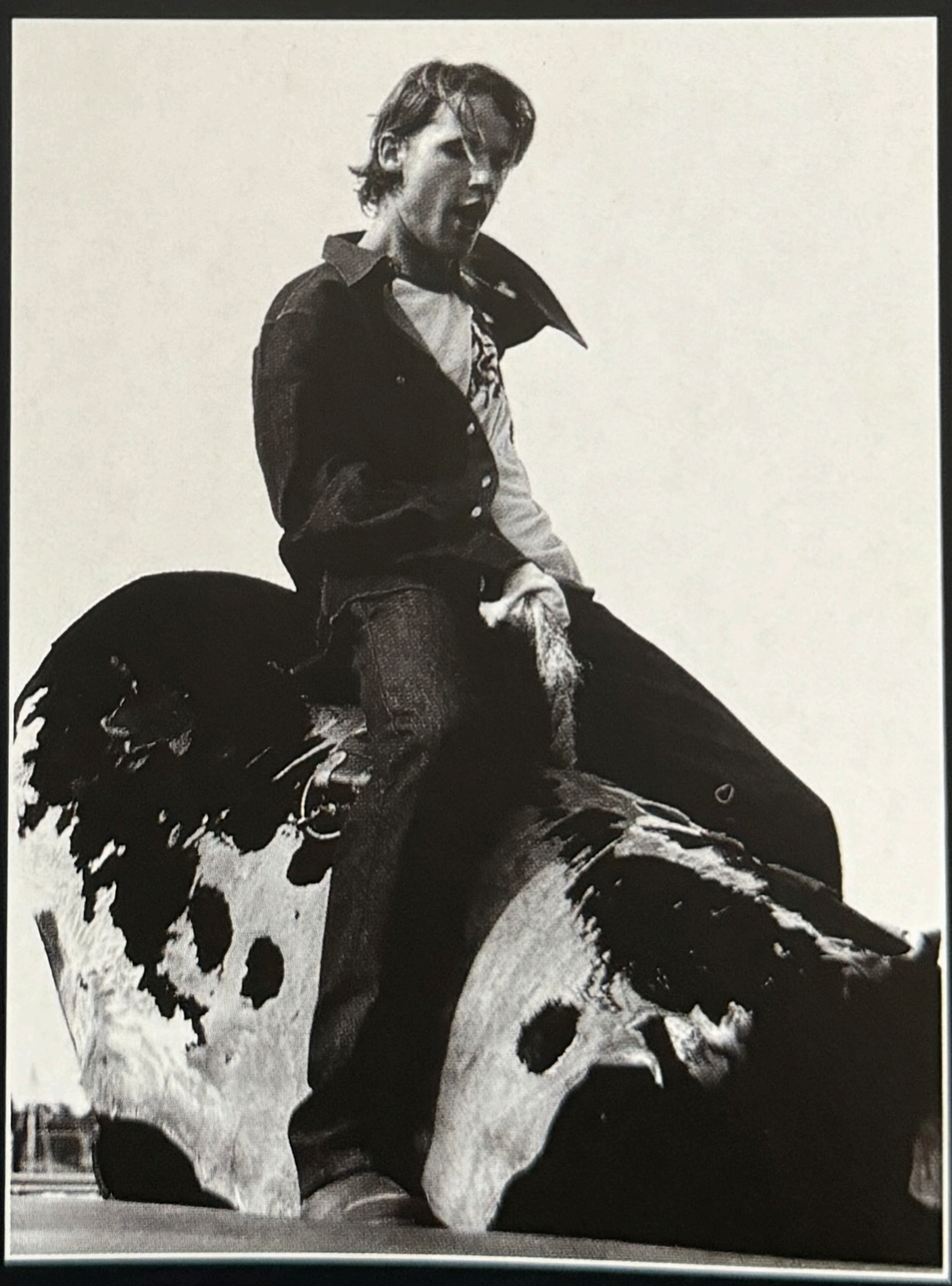
HIM: T-SHIRT $50 BY **LEE**; POLY/COTTON SHIRT $64.95 BY **SPLIT**; CORD JEANS $65 FROM **ROUTE 66**; SANTA FE BOOTS $229.95 BY **RM WILLIAMS**; HAT $89.95 BY **AKUBRA** FOR RM WILLIAMS

HER: DENIM BANDEAU TOP $40 BY **THIRD MILLENNIUM**; FRINGED SKIRT $271 BY **MOSCHINO**; DENIM STUDDED STILETTOS $175 BY **JUSTINE PRATTEN**; CHOKER $40 BY **SOPHIE KYRON**; STRAW HAT $105 BY **AKUBRA** FROM STRAND HATTERS

FASHION







TOP: LEATHER JACKET $499 BY **SISLEY**; COTTON CHECK SHIRT $75 BY **BEN SHERMAN**; HAT $89.95 BY **AKUBRA** FOR RM WILLIAMS

ABOVE LEFT: COTTON T-SHIRT $25 BY **LEVI STRAUSS**; CORD JACKET $175 BY **SABA**; DENIM JEANS $130 BY **WRANGLER**
ABOVE RIGHT: DENIM JEANS $129 AND SHIRT $109 BOTH BY **GUESS?**; COTTON T-SHIRT $49.95 BY **KATO**; LEATHER BOOTS $80 BY **BLUNDSTONE**; STRAW HAT $12.50 FROM **BYRON BAY HAT COMPANY**

COTTON T-SHIRT $25 BY LEVI STRAUSS; CORD JACKET $175 BY SABA; DENIM JEANS $130 BY WRANGLER; HAT $89.95 BY AKUBRA FOR RM WILLIAMS SANTA FE BOOTS $229.95 BY RM WILLIAMS



HIM: COWBOY SHIRT $95 BY **ROUTE 66**; WOOL BLEND PANTS $190 BY **BRAVE**;
LEATHER BOOTS $80 BY **BLUNDSTONE**; STRAW HAT $12.50 FROM **BYRON BAY HAT COMPANY**

HER: DENIM BIKINI $200 (SOLD AS SET) BY **MOSCHINO**; COTTON SKIRT $429 BY **MOSCHINO**

PHOTOGRAPHER: **GUY HERITAGE**; FASHION EDITOR: **AMANDA SMITH**; FASHION ASSISTANT: **CINDY FLETCHER**;
GROOMING: **HANNAH MURRAY** @ MARI VAN DRAME; MODELS: **THOR** AND **KELLY** BOTH @ CHIC
THANKS TO ROSLYN LINDSAY AND THE REG LINDSAY RODEO FOR ALL THE HELP. SPECIAL THANKS TO PAUL, MICK AND FRIENDS FOR USE OF THEIR HORSES AND TRAILER

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STOCKISTS

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OOPS!

LAST ISSUE:
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La Perla Bustier available from La Perla collections crown Melbourne.
Tania Zaetta
La Perla feathered bra and briefs.

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THE GUIDE

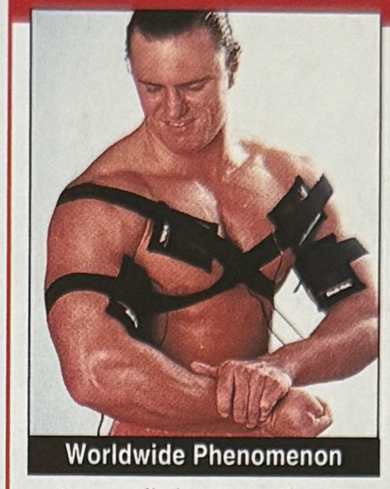
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Men's Health

RELAX, AND TELL THE DOCTOR EVERYTHING

On a war footing, Joan missed Mr Arc's new manchester

STOPPAGE

God, woman! Where's the sweet poonani?

Q **After going out for about six months, my girlfriend is now refusing to have sex with me. She used to be up for it all the time, but during the past few weeks she just hasn't been in the mood. It's extremely frustrating and I'm now thinking of shagging someone else – there's a girl down our local pub who likes me and I reckon I could have her quite easily. Would it serve my girlfriend right if I went off with someone else?**
JH, Perth

A *What's wrong with your girlfriend is that, in my opinion, she's hung around with someone like you for too long! She goes off sex. Do you ask why? Do you worry that she might be ill? Do you consider that it might be something you're doing – in bed or out of it? No, you put her in the wrong and start planning the self-centred revenge of getting your leg over. Well, go ahead. It might make your girlfriend realise once and for all that she's wasting her time with you, and deserves someone better!* (SO)

PANEL OF EXPERTS

Hair-Styling
JOSEPHINE STANBOULLI
Senior stylist with Valonz, hair consultant and catwalk specialist



Relationships
MARK ANNS
Consultant Psychologist, President of the NCAS of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists



Skin care/Shaving
NANCY BALIMAN
Director and beauty therapist of The Face Of Man



Nutrition/Diet
ANNE-MARIE MACKINTOSH
Nutrition consultant

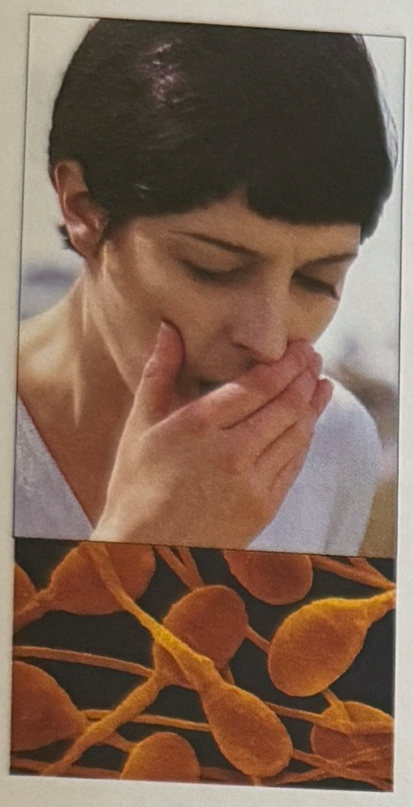


Doctor
DR.SIMON LESLIE
General practitioner and specialist in sports medicine



WEIRD MEDICAL CASE

Allergic to cock



A 36-year-old Italian woman spent six years visiting a stream of doctors and undergoing numerous invasive tests for painful vaginal itching and burning after sex. The tests showed chronic inflammation thought to be the result of an infection, but none of the therapies were successful. The cause only became clear when she began using condoms for contraception and the symptoms disappeared almost immediately. She joked with her doctor that she must be allergic to her husband. Sure enough, a skin-prick allergy test with his undiluted seminal fluid produced an immediate reaction. Although acute systemic reactions are rare, symptoms include generalised red, swollen, itchy skin; difficulty breathing; palpitations; and even low blood pressure. **(SM)**

SCALES

SKIN LIKE A VIPER

Q When I was a kid I suffered from mild eczema, but it has since cleared and I haven't had a recurrence since. I'm now 19, and whenever I have a shower my skin starts to flake off as soon as I dry myself. It always feels very tight and even if I use a mild or medicated soap it feels irritated and sore. I don't want to stop using soap but I dread washing because of the discomfort. What have I got and how do I get rid of it?
B Annus, Kingsgrove, NSW

A The tendency to develop eczema is unfortunately never lost, and it sounds like you are having a mild recurrence of the condition. Eczema sufferers have very sensitive skin which dries out, flakes, and may become very red and itchy. Many different environmental conditions can precipitate these changes. One common cause of a flare-up is the irritating effect of soap. This is especially true of medicated and anti-bacterial soap, bubble baths, bath salts, and other cosmetic products. The best way to control your dry skin is to wash with any good-quality "soap substitutes", which have a neutral pH and are available in either pump pack or cleansing bar. There are many different brands available in the chemist or supermarket. They tend to be more expensive than soap but are worth the cost. If you are particularly fussed, you can still use soap for the "essential bits". When you have showered, apply a moisturiser, like Sorbolene, to damp skin – preferably from a tub rather than a pump pack. This will improve the texture. If you are very scaly then sometimes a cream containing urea, or lactic acid, is better. These are available from any chemist. **(IH)**



"Look, Daddy, honeycomb"

PHOTO LIBRARY SYDNEY/SPL/DR P MARAZZI/IPL

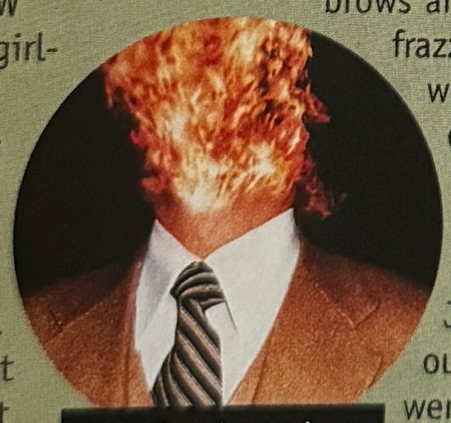
PHOTOGRAPHY: SYRIOL JONES/APL/AUSTRALIAN PIC/AUSTRAL/PHOTOTAKE/ZEFA/PHOTONICA

LIVED TO TELL

"I was burnt alive"

Cooking under canvas turned Bryn Green, 23, into a human fireball.

I was camping in the NSW Southern Highlands with my girlfriend, Jane, and the weather was turning nasty, so I decided to cook in the tent. I left it simmering while I got a jumper from the bedroom area, then I heard a crackling. It was a sound I'll never forget – flames consuming canvas. At the time I was halfway into the jumper and, in a panic, I got badly caught up in it. Seconds later, the tent went up like a tinderbox. All I could do was cover my face and lunge for the grass outside. I was assaulted by a neighbouring camper, who flung me to the grass and smothered my head with a towel. I'd suffered third-degree burns, mostly to my scalp and hands. My eyebrows and most of my hair had been frazzled off. I spent the next week covered in saline-soaked dressings in hospital. There, I began a three-month stint in a burns unit – undergoing skin grafts and counselling. Jane was brilliant throughout, but we've since split up. I went from being her boyfriend to a burns survivor. We're still friends, however, and I've even met someone else. It's comforting that my new girlfriend only knows me as I am now – badly scarred – not how I used to be.



Vesuvius dressed-up for Etna's nuptials

NEW PRODUCT

The colour purple has never been one truly synonymous with style. It was Ted Bullpit's menace of a son-in-law, Bruno, whose purple Valiant in zany '70s romp *Kingswood Country* sent the colour to its darkest depths. To this day, who'd be seen in a purple car, let alone clothes? Yet, that hasn't stopped pong merchant Rykiel packaging its delightful Homme range in lovely lilac. Recent additions to the range include a lemon shave balm, and a hair and body shampoo.

Shampoo is $40 and the balm $48.



The Pope found a sponsor

Dentist

DR TONY BURGESS
Australian Dental Association and clinical tutor at Sydney University



STDs

DR JOHN WHITE
Senior registrar of the Sydney Sexual Health Centre



Dermatologist

DR IAN HAMANN MB, BS (HONS)D (OBS) RACOG FACD
Practising dermatologist



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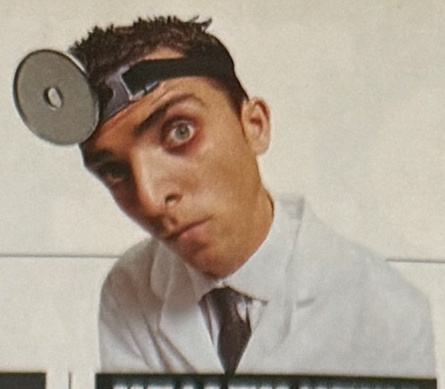


Hair and Scalp

DAVID SALINGER
Director of the Australian Trichology Centre



Mens Health





METHANE

"My farts could kill a man!"

Q I've always had a bit of a flatulence problem, but over the past six months the problem hasn't necessarily got worse, but the smell certainly has. Instead of having an "egg" or sulfur odour, mine have a strong smell of faeces – which has proven a real room clearer. I recently suffered from lower back posture problems, could this be the cause? Is it my diet or do I have internal problems? Any help would be appreciated from all and sundry.
R Harris, Leichhardt, NSW



Bennett let off some steam

A It has been said that if shitting is the King of bodily functions, and menstruation the Queen, then farting would have to be the Joker. Men produce an average of 13.63 farts a day, where-as women get away with only 3.28. Fart frequency can vary greatly, and shouldn't be described as excessive unless you are "talking German" – more than 20 times a day. Despite this, up to 70 farts in a four-hour period have been recorded from a "normal" individual. Farts are usually unacceptable in mixed company, and blaming others for farts is the most common lie in society. All men love the smell of their own farts, and 21 per cent actually admit to farting into their hand and smelling it. Farts consist mainly of the odourless gases nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, hydrogen, and methane – the majority of which are produced by the gas hydrogen sulfide and the compounds indole and skatole produced by bacterial fermentation of relatively-indigestible food in the large bowel. Odour intensity is related to the dilution of these latter ingredients, the types of food you eat, and the amount of time faeces stay in the colon. A diet high in carbohydrate and fibre produces larger volume stools and more farts but, because of the rapid transit of food through the bowel and the volume dilution effect, farts tend to have less of an odour problem. Another advantage of a vegetarian-type diet is that vegetarians have quieter, slider-type farts due to more relaxed anal sphincters in contrast with the big meat eaters' tight-arsed, barking, staccato-type farts. In summary, increase the fibre in your diet to reduce bowel transit time and bacterial fermentation. Examine the types of food you're eating and try eliminating potential culprits one at a time (especially too much dried fruit). Finally, blame others, not your back. **(AM)**

HEALTH NEWS

Nothing to sneeze at

Blowing your nose can increase your risk of sinus infection. Doctors in Denmark and the US squirted dense liquid dye up adult noses to observe the effects of nose blowing, coughing, and sneezing. CT scans showed nose-blowers blasted a significant amount of dye up into their sinuses rather than out of their nostrils – coughing and sneezing showed no such backwash. A pressure-sensitive probe inserted up the volunteers' noses found a nose blow unleashed a force of 1.3 pounds per square inch – 10 times the pressure of a cough or sneeze. This pressure can force inflammatory secretions into the sinuses – even as far as the ears.

No, this way!

There is a good reason for those endless arguments in the car. According to *New Scientist* magazine men and women use different parts of the brain to find their way around, suggesting they may also use different strategies.

In the blood

***New Scientist* has revealed that 20 years after a brush with testicular cancer, male survivors still have large amounts of platinum (a by-product of chemotherapy), in their bloodstream.**

KNOW YOUR STOOLS

A sneaky peek in the pan to see what you've left is the final step in most men's toilet ritual. The appearance and texture of your dumps can be a good indication of what's going on inside your bowels. Here's *FHM*'s guide to your turds...



Loose, odorous stools which refuse to flush are often a sign of steatorrhoea. The stools stubbornly float because of their unusually-high fat content. This excess fat is caused by a malfunction of the pancreas, an organ that normally produces fat-digesting enzymes.



Khaki-coloured stools (which are often accompanied by dark urine) can often indicate the onset of jaundice, a condition which stems from an excess of bile in the body. Jaundice is either caused by liver problems (usually an alcohol-related symptom) or gallstones in the bile duct.



Pebble-dashing the bowl with small, stony stools reminiscent of rabbit droppings is a symptom of a disease called diverticulitis. This illness is brought on by an unbalanced diet lacking in fibre or roughage, and results in small swellings ("out-pouchings") in the bowel.

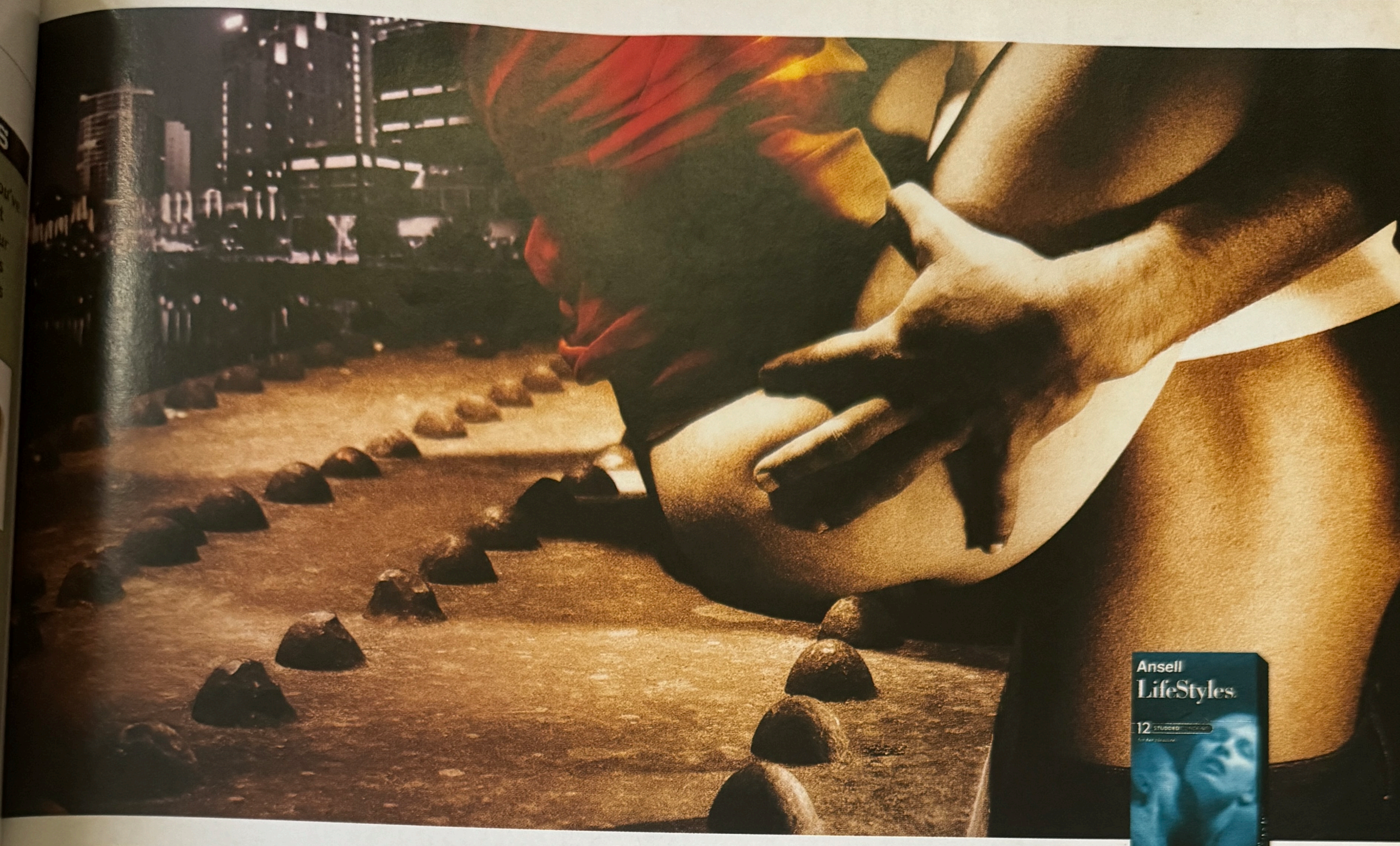


Dark stools with a pungent aroma are often caused by the presence of blood in the digestive tract. This blood usually stems from stomach ulcers (a problem which can be brought on by stress), the blood is partially digested during its odyssey through the intestines, resulting in the telltale black stools.



Diarrhoea is commonly caused by an innocent infection (viral or bacterial) which soon clears up. However, diarrhoea is occasionally a symptom of a more serious "inflammatory bowel disease" – Crohn's disease or ulcerative colitis. **(AK)**

ILLUSTRATIONS: KARL PITWON/APL/NZ PICTURE LIBRARY/AUSTRAL/CAMERAPRESS



ANC0099

Studded LifeStyles condoms from Ansell.

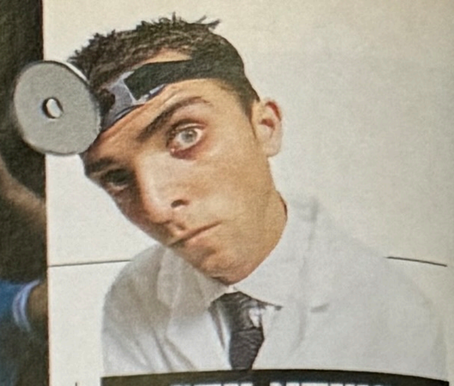
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Fat Hitler took the Youth salute



SEX NEWS

A tall story
Tall blokes get the girls. *Nature* magazine reports that childless men are nearly 4cm shorter than dads. Researchers say this shows women select for stature – consciously or not – which may reflect the earliest stages of human evolution when women chose mates who could offer the best protection.

No pain, no gain
Sexual fantasies can increase your pain tolerance. Students asked to think sexual thoughts were able to keep their hand in iced water for three minutes – more than twice as long as those thinking neutral or unpleasant thoughts.

Turn on to parenthood
If your girl wants to get pregnant, make sure she's enjoying the sex. Canadian research has discovered that female rats are more likely to get pregnant if sexually stimulated. Satisfying sex seems to trigger hormones that help maintain the pregnancy. Whether this applies to humans is not yet known, but worth a try, as females show the same low success rate with artificial insemination as our whiskery chums when there is no sexual stimulation. (SM)

STICKINESS

Sex: good

Bonking is not only fun, it also has enormous health benefits

Prevents penis shrinkage
Like any muscle in the body, if the penis doesn't get a stretching it can diminish through a lack of bedroom action. Hence, a five-finger shuffle is imperative during those barren times.

Gives you a cheap facelift
The involuntary muscular contortions during orgasm are a great facial work-out and can prevent the onset of jowliness.

Beats stress
A shag is one of life's true stress relievers, better even than Valium. That is, of course, if it's not with your girlfriend's sister and you suddenly hear the key in the lock.

Cures insomnia
Don't worry if you can't stay awake straight after blowing your load – it's natural. Men's orgasms release endorphins in the brain that send you off to sleepy bo-bo land.

Fights flab
Sex is a great aerobic work-out, and the amount of calories you burn depends on your longevity in the sack.



Ol' Hinchy still pulled

It's prostate-friendly
The prostate produces some of the ejaculation fluid, and a regular "flush" is like an internal spring-clean.

Eases headaches
Forget the pish-tosh about sex and migraines – in 47 per cent of sufferers, sex was said to have markedly relieved the nagging ache in their noggins.

Good for the heart
As you're plunging in and out faster than a fiddler's elbow, your heart can reach up to 180 beats per minute. And as long as you don't have a dodgy ticker, this helps your fitness.

HELP US PUT REGAINE TO THE TEST

Here at *FHM*'s Men's Health Answers we've made it our mission to cure the ills of the Aussie male. Our panel of experts are primed to consult on any problem, from top to tail, from tinea to dandruff, and all the pustulant, gooey stuff in between. Other than, "Help, my penis is too small!", the most common complaint posted in by readers seems to be the horror of hereditary hair loss. Unfortunately, we can't do too much about the length of readers' wangers, but when it comes to shedding follicles it's *FHM* to the rescue. Lots of treatments claim to stop hair loss, but Regaine (with minoxidil) is medically proven to do so. We want 12 lucky readers to help us put Regaine Extra Strength to the test. Applied twice daily, Regaine Extra Strength can help four out of five people keep their hair, and some will even grow new hair. If you would like to help us put Regaine to the test, simply fill in the coupon on the right and send it in immediately! *FHM* will then regularly chart the progress of the 12 lucky triallists in forthcoming issues so we can all marvel at their newly stimulated crowning glory. Join us today on our quest to hairific hairdom!



I WANT TO PUT REGAINE HAIR LOSS TREATMENT TO THE TEST!

Name:

Age:

Address:

Phone: (w) (h)

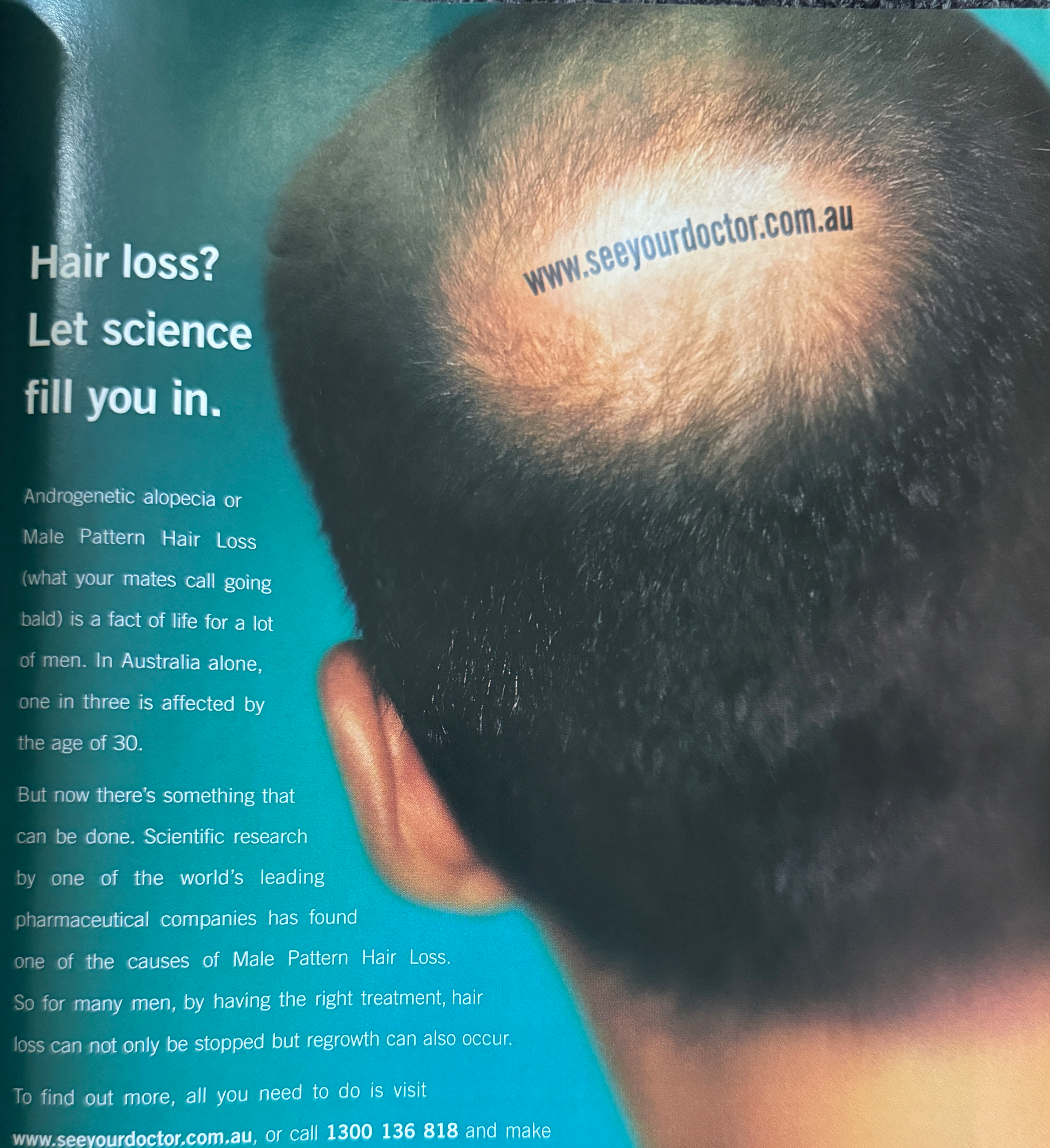
My current state of hair loss is:
(please circle one)



Post entries to: *FHM*/Regaine, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Closing date is 31/5/00. Your pharmacist will advise you whether Regaine is suitable for you.

CHRIS WALSH/APL/UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL PRESS/AUSTRAL/SHOOTING STAR

Hair loss?
Let science fill you in.



Androgenetic alopecia or Male Pattern Hair Loss (what your mates call going bald) is a fact of life for a lot of men. In Australia alone, one in three is affected by the age of 30.

But now there's something that can be done. Scientific research by one of the world's leading pharmaceutical companies has found one of the causes of Male Pattern Hair Loss. So for many men, by having the right treatment, hair loss can not only be stopped but regrowth can also occur.

To find out more, all you need to do is visit **www.seeyourdoctor.com.au**, or call **1300 136 818** and make an appointment to see your doctor. Because only your doctor can give you the right treatment that, thanks to science, will fill you in.

www.seeyourdoctor.com.au or call **1300 136 818**

From one of the world's leading pharmaceutical companies.

MERCK SHARP & DOHME
SYDNEY - AUSTRALIA

0401PPC00AUS0850

PCZ007/R/F

Healing hands



This month, *FHM*'s good-loving expert experiences some sexual healing of her own, with a love surrogate

Sex therapy is something I'd not seriously contemplated since I was a teenager. However, my interest in headshrinking was reawakened on a Wednesday some months ago, when I met a sex therapist in person. The woman, whose name was Cheryl Cohen Greene, explained that her therapy – called sex surrogacy – actually entailed shedding her undies and rooting men with various sexual problems, with a view to curing them. This sounded interesting.

Unfortunately, when I called Cheryl, she confessed that she was heterosexual (sometimes I forget about that). But she did give me the phone number for Linda Poelzl, a bisexual sex surrogate. Linda seemed wary. "Are you going to fake a problem?" she asked. I actually had a real sexual problem. "Right, of course," she said, and paused. "You know we're not going to have sex, right?" Um, I didn't know that. "During the first few sessions we don't touch genitalia," she explained. "People always think we go right into sex, but that comes much later." She hesitated even after we got that cleared up. Apparently, sexual surrogacy is a three-way thing: the client (me), the surrogate (her), and the therapist. I had no therapist. Fortunately, she decided I could be an exception and scheduled me in for a two-hour session at $200.

Linda's office was at the top of a flight of dingy, green stairs. Linda herself was warm, slim, young-looking, and wore a skin-tight shirt and leggings.

I spotted the bed immediately, but trying not to stare at it, I sat down in a chair and we talked. The appointment was quite unusual for Linda, apparently the vast majority of her clients (around six per week) are male. They come with complaints of rapid ejaculation (the more sensitive term for premature ejaculation), erectile concerns (impotence), inhibited ejaculation (they can't come), penis size (too small), and naivety (virgins). She explained how after three sessions, the client and surrogate will have touched hands, face, and feet; and hugged. Sessions three to six include nudity, body image exercises, caressing, and mutual genital touching. Clients must wait until sessions seven to 10 for oral sex and intercourse. By then, it's more like dating a lover – albeit one who gives feedback with no coddling.

The treatments are all tailored to fit the crisis: rapid ejaculation, for instance, involves the intriguing assignment of "masturbation homework". Soft-cock sufferers get more of a "teacher's pet" approach – they're laid down, told to relax completely, and Linda pleasures them. Linda and I shared a moment of silence. Undersized men are told the truth – yes, some women prefer larger penises, but they're also told it's rare for a woman to reject a man on size alone. And for virgins, Linda explained, she'll be the supportive, non-judgmental sexual partner they need. She coaches them in social skills, like dating, and gives constant feedback along the way. Like, telling them if their breath stinks.

"Her therapy involved rooting men"

Women, Linda explained, have their own set of miseries: pre-orgasmic (haven't had an orgasm ever), secondary inorgasmia (can only orgasm in selected situations), dyspareunia (painful intercourse), and general discomfort with their bodies. One therapy for the latter is called a mirror exercise. Linda and the client stand in front of the mirror nude while the client rants about which parts of her body she dislikes. The point is not to placate them with comments such as, "Oh no, your arse is both microscopic and cellulite-free", but simply to "bear witness." I have an excellent body image, perhaps due to my unbridled narcissism. The type of mirror gazing I engage in probably qualifies as an extreme sport.

Nevertheless, it was time to confess my sexual problem. I explained: I recently began freezing up in the middle of sex. This was accompanied by a corpse-like lack of feeling. Linda stared at me as though I had said I fucked a corpse, rather than felt like a corpse. "We'd need a therapist for that," she said. "That's a really interesting problem." Oh good. We mused about it a little longer: Could we blame it on my girlfriend? Did anything set it off?

Reaching an impasse, I racked my mind for another sexual problem. I've no quarrel with orgasms. Sure, I can't seem to have one while thinking the word "Gucci", but surely that's more of a goal than an authentic problem. Linda interrupted my thoughts: "We could jump ahead several sessions if you want," she said, nodding to the futon. "I do full-body touching." When I'd got comfortable, she guided me through a relaxation exercise. You know the kind: you tense your leg, then drop it; then tense your other leg, then drop it... etc. The whole thing was decidedly kinky.

"Do you feel like taking off your clothes?" she asked, and I obliged. She stripped, too. It was uncomfortably formal, like a doctor's visit. Eerie new-age music, the type with whale moans, contributed to the otherworldly effect.

Utterly composed, Linda explained we were going to try some "sensate

THE WORKSHOP OF THE FRAGRANT SISTERS NO.6



How to... tell if she's a good lover before hitting the sack

There's no point putting in hours of seduction if she turns out to be a plank in the sack. So save time, by checking this handy list:

1 SHE WAS THE LEAD IN SCHOOL PLAYS An exhibitionist streak suggests she'll be eager to put on a performance both with and for you.

2 SHE WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY Older women haven't got time for inhibitions, and demonstrate sexual tastes their younger counterparts think unsanitary.

3 SHE'S GOT A PORN COLLECTION Erotic photos on the wall indicate she's already picturing you hog-tied as she invites you in for coffee.

4 SHE'S MESSY Dripping sauce down her arms while eating a burger may not be attractive, but she won't be prim and proper between the sheets either.

5 SHE'S A SKILLED DANCER Expect both control and rhythm: a ballerina will be flexible enough to run through the *Kamasutra*; and a belly dancer will give you the famous "figure-8" massage.

6 SHE'S GOT BUCKS All right, it's got nothing to do with how she is in bed, but she might have a good bed. And maybe a pool too. Which is a turn-on.

7 SHE TALKS LOUDLY She moans loudly.

8 SHE'S GOT MUSCLES A toned body means a tight pussy. I kid you not.

9 SHE WEARS BIZARRE CLOTHING If she's not afraid to look like a freak, she's not afraid to fuck like a freak.

10 SHE'S BEEN WITH A FEW Experience is considered a luxury by lesbians, as it should be by you.



focus". Essentially, this was to teach me to be a better lover by increasing my ability to feel. I lay face-down and her hands settled on my back. Then they moved lightly in different directions over my back, down my legs, down my ass... it seemed like she had four or five hands. Sex would have seemed a boxing match by comparison.

After 30 minutes, we sat up. I heard myself muttering phrases like, "Supremely emotionally satisfying... that was so fulfilling on many levels..."

"Do you have any last questions?" she asked; our time was running near. "What kind of feedback do you give men for intercourse?" I asked, nosily. "Well, I coach them on how they should move their pelvis while fucking," she explained. "I tell them to hold still: then stick their butt out behind them, then push their pubic bone forward. It's all in the pelvis."

I gave the exercise a try: mid-thrust I realised I had been fucked this way, and yes, it was better. "Men tend to volley forward with their whole body, push-up-style," tsk-tsked my tutor, calmly thrusting alongside me. "But that way, you really can't get any range of depth." What about kissing? "Soft, relaxed lips," she emphasised. "And tongues need to be relaxed too. And I always have to tell clients to remember to swallow their spit!" On that note, we said our good-byes. Now, I have to say I usually give a hard, clenched kiss and have been known to occasionally drool saliva over persons having a go at me. But I tried the softer, drier kiss out that night on my girlfriend. And, a blessing on my informative surrogate's head, it was superb. **FHM**

Find out more about surrogate work on www.waterdragonwoman.com or e-mail the International Professional Surrogates Association IPSA1@aol.com

ASK ATHENA

Q When I watch horror films, I sometimes get a boner when the tension mounts and the teens are about to get slaughtered. Am I dangerous?

A Hell, no! You're experiencing a quite common phenomenon discovered by scientists when they forced couples to chat each other up while walking across a rope bridge. The couples on the bridge reported extreme sexual attraction; couples on land had no such luck. The bridge couples had mistaken their anxiety about falling to their death for sexual arousal. It's understandable as the two are almost exactly alike, physiologically: you create more saliva, and your heart quickens. Test the theory by renting *The Godfather* with a lady friend and tell me you're not feeling horny by the end of it. And if you've got an iron stomach, look for Richard Kern pornos. Kern mixes hot models with blood spurting all over the place – funny, yet also arousing.

For answers to sex worries, write to PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240.

PHOTOGRAPHY: PHIL BROSNAN

Morning glory

Impress her in the morning with a mighty long black...

BEST FOR AESTHETICIAN

IL CAFFE ESPRESSO FRANCISFRANCIS! X1

Born in fair Verona – where civil blood makes civil hands unclean – designer of the X1 Luca Trazzi studied under mentor Aldo Rossi – known worldwide as the 20th century's leading architectural theoretician. Trazzi's goal was not only to create an extremely-easy-to-use coffee machine but, more importantly, a work of art. The X1 uses the Illy Easy Serving Espresso (ESE) system, which guarantees the quality of the espresso always remains constant, irrespective of the consumer's skill in making it. Adhering to the genuine Italian formula for perfect espresso – water is driven at 93 degrees Celsius through seven grams of coffee grounds at a pressure of nine bar for 25 to 30 seconds – the Illy ESE system consists of a customised filter holder with coffee pods specifically developed for the X1 which contain the precise dose for perfect coffee, every time. The machine has three major qualities aside from its obvious aesthetic merits: it is easy to use, it is very fast, and the system is extremely easy to clean.

PRICE $895 (rrp)

STOCKISTS 1300 366 303

HARDWARE EDITOR: JUSTIN WALSH, 02 9581 9491
JONATHAN ROSE/2C MANAGEMENT



BEST FOR THE MORON

SAECO ROYAL PROFESSIONAL

Saeco is one of the largest manufacturers of home espresso and cappuccino machines and also produces the broadest range of coffee machines – from simple pump units for first-timers, and top-of-the-line, all-metal workhorses, to the infamous Superautomatic machines that give you a fix at the touch of a button. The Royal Professional is fully automatic and comes complete with a coffee bean grinder and exclusive milk-frothing attachment for foolproof cappuccino creation. Moron-proof machinery, but not so good for the artist/coffee enthusiast.

PRICE $2,100 (rrp)
STOCKISTS 1800 648 767

BEST FOR THE PURIST

BEZZERA BZ-99S

Back in 1901, Luigi Bezzera invented, designed, and patented the original espresso machine and released it onto the world market at the Milan Trade Fair in 1906 – one year after selling his patent to Desiderio Pavoni (see below). The Bezzera family still control the company in Italy and continue to manufacture a range of espresso machines which are widely considered to be the finest available in the world. This machine has its own water reservoir and requires only a normal 10 amp power supply. When full, it holds enough water to dispense 22 cappuccinos and, due to its large boiler capacity, the BZ-99S can produce a cup of tea, two coffees, and froth milk all at the same time. A thing of beauty.

PRICE $2,065 (rrp)
STOCKISTS 02 9662 6055





BEST FOR THE PRAGMATIST

KENWOOD CAFÉ ROMA

It was in 1961 that three Southern Californians – George Aratani, Bill Kasuga, and Yoichi Nakase – decided that what the world needed was a better stereo, and from these humble beginnings sprung one of the largest stereo and appliance companies in the world. Kenwood's Italian-style espresso and cappuccino maker is a 1,150 watt, 1.5 litre-capacity, dual-cup juggernaut. With a two-minute warm-up time, a built-in grinder for freshness and flavour, a cup heater, and a steam regulator maxi-cappuccino device to ensure rich, thick froth, the Café Roma has all the bells and whistles of its contemporaries, while remaining surprisingly inexpensive.

PRICE $499 (rrp)
STOCKISTS 02 9370 8821



BEST FOR THE ARTIST

LA PAVONI PROFESSIONAL LUSSO

La Pavoni have been providing for the needs of Australian caffeine addicts for over 40 years, and their Italian counterparts since 1905. It was at this time that industrialist Desiderio Pavoni purchased the patent for the espresso process from none other than Luigi Bezzera (refer to the Bezzera BZ-99S on this page). Ironically, Pavoni became the first maker of espresso machines to become known abroad. This type of machine harks back to the golden age of coffee-making by using the original lever action, which is the simplest design for the distribution of heat and pressure for drawing the water across the ground espresso beans. It also allows the maker to control the speed at which the water passes over the beans, ensuring the coffee is made exactly as strong and as long as the maker requires. Largely constructed with cast brass, the Professional Lusso is built to outlast your grandchildren, and should stay almost totally maintenance-free throughout this period due to its large 1.8 litre boiler capacity (which all but eliminates the possibility of limescale build-up). The Professional Lusso can make 16 cups of espresso consecutively – enough to quicken the pulse and contract the pupils to levels unheard of outside of gymnasiums. The Professional Lusso also comes equipped with a new "cappuccino automatic" attachment which pumps frothed milk directly into the cup. Pure class, except for the milk frother...

PRICE $1,045
STOCKISTS 02 9560 7000

Audi you like it?

Apparently rather a lot, seeing as Audi has sold over 56,000 TTs worldwide since its premiere two years ago...



THE SPECS

Availability: Nationwide, by order.
Engine: 1,781cc in-line four-cylinder, four-stroke, turbocharged, five valves per cylinder, double overhead camshafts producing 165kW (225bhp) at 5,900rpm, and 280Nm of torque between 2,200 and 5,500rpm.
Transmission: All-wheel drive, Electronic Differential Lock, 6-speed manual-shift, synchromesh on all gears, including reverse.
Fuel consumption: Urban: 12.6; Extra-urban: 7.3 (litres per 100km).
Turning circle: 10.45m
Fuel tank: 62 litres
Price: $87,000

THE LOWDOWN

When the Audi TT first arrived on the market, it was positioned as a purist sportster, akin to the Porsche Boxster. It had, however, a dangerous tendency to over-steer at speeds in excess of 200km/h due to a critical lack of rear downforce. Though more accurately resulting from the drivers' unbridled pursuit of speed, this resulted in several fatal smashes on Germany's *autobahns*. A comprehensive redesign of the suspension, and the inclusion of a rear spoiler, followed, and these refinements are now available on all new TTs, and may be retro-fitted to all previous TTs at no expense. There is no doubt that the TT is quite the head-turner, now it has the goods to back up those looks...

QUICKSILVER: A MERCURIAL SPORTSTER

"Go ahead and draw a coupé or roadster that's obviously an Audi" was the directive issued by the Board of Management to the Audi Design Centre in California's Simi Valley; which was, apparently, sufficiently distant from the parent company in Ingolstadt, Germany, that the wings of creativity could remain unclipped by pragmatic reservations. At least, that's what Audi say and, for all intents and purposes, it is exactly what they've achieved...

They go on to outline their design criteria: "A successful coupé design tends to be something of a throwback to the past – with a shorter wheelbase, more compact dimensions and sporty proportions. In addition to the sheer thrill of speed and the sensation of driving, the TT was to be an out-and-out sporty product from a company that places emphasis squarely on technology. All in all, an incongruous mixture of futuristic design and endearingly traditional details..."

THE RIDE

Resonating with a lovely, throaty burble from the dual

HARDWARE EDITOR: JUSTIN WALSH, 02 9581 9491
TRIVIA PIC: PICTURE MEDIA/GAMMA

exhausts, the engine is only moderately tuned relative to its potential performance, ie: the turbo boost remains surprisingly low for the power output, meaning that there's plenty of room for more oomph to be squeezed from the engine. However, with a top speed of 243 km/h and a 0 to 100km/h of 6.4 seconds stock-standard, whether you'll feel the need is another story... The car also comes equipped with an Automatic Wheel-Slip Retardation (ASR) system which cuts power and boost as soon as it detects the teensiest bit of wheel slip. It is, perhaps, a little too effective in restricting one's desire to throw the beast around a bit; but it can, thankfully, be turned off – allowing for burnouts and four-wheel drifts galore. Also, keep an eye peeled for the new Audi TT Roadster – a two-seater convertible with roll-over hoops available next summer. Porsche Boxsters step aside, there's a new kid on the block.



TRIVIA

STUN YOUR MECHANIC...

NUTS

A set of wheel nuts for a 1984 Camira will set you back around $20. A single magnesium nut for the Subaru Impreza WRX World Rally car, however, costs $150 – meaning you'd have to fork out $3,000 just to keep all those roundy bits fastened to the car.

GOT EFTPOS?

At $1,586,450, the McLaren F1 is the world's priciest road production car. The engine bay is lined with pure gold, designed to protect the Formula One-style carbon fibre chassis from the blazing heat of the 627bhp mid-mounted BMW V12 engine.

KAMIKAZES

The Nissan Skyline is the favoured toy of Japanese tuners, who tweak the road-legal beasts to around 1,000bhp, allowing them to accelerate from 0 to 288km/h in 18 seconds.

KITT RIDES AGAIN

The Nissan Skyline R34 GT-R also has a *Knight Rider*-style on-board computer, with seven bar graph options displaying everything from the temperature of your exhaust gas, to the amount of G-force pulled as you barrel around corners.

TANKED UP

Stopping from 320km/h to 0km/h, the brakes of the Aston Martin Vantage 600 dispense enough energy to heat a Victorian nursing home for a week. It also drinks a litre of petrol every kilometre at 320km/h, or about a litre every 12 secs.

RELATIVITY

In the time it takes a Nissan Micra 1.3 CVT to reach 100km/h, the Lamborghini Diablo GT can accelerate from 0 to 160km/h, then come to a complete stop again.



Pimento parked his racing olive

Endzone

CHARGING THROUGH THE CREPE

Lauren Jackson,
Canberra,
March 2000



WORDS: BEN SMITHURST PHOTOGRAPHY: SIMON DAVIDSON

TALL POPPY

DIFFICULT, EXHAUSTING AND STACKED AGAINST THE PUNY IT MAY BE, BASKETBALL NONETHELESS OFFERS SOME DELIGHTS – LIKE THE SEXY LAUREN JACKSON

TOP: WHEELS & DOLL BABY; BRIEFS BY FINELINES

It was a trying wait at the rink lavatories





"IT'S HARD TO RESIST THE CASH FROM OVERSEAS, BUT I'M HOPING TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS I CAN"

Too many, America's rejection of our brightest basketball prospects (Luc Longley and Michele Timms aside) is a national embarrassment. Despite the best efforts of the perennial Andrew Gaze, the gnomic Phil Smyth, and the ridiculous Shane Heal, it is a sad fact that our proud sporting nation has produced so few actual successes. However, a light has now appeared on the horizon in the svelte form of Lauren Jackson, the 196cm (6'5") teenager who has, in a few short years, risen to become the country's brightest basketball star. Just 19 this month, Lauren is the linchpin that Australian coach Tom Maher has stated he is building his team around. And with two Women's National Basketball League (WNBL) Most Valuable Player for the Season awards under her belt, and lucrative offers from overseas flooding in, it's just a matter of time before she leaves our shores. Better catch her while you can...

You've had a lot of offers to play overseas. How much cash are they willing to pay over there?
Oh, they go into hundreds of thousands of dollars. We just don't get that much money here.
It must be hard to resist that kind of cash...
Yeah. They get heaps of people at their games as well. It's so much different to Australia. But in skill level, I don't think there's much difference at all. I think anyone who knows basketball will tell you that we've got a really strong competition here. I'm hoping to stay here as long as I can. We're after the gold in Sydney.
When did you realise you were destined to be a foot taller than all the other girls at your school?
When I was about 12. It was hard being the tallest girl in class, but after a while people started to respect me a lot more. Did I ever bully anyone for their lunch money? Yeah, when I was in kindergarten I was a little bully, and then I grew up to be the one that everyone picked on, ha ha. I was really skinny, so I was an easy target. But that's just growing up. Actually, I had a really good group of friends in high school, but since I went to the Australian Institute of Sport in Year 10 I've sort of lost touch with them. Hopefully we'll catch back up.
Your parents both played basketball for Australia. When did you first start shootin' hoops?
When I was four, in under-10s – you use a smaller ball. I've been around the game ever since I was born.
Righto, if you could be any one of the Harlem Globetrotters, which one would you choose?
I'd be the one that can shoot the hook shots from halfway or from the corner. He's the captain, and I think his last name is Jackson, too. Yeah, I think he's heaps better than the other guys, like the guy with the stepladder or that guy with the big hair, ha ha. I actually saw the Globetrotters last year in Canberra. They were really great, but I didn't meet any of them, unfortunately. ▷

LEFT PAGE: BIKINI TOP BY NINETY SIX; SKIRT BY WHEELS & DOLL BABY; SOCKS FROM SOCK SHOP; ROLLER SKATES THANKS TO TONY STEPHENS AT LIVERPOOL ROLLER RINK. THIS PAGE: LEFT: STAR TOP BY KEEPER; COLLAR BY METALICUS; RIGHT: TOP & KILT BY WHEELS & DOLL BABY; SOCKS FROM SOCK SHOP; CHOKER BY PETER LANG; ROLLER SKATES THANKS TO TONY STEPHENS AT LIVERPOOL ROLLER RINK



By mid-morning, little Lauren cursed Santa's generosity

LEFT PAGE: TOP & KILT BY WHEELS & DOLL BABY; SOCKS FROM SOCK SHOP; FRILLY KNICKERS FROM LIVERPOOL ROLLER RINK. THIS PAGE: TOP AND SKIRT BY WHEELS & DOLL BABY; NECKLACE BY KITTEN. PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTION: LIZ SHERRIFF; STYLING: AMANDA SMITH/REP; HAIR & MAKE-UP: GAVIN ANESBURY/DLM; SHOT ON LOCATION AT CITY MOTOR INN, MANUKA, CANBERRA

"I'M ACTUALLY MARILYN MANSON'S BIGGEST FAN... I THOUGHT THAT YOU'D THINK I WAS WEIRD"

Our main rivals for Olympic honours will probably be the American women. They're pretty keen on the biff, aren't they?
For sure, they're so rough. But we're playing a lot more like the Americans now – we're so aggressive. I've had about four black eyes just this year. The worst injury I've copped was in my first year of the WNBL, when I got punched fair in the nose when I was on my knees, and my nose was broken. I think it was an accident – you can't help those things. It hurt like hell, let me tell you! I stood up, and I was a bit *ohhhh!*, so I put my head down again and all this blood just started rushing out of my nose. They rushed me to the hospital, but it didn't stop bleeding for about two hours. I only got one black eye out of that.

How long do you think it will be before a woman slams the ball?
I've already done it! Mate, what's going on? I did it at the start of this year. I've been practising it for about two years. It was pretty damn good, let me tell you. It was at training. I've tried it in a game and I got up there and I threw it down, but I grabbed onto the ring afterwards and it popped out. I don't think anyone expected it.

How do you amp up before a game?
I listen to music. I'm the biggest music fan in the whole world, I reckon. I'm particularly into Nine Inch Nails and Marilyn Manson.

Marilyn Manson? Isn't he a complete nutcase? His real name's Brian, you know...
Oh God... I think that because people are so used to the norm that it's hard to understand what he's trying to do. I'm his number one fan in the whole world, actually. I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want you to think I was weird. He's so intelligent – he only does all that for publicity. It's all an act.

Have you fancied getting a ridiculous, Robert Smith-style goth haircut?
No, but I have had my braids all chopped off since the photo shoot. I did it after we (Canberra) won the grand final, and now it's all short again. The braids were full-on, and I was going to get it redone but my hair started falling out. So I thought it was best to avoid early baldness, yeah. Now it's only to my shoulders.

When you chuck something in the wastepaper bin, do you crumple it into a ball and think *Jooooooordaaann*?
When I'm in the mood I do, if I'm really hyper and I've been listening to my music. Or if I'm too lazy to move I'll just throw it on the floor in my room – which is an absolute disgrace at the moment.

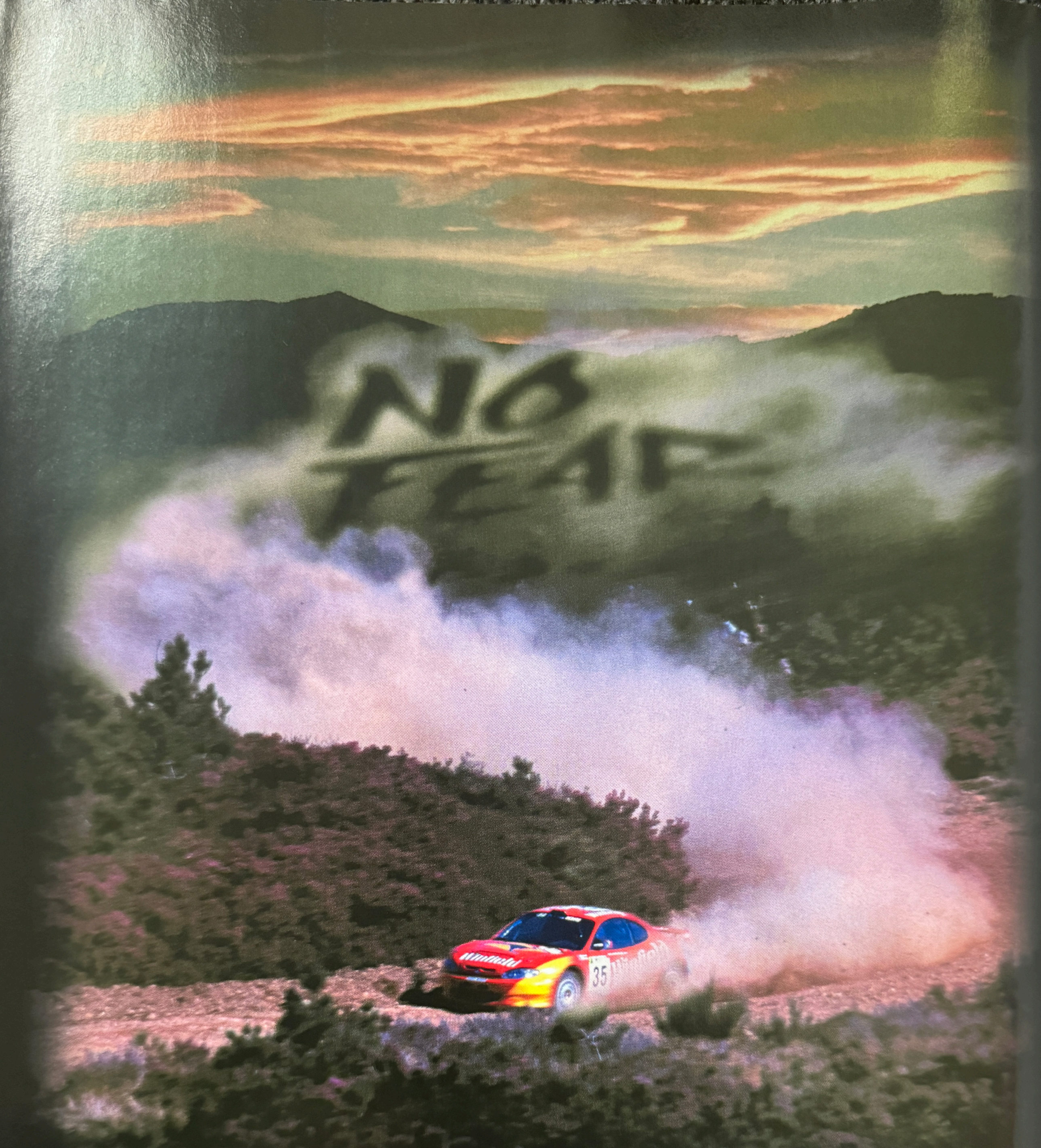
Do women have it easier than men?
No way! That's crap. Women rock, man. Do men have to deal with PMS? Don't argue with me, I'm not going to lose this battle. Women rule!

Have you ever gone out with a really short bloke?
No, I couldn't bring myself to. I've always had that standard where I've gotta be out with someone taller than me. Actually, a short guy tried the worst pick-up line on me the other night – he said, "Are you standing on a bucket or something?" Ha! I said, "Excuse me?" and he said, "Oh my God, will you dance with me?" Yeah, right! You know how you have a dream husband...?

Actually, no.
Well, I've never been out with anyone less than my dream. I guess I'm lucky. I love tall men – not skinny tall, but masculine tall – with good skin and hair. Not NBL players, though, I don't like the older men. I like the younger guys, like the ABA (Australian Basketball Association) players. They're all cuties.

Excellent. So finally, what would you do if Marilyn read this interview down at the make-up salon, then ditched his missus and asked you to marry him?
Hmm, what would I say? Probably yes. That would be my definite answer, but my management-style answer is, "I have to get to know you a little bit better," ha! FHM

Sturgeon-girl straightened her caviar dress



Your actions leave more of an impression

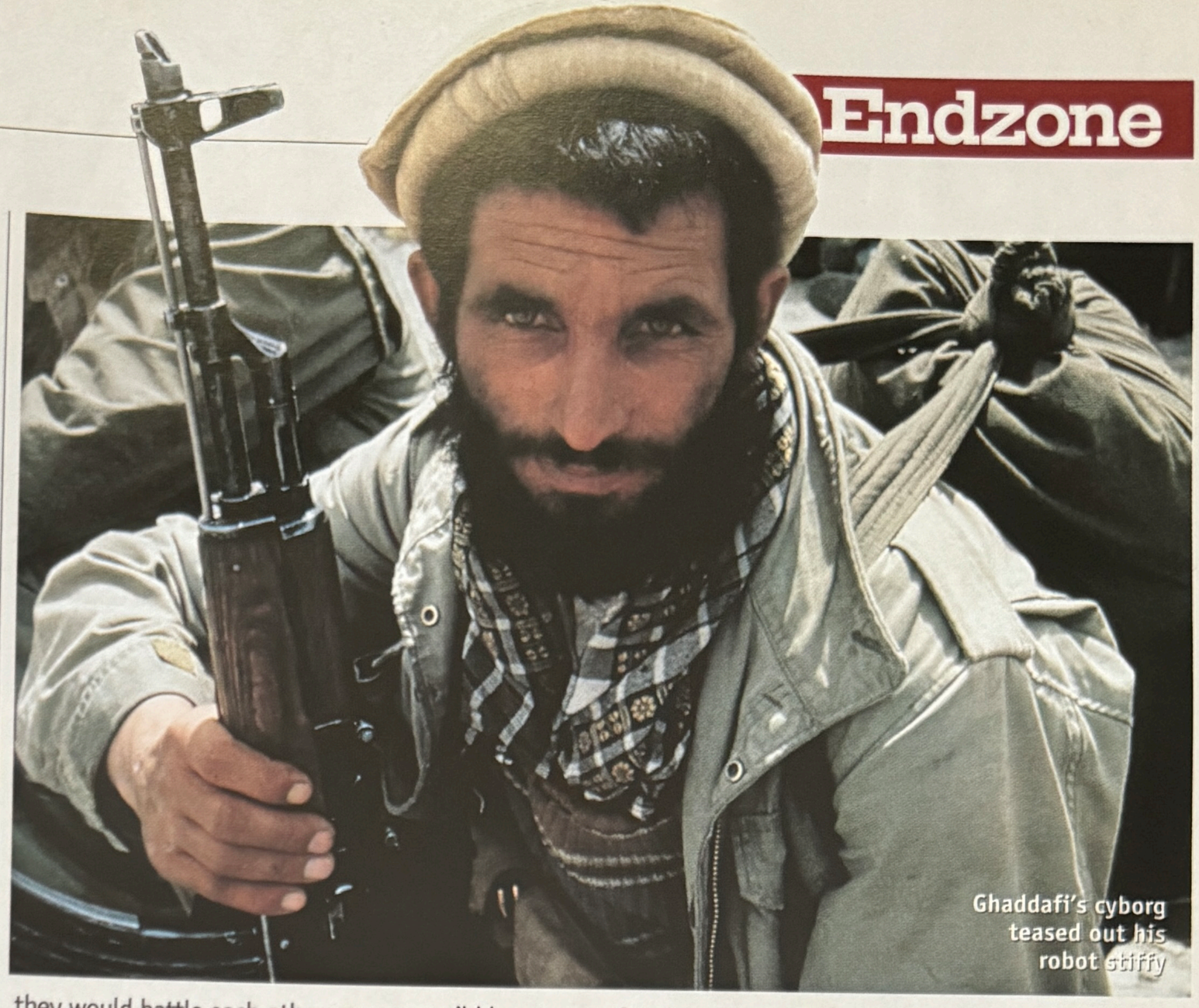
NO FEAR

GAME OF DEATH

"THIS'LL BE A CLOSE ONE!"

In times past, it was easy to be a good loser – you just laid there dead...

Like Easter without chocolate or New Year's Eve without stern alcohol and drug warnings, it wouldn't be Grand Final time if not for crimson-faced commentators describing it as "sport's ultimate contest". But it's not. History has seen many high-stakes events where there could be no squabbling over who the winner was – the loser was a lifeless husk...



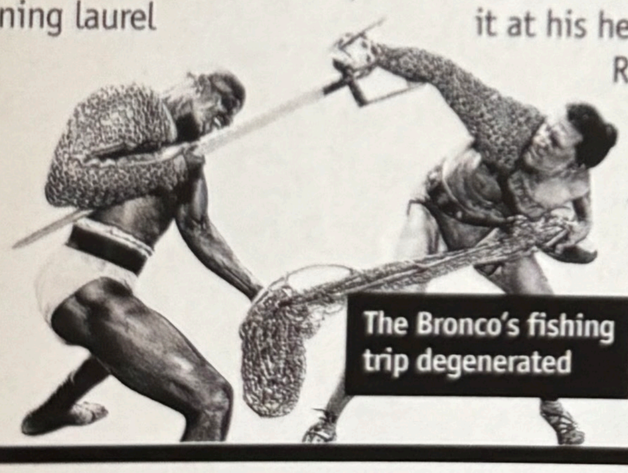
Ghaddafi's cyborg teased out his robot stiffy

BIG BALL, THE AZTECS

Infamous for sacrificing people – one king, Ahuitzotl, topped 20,000 captives in a single ceremony – the Incas' savagery extended to the sporting arena. They played two main sports: handball and "big ball", which have been described as rough combinations of soccer and basketball. Most interest was taken in the desperate games played between teams of captured warriors: afterwards, the losers would have their still-beating hearts cut from their chests, and be pitched into a giant bonfire.

THE GLADIATORIAL GAMES, ROME

Apart from time spent fashioning laurel wreaths and killing Christ, Romans were never happier than when watching gladiators. Most gladiators were slaves, prisoners or skint blokes after a crust. Until the demise of the gladiatorial games in AD405, they would battle each other, or versus wild beasts at exhibitions. Loss, by definition, meant death.



The Bronco's fishing trip degenerated

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

It's no wonder Russians invented the world's foremost parlour game for the miserable: historically, they've been frozen, starved, and slaughtered more often than any other people, Jews aside (not Russian Jews, however. They *really* copped it). Roulette was first played by apathetic army officers, who were the only ones with revolvers. Each player spun the cylinder of a revolver containing just one bullet, pointed it at his head, and pulled the trigger. Today Russia's fondness for topping themselves remains – their suicide rate is near the worst in the world at 40 people per 100,000 inhabitants.

DUELLING, FRANCE

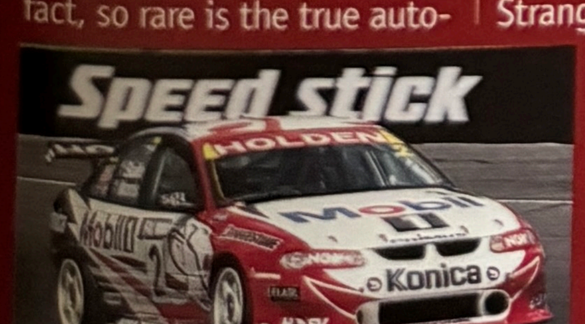
The sole blade-wielding sport to achieve global popularity is fencing. Competition fencing was originally developed by the Germans in the 14th century, though Fritz offered but a weak-wristed imitation of their garlic-munching neighbours. Any French social slight, if not immediately recanted, could quickly escalate into a full-blown swashbuckle between rival snail-scoffers. Their duelling swords had no cutting edge, and killed with a thrust.

TORTURING RUSSIANS, AFGHANISTAN

Unfortunately for captured Reds during their 10-year war with Afghanistan, their beardy enemies had their own grisly sport. In a game much like the on-horseback sport Sly plays using a dead goat as a "ball" in *Rambo III*, the dour tribesmen would tease their doomed prisoners. If they escaped the dismemberment dished out to most detainees, they would be pummelled back and forth by horsemen on a stony field, and repeatedly maimed as they were herded towards either goal. When the Russki snuffed it, they'd often continue with his arms, legs, or head.

COMPETITION $3,994 GMC 400 TRIP TO WIN!

Despite our fondness for autos, most punters' knowledge of car trivia rarely gets us further than a heated pub debate on the virtues of *Knight Rider*'s KITT versus *The Dukes Of Hazzard*'s General Lee. In fact, so rare is the true auto-trivia buff that we expected few answers to a recent contest where we asked readers to identify the winner of the 1979 Hardie-Ferrodo 500. Further, they had to tell us what car the winners were driving.

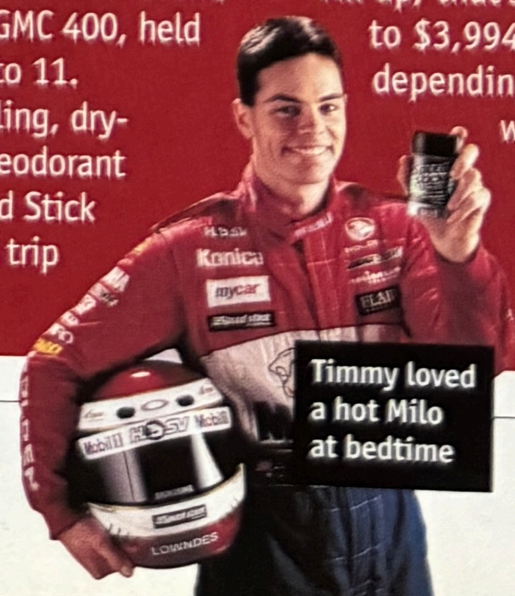


Dougie took out the celebrity challenge

Strangely, the opposite was true. Hundreds of keen fume-fanatics broke out the textbooks and rightly nominated the team of Peter Brock and Jim Richards as the victors, driving an A9X Holden Torana.

The winner of the grand prize, a weekend for two at the V8 Supercars in Adelaide, was a West Australian fellow. If you were one of the ones to miss out, don't despair: we're giving you another chance. On the cards this time is a cracking trip to Canberra for the V8 Supercars' new event, the exciting GMC 400, held from June 9 to 11. *FHM* and sterling, dry-application deodorant Mennen Speed Stick have a return trip for two and passes to a suite at the GMC 400 for Saturday and Sunday, in which you'll be able to stuff yourself with complimentary food and beverages for the duration. Accommodation for Saturday night is included, along with a Craig Lowndes polo shirt and cap to wear to the race.

All up, that's worth up to $3,994, depending upon which capital city you set out from.



Timmy loved a hot Milo at bedtime

But only race-*afficionados* need apply, because to score this fantastic prize, you'll have to do even more research. We want to know the answer to this: who won the 1963 Armstrong 500, and what was their race time? Send your answers to *FHM*/Speed Stick competition, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Ten runners-up will win two three-day passes for admission to the GMC 400, plus a Craig Lowndes polo shirt, worth $130.

AUSTRAL/SYGMA/PATRICK ROBERT/SHOOTING STAR/CHEVRON/GREG TAYLOR

WRESTLING

BODY SLAM

One's an ancient art that struggles to attract fans, while the other is a modern spectacle featuring the weirdest cast of characters since *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*...



Styles: Freestyle and Greco-Roman are the two types of Olympic wrestling. The difference between them is that Greco-Roman wrestlers are not allowed to attack their opponent's legs or use their own legs to lift, trip or execute other moves.

Shoes: Wrestling shoes are extremely lightweight, moulded to the shape of the foot, and designed to provide ankle support and traction.

The Match: Olympic matches run for six minutes, divided into two three-minute periods separated by a 30-second rest break. A fall or pin of one second wins the match, regardless of the score. Otherwise, the winner is the wrestler who scores the most points in the match.

Accessories: Applying greasy substances to the body is prohibited and wrestlers aren't allowed on the mat if they're perspiring. Reinforced headgear and ear protectors aren't allowed, but light kneepads are okay.

Clothes: Regulations state that wrestlers must carry a white handkerchief, which they keep in their jockstraps. In the old days it was for wiping up blood, sweat, and tears. These days it's carried as a nod to tradition – and to increase the sport's popularity with women... and men who like gladiator movies.

Grooming: Wrestlers must be clean-shaven or have a beard that's well advanced. Long hair is usually tied back. Fingernails must be trimmed.

History: Fifteen-thousand-year-old French cave drawings depict primitive blokes in holds similar to those used today. In ancient Greece, wrestling was the ultimate contest of strength in the Olympic Games.

The Mat: The mat is 12 metres square, at least four centimetres thick, and covered with vinyl. Wrestlers compete in a yellow circle, nine metres in diameter. The central circle has a one metre diameter and is marked with a red outline. Around the mat, there's a 1.5 metre-wide red band, known as the passivity zone, which warns wrestlers they're near the edge of the competition area.

The Arena: The action takes place in a roped-off ring about 5.5 metres (18 feet) square. In the US, 20 WWF-themed restaurants are being planned. Each of these eateries will feature an actual-size ring and life-size talking models of WWF stars.

History: In the early 1980s, Vince McMahon consolidated small US wrestling competitions into the World Wrestling Federation (WWF). Later imitators include World Championship Wrestling (WCW) and Extreme Championship Wrestling (ECW).

The Script: Part-soap opera and part-comic book, pro wrestling features heroes ("faces") and villains ("heels"), long-running plots and bizarre feuds. Each wrestler has a gimmick, such as Mankind's split personalities and The Undertaker's occult powers.

Winners and Losers: The biggest victory achieved by a pro wrestler was in November 1998 when Jesse "The Body" Ventura was elected Governor of Minnesota. The worst loss was suffered by Owen Hart, known as "The Blue Blazer", who died in May 1999 after dropping 15 metres from the roof of an arena during the aptly titled WWF event *Over The Edge*.

The Clothes: Professional wrestlers' clobber is as anarchic as their antics in the arena. Some wear singlets adorned with the sort of art you'd expect to see on the side of '70s panel vans. Others wear shiny gold underpants. Thrown into the mix are a variety of stupid hats, huge belts, masks, reflective sunglasses, capes, vests, and chains.

Popularity: Over 35 million watch WWF, WCW or ECW every week in the US. WWF is seen in more than 115 countries. In 1995, a record crowd of 190,000 assembled in Pyongyang, North Korea, to watch Antonio Inoki wipe the floor with Ric Flair.

Behaviour: Popular moves include hitting enemies with chairs, racial abuse, and cutting yourself to appear more fearsome. A US study of 50 matches found they contained 1,658 instances of crotch-grabbing, 157 flippings of the finger, 128 simulated sexual activities, and 42 occurrences of simulated drug use.

AUSTRAL/REX/TODAY
ALLSPORT/ADAM PRETTY

FATTY FINN THE BISCUIT TIN!

Diego Maradona, one-time God of world soccer, is now a bloated, cocaine-addled caricature of his former self. It's been an almighty fall for the stumpy Argentine hero

WORDS: ANDY DARLING

As the new millennium dawned, 39-year-old Diego Maradona, a full four stones heavier than during his playing days, lay in the intensive care ward of a hospital in Uruguay, plugged into a series of life support machines. Though his father-in-law claimed he was merely suffering from high blood pressure – "he was overeating on holiday. He had lots of pork and drink" – the sad truth is that 16 years of cocaine addiction had damaged his heart to the point where he could drop dead at any moment. Leaked medical reports state that substantial traces of cocaine were found in his blood, and that, if he takes cocaine even just once more, it will probably kill him.

If the hospital had got hold of a 1990 video starring Italian hardcore porn actress and MP La Cicciolina, and slipped it into the VCR above the Argentine's bed, that would probably have finished him off too. In it, the blonde starlet's mission is to ensure that Italy's main rivals in the upcoming World Cup are rendered too exhausted to be competitive on the paddock. So we see a bunch of football star look-alikes given a solid rooting. All, that is, apart from a podgy, sweating Diego Maradona – too proud to join in – who instead brings himself off to a loud climax. The video may not have been Oscar-winning material, but the image of a bloated, arrogant has-been, pleasing himself with no regard for the welfare of others, is actually an accurate summation of the player's eventual decline.

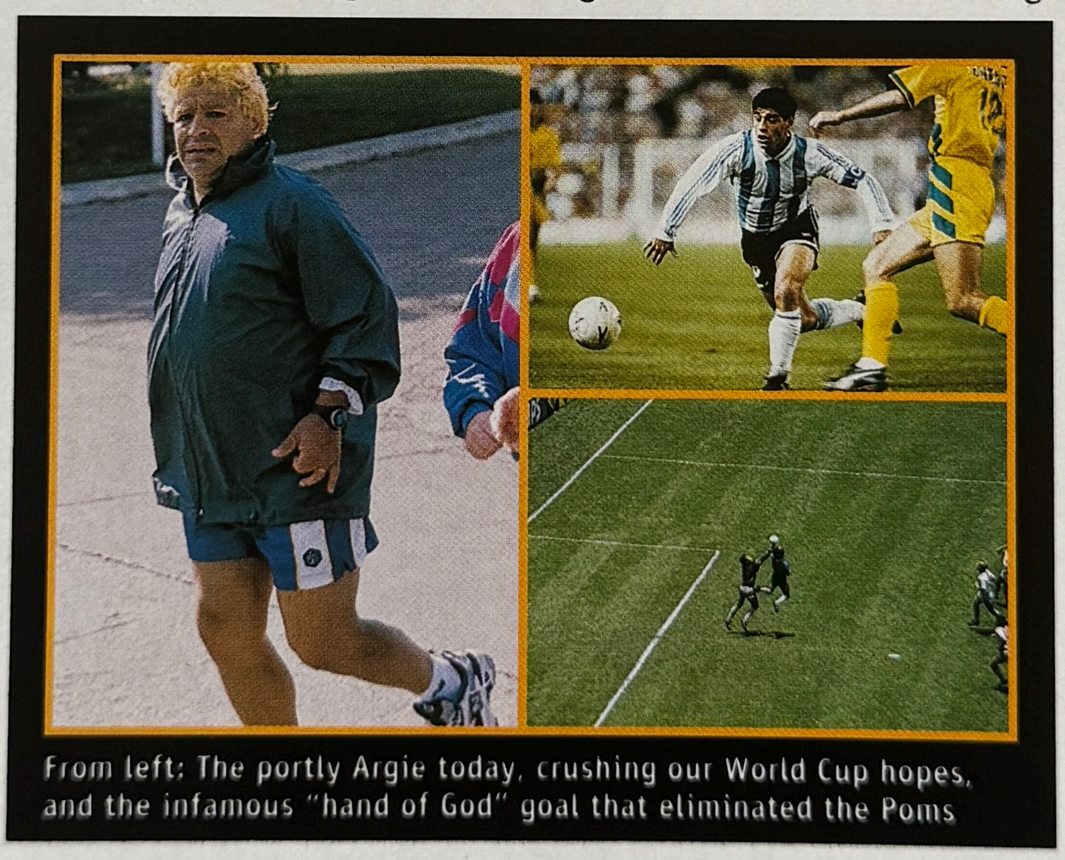
Incredibly, it was just a few years before that the five-foot-four-inch pocket battleship was nominated as the greatest footballer ever. He had put in some spectacular performances as part of Argentina's 1986 World Cup-winning team and was the toast of Southern Italy, where he played his club football for Napoli. Great sportsmen such as Ben Johnson and Mike Tyson are often cited as men who fell from grace, who wasted their talents, but compared with Diego Maradona and his world of drugs, drink, prostitutes, Mafia, and madness, not to mention the squandering of several fortunes, their lives have been virtually problem-free.

Maradona grew up in the most impoverished suburb of Buenos Aires, an area so rough that the police saw no point in building a station. He was given a soccer ball by an uncle when he was just three years old, and the ball and his foot soon became inseparable – his juggling and shooting skills were instantly noted by family and friends. Even though he hadn't been walking for more than a couple of years – just before receiving the ball he'd tottered and fallen into the family cesspit and nearly drowned in their shit – the gift was clearly there, and the family realised he could be their ticket out of the squalor. Aged eight, he signed up to the youth wing of Argentinos Juniors, then a first-division side in his nation's national league. On arrival, however, their youth trainer noted that the kid was exceptionally small, almost dwarf-like. It was at this point that Maradona first became aware of the power of drugs. He was sent to Cacho Paladino, a man who claimed to be a doctor, and who specialised in building up the bodies of boxers using injections of vitamins and drugs. The trainer told the doc: "You fix him. This boy's going to grow up to be a star." The little fellow quickly beefed up, at a long-term cost to his health that's incalculable.

Throughout his professional career, Maradona was especially prone to injuries, far more so than other players, and it's clear that this was exacerbated by the attempt to force growing limbs to develop faster in those early years. He also came to rely on drug injections to soothe pain: the insides of his knees regularly had to be scraped to get rid of the residue from hundreds of injections of the pain-killer cortisone.

Argentinos Juniors, like the boy's family, were only too aware of what a commodity they had, and when bigger clubs came sniffing around, they were told he wasn't for sale. To keep him sweet, on his 15th birthday, the club bought an apartment for the Maradona family. Papa gave up his job crushing animal bones at the bonemeal factory, and dedicated himself to ensuring that his meal ticket was looked after.

In this he was helped by their next-door neighbours in the block. One of these neighbours, Coco Villafane, a taxi driver, sensing the money-earning potential of the squat teenager, made sure that his daughter Claudia was thrown together with him whenever possible. It worked: they later married and have two daughters. The entourage around Maradona grew further: he appointed Jorge Cyterszpiler, just two years his senior, to manage his financial affairs. Jorge's 22-year-old brother, a promising footballer, had died five years ▷



From left: The portly Argie today, crushing our World Cup hopes, and the infamous "hand of God" goal that eliminated the Poms

AUSTRAL/REX/DAVID CAIRNS/ALLSPORT/PASCAL RONDEAU

Skippy's portly brother had none of his appeal



Eddie Gypsy King swore he'd never stage dive again

ALLSPORT/G VANDYSTADT/BEN RADFORD

previously, having been kicked with extreme force in the testicles. Jorge studied economics at the University of Buenos Aires, and would be at Diego's side for the next 10 years.

Having become the youngest player to turn out for a premier league side anywhere in the world – 10 days shy of his 16th birthday – Maradona soon became the youngest ever international and the Argentine media went into overdrive. In 1978, Argentina was hosting the World Cup finals. Amnesty International had urged a boycott of the tournament on account of the appalling human rights record under the military junta that ruled the country. And 17-year-old Maradona wasn't picked for the squad, because, according to manager Cesar Luis Menotti, he wasn't emotionally mature enough to deal with the possibility of losing. When told the news, the youngster threw a huge tantrum and threatened to quit the game. After the tournament, though, with his game still improving, Menotti could no longer ignore Maradona, and in 1982, after the collapse of the military regime following the Falklands War, Maradona signed to Barcelona in a $US70,000 per month, plus bonuses, deal. He also picked up sponsorship deals with Puma, McDonald's, and Coca-Cola.

The pressure was now on. Diego was now in a city where football success meant everything, and where games against Real Madrid, historically supported by followers of fascist dictator Franco, constituted little short of war. Shortly before he left Argentina, there'd been a number of stories in newspapers linking Maradona with various women. Maradona was becoming paranoid about the press, and it didn't help when Brazilian star Pelé announced that, "My main doubt is whether he has the sufficient greatness as a person to justify being honoured by a worldwide audience."

Having spent a fortune on him, Barcelona demanded quick results. The fans were expectant, certain their new saviour would deliver great things. Instead, there followed a succession of injuries, which Maradona refused to have treated by the Spanish club's doctors. Instead he brought in an old friend, a Dr Oliva, who relied on cortisone injections and stirring up the little man's emotions. Maradona had instantly rubbed his bosses up the wrong way, and a pattern had emerged. Like many precocious sportsmen, he needed to be surrounded by "yes-men". He also wasn't too keen on the day-to-day drudgery of training, believing himself to be above such chores. His weight ballooned, and the Spanish press had a field day. Rumours of orgies with prostitutes abounded, a lay-off with viral hepatitis was interpreted as a dose of the clap, and there were whisperings of drug abuse. Maradona denied it all, even though this was the time when he became a frequent coke user – he even had the audacity to make an anti-drugs ad for local TV.

"HE WAS A BOMB WITH A SHORT FUSE. HE VEERED FROM COKE HYSTERIA TO DEEP DEPRESSION"

The biggest threat to his career at this stage was a crunching, studs-up foul by Atletico Bilbao defender Goikoetscea, henceforth nicknamed the Butcher Of Bilbao. It put Maradona out of action for three months, and he never fully recovered, requiring a left boot several sizes larger than the right for the rest of his career. Without football he was a bomb with a short fuse, and during his time off he veered from coke hysteria to deep depression. When he returned to the game, he suffered terrible back aches, which resulted in more cortisone. He was also in financial trouble due to his extravagant spending and lack of sponsorship money – a result of his frequent injuries and the constant press scandals. What he needed was a hefty signing-on fee to another club, and the best way to get that was to find an out of his Barcelona contract.

And so, in a newspaper interview Maradona described the proud Catalan people who paid his wages as "sons of bitches". Then came the final straw, in a game against Atletico Bilbao. Beforehand, Maradona goaded the opposition manager, Señor Clemente, saying: "He hasn't got the balls to look me in the eye and call me stupid." Clemente responded: "Maradona is both stupid and castrated. It's a shame that a player

like him, who earns so much money, has no human qualities whatsoever." The Barcelona board let Maradona go.

With a signing-on fee of $6.4 million, in 1984 Maradona moved to Napoli, a struggling Southern Italy side. The following four years saw Maradona at his peak. His ability to outwit and out-dribble whole teams week in, week out resulted in Napoli winning their first ever Italian league championship, and Argentina the 1986 World Cup. *En route*, Argentina defeated England, with Maradona scoring twice, firstly with the notorious "Hand Of God" goal, when he fisted the ball over the goalie, and then with perhaps the greatest individual goal ever seen, when he left half the Pommie team for dead.

However, even during these glory days, demons were lurking in the shadows. Throughout his Napoli period, Maradona was heavily involved with the Camorra, the local Mafia, who influenced virtually every aspect of Neapolitan life. The money that Napoli amassed to sign Maradona was partly raised by the Camorra, who then provided Maradona with unlimited cocaine and prostitutes.

Just when he should have been revelling in the glory of the World Cup victory and success for Napoli, a young woman called Cristiana Sinagra announced that she'd given birth to his son. Though the affair had been known to many, Maradona denied responsibility. In Southern Italy, where family is everything, this wasn't well received. Claudia gave birth to their first daughter shortly afterwards, and when mother and child were booed by the crowd at the Napoli stadium, Maradona threw another tantrum, threatening to quit the club. Fans were tiring of his injuries and outbursts, and by now, his cocaine abuse was resulting in true acts of lunacy. As the national anthems were played before one game at the 1990 World Cup in Italy, Maradona could be seen mouthing the words "sons of bitches". This incident coincided with the drive against organised crime in Naples, and as people dared to speak out about the Camorra, his name was continually linked with drug-taking, dealing, and prostitution. A Brazilian prostitute announced that he'd paid her $800 for sex without condoms, and of two prostitutes he spent a night with in 1991, Maradona admitted: "I didn't find the girls attractive or efficient." But that didn't put him off hiring 30 call-girls for $300 each a couple of years later. But before any of the cases came to court, he fled, having tested positive for cocaine twice. Unsurprisingly, Maradona's career was on the point of collapse. Somehow, Spanish club Seville was persuaded to buy him, but the now tubby, paranoid player only turned up 26 times and left after a violent dressing-room fight with the team manager, who substituted him midway through a game. "We beat the shit out of each other," Maradona later announced. The last throw of the dice came in the 1994 World Cup finals in the USA. A slimmer, trimmer Maradona, captaining his country, led them to a 4-0 victory over Greece. After scoring, he violently rushed up to a TV camera and roared. Maradona was back. But a few days later, he was gone again, having failed another drug test – his personal physician, a former body builder, had injected him with a five-drug cocktail of stimulants before the game. Maradona claimed the CIA had somehow got the drugs into him as part of a plot by football authority Fifa. Regardless, he was banned for 15 months.

"FANS WERE TIRING OF HIS INJURIES AND OUT-BURSTS"

After failed coaching and entrepreneurial efforts, Maradona was back in hospital. On a recent Argentinian phone-in show, a group of callers gleefully announced that once Maradona is better they want him to return to his former club, Boca Juniors, as player/coach. "He will save us!" they whooped, failing to realise that Diego Maradona now has a far, far harder task on his hands: saving himself. FHM



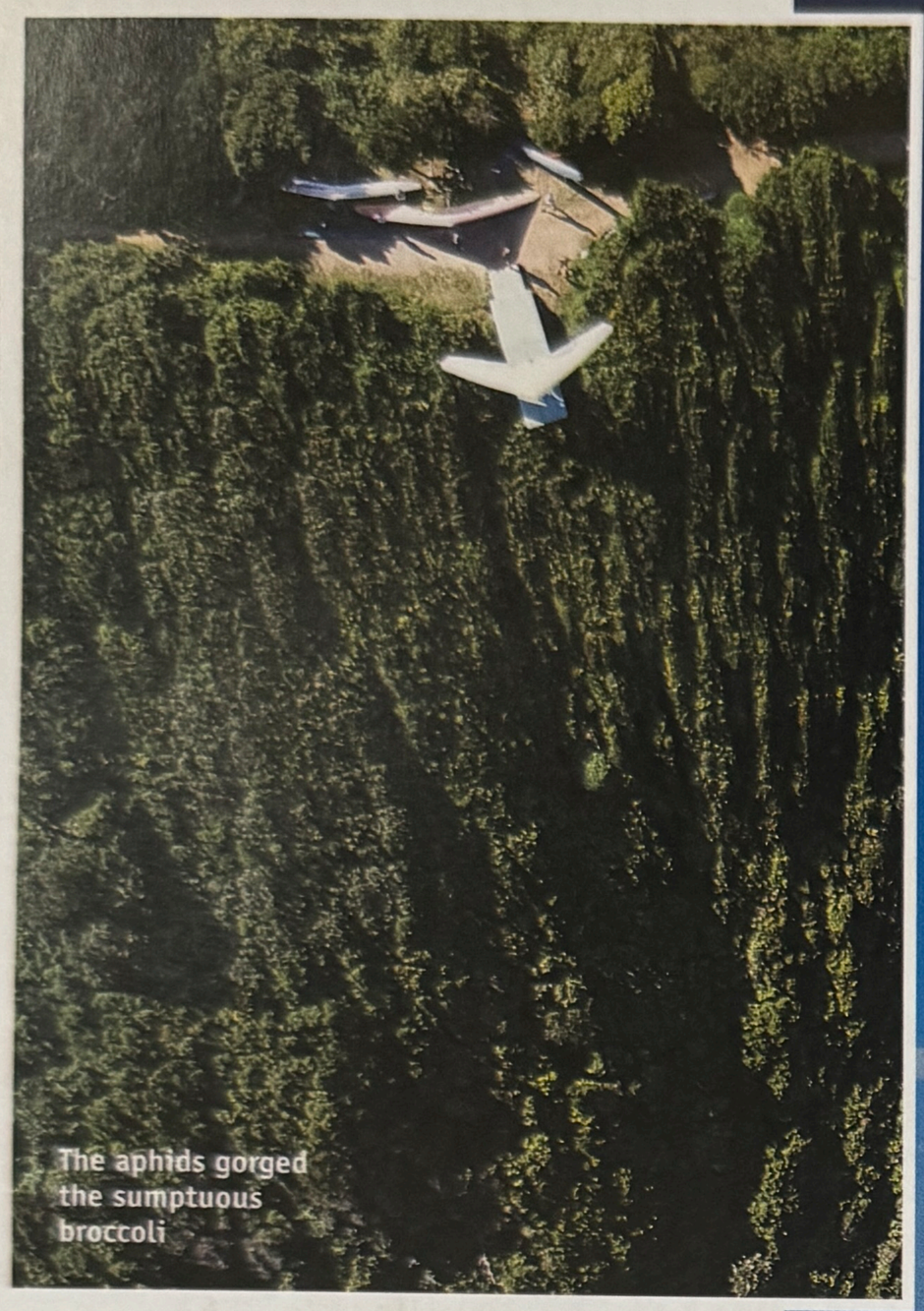
The Marrickville Mauler's spicy pits delivered the TKO

The failed 'chutist beamed in his comfy Stack Hat

PHOTOGRAPHY: BRUNO O'ROURKE

A WING AND A PRAYER

Complete novice Bruno O'Rourke leaves his sanity in a small shoe box under the bed and reaches for the clouds at hang-gliding school



The aphids gorged the sumptuous broccoli

His dirty work done, Oswald glided from the knoll



When I was five years old my parents gave me the best birthday present in the world: a brand new Batman suit. After donning the body suit, I knew that this was not a replica, but an authentic superhero's suit, and I was amazed that my parents had found it at Target.

I climbed onto the garage roof on the morning of June 14, 1976, and took off. It was, by all accounts, a textbook launch: my back was straight; my arms were positioned in front of me; and my body was horizontal; and it was in this position that I landed on our gravel driveway precisely two seconds later. The moment is forever frozen in time by my Mickey Mouse watch, whose hands haven't moved since.

With a steady and silent stream of tears running down my chin, still in the flying position, I lifted my head and focused on the pool of dribble running down my front. Gravel was stuck to the bat logo on the front of my suit. It was then that I remembered: Batman couldn't fly.

This rather disastrous attempt left me afraid of heights and deeply suspicious of superheroes. But underneath that deeply imprinted fear, my curiosity and desire to fly remained intact right up until I found myself preparing for my second launch attempt, more than 10 years later.

This time the suit was much larger and more appropriate. And this time, with the assistance of a seven-day hang-gliding course in Byron Bay, NSW, I hoped to better my time aloft.

My first contact with my new wings revealed how minimalistic the contraptions actually are. Weighing only about 20 kilograms, the kites consist of aircraft aluminum tubes strung together with sailcloth and thin, high-tensile cables; and it's this – along with a harness that looks like a butcher's apron crossed with a rock-climbing harness – that gets you off the ground.

Mistakes in aviation are notoriously serious. Learning to fly, we were solemnly informed, was best undertaken with a gradual and cautious approach. So a grassy hill became our first training ground. Initial progress was infuriatingly slow. Something that looked simple for our instructor Lee, proved difficult in the hands of innocents. Eyes up, wings level, face the wind, walk-to-run, drag the glider, relax and change grip, let the glider lift you, don't jump on.

I repeated the same embarrassing mistakes time and time again. At first there were just too many things to do at once – at the ultimate moment I stubbornly kept leaping onto the glider, earning myself a mouthful of dirt each time. Then, slowly, conscious decisions became a bit more second nature, as I began to develop a "feel". At the end of day two, my premature-leaping problem conquered, Lee told us we were ready for the next stage – towing.

With the aid of a specially designed winch and about 400 metres of cable, Lee was able to launch us up to 200 metres into the sky. When the winch was stopped, the cable automatically released, freeing me to glide back to earth. Or at least that's the theory. In reality, the winch drags you forcefully along the air strip and roughly into the air.



The round-the-world glider took a pit-stop toilet break



Darryl had a special treat for his blind missus

"I MOMENTARILY FAILED TO REALISE THAT THE EARTH HAD DROPPED BENEATH MY FEET"



Then the ground drops away at an alarming rate. There was little time to think before, without warning, the winch stopped, the cable released and I really wished I was somewhere else. My glider quite literally plummeted to earth in a heart-stopping stall.

The Superman suit I was wearing underneath my clothes offered little moral support during the two seconds of complete and total terror that existed before the glider gained the necessary air speed to fly again. No matter how many times we used that winch, I never got used to that terrible little journey of fear and doubt. For me, towing was the single most frightening aspect of the entire course. For others, it was take-offs or landings. Life is like that, fear is a very personal thing. Personal, but not unfounded: hang-gliding, on average, kills one pilot per year in Australia, and many more are injured.

By day five, everyone in my group felt ready for their first solo flight, but after drawing the short straw to see who would go first, I felt the familiar sensation of fear rise again, making set-up procedures nervous and hyperactive. I suffered the predictable tight stomach, dry mouth, racing heart, and constant need to piss.

"Okay, Bruno, this is it. Always face the wind, don't fly behind the dune line, and don't fly into the sea," advised Lee. Simple, solid advice. I was, quite frankly, shitting myself.

With only a mental run-through of the perfect take-off procedure one last time I was off – running and concentrating so hard that I momentarily failed to realise that the earth had dropped beneath my feet as I floated out above the beach.

Passing through a little turbulence made the glider drop a few scary metres, and me yelp like a terrified pup. Everyone on the ground laughed at the world's un-funniest joke as I made a concentrated mental effort to return my sphincter to its appropriate tension.

After completing a cautious turn, my confidence returned and I began to fly in a more relaxed manner. Piloting the glider had, inexplicably, become instinctive. I noticed for the first time the gentle curvature of the earth. I was flying! I'd never felt such a miraculous sensation. Lying prone in the glider, my field of view was only interrupted by my hands on the bar. The kite was very responsive and turned smoothly as I gently shifted weight.

A sea eagle glided in front of me, all the while looking at the biggest bird it had ever seen. Completely at ease with my presence, we stared at each other from a distance of less than two metres.

When it abruptly turned and left for another place, I felt cheated at being incapable of following it to another world, into another existence. The eagle made me realise my limitations, and despite my relative freedom compared with the plebs below, I momentarily felt awkward and clumsy. Stupid eagle.

Then the wind direction changed and I decided it was time to land. Although I had enough height to reach the beach, I knew that I didn't have enough height to reach the car park and would have to carry my glider up the beach.

I pulled the cord tied to the zipper which releases my landing gear – my legs – and an awful what-am-I-going-to-do-now feeling rushed through me. The knot on the zipper had come undone, leaving me firmly zipped into the harness, losing height, and holding only a piece of string. Attempting a sequence of frantic manoeuvres I desperately groped for the offending zipper. Much to everyone's amazement, I was able to extract my legs in the nick of time and land safely on the beach.

With the car park just a speck in the distance, I shouldered my kite and began the long trek home; realising that as I had looked down, I had remembered what it was that had driven me out onto the garage roof all those years ago. I had known then what I had just relearned now: failing to actively chase your dreams is a crime. Not as bad a crime as blowing up a busload of nuns, obviously, or thieving someone's wheelchair, but a crime nonetheless. You're ripping *yourself* off.

If you don't try, you'll never know. Sometimes you'll land on the driveway, but sometimes you can fly with eagles. **FHM**



A Heimlich, and Nev coughed up a still tinier man

THE BRIEF

Flightzone hang-gliding school is situated in Byron Bay, in northern NSW. The seven-day beginners course costs $850. Tandem flights range from $60 to $85. For more information, contact Neil on 02 6685 8768.

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AUSE29134

ERECTION CAMPAIGN



The *Popstars* rejects vowed to never quit

Women fought tooth and painted nail for the vote in Australia but what good did it do them? Like us, they're now regularly required to enter a cramped little booth and decide which mealy-mouthed politician offends them the least. In the last years of the 20th century, we all had to perform this dubious duty far too many times, and our boredom with the process was evinced by the fact that we re-elected a prime minister who looks like Dr Honeydew from *The Muppets*, and kept a Royal bag o' bones as our head of state. Happily, *FHM* can now present the first meaningful election of the new millennium. There's no need to get on the electoral roll, clear the mail-box of pamphlets, or watch televised debates that have the same effect as high-grade smack. No, just sit back, close your eyes, and then let us know who you think are the world's sexiest women...

VOTE IN THE

100 SEXIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD 2000

It's on again: *FHM*'s showdown of the world's sexiest women. Last year, *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*'s Sarah Michelle Gellar stiffened the stakes of enough Australian men to take out first place. Can she do it again or will a hot up-'n'-comer like Catherine Zeta Jones or Jennifer Love Hewitt take out the honours? Does the sexiest woman in the world even need to have three names? You tell us...

Give us your selections in order of preference from 1 to 10...

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Send entries to ***FHM*/100 Sexiest Women In The World**, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240. Fax 02 9581 9560 or e-mail fhmed@emap.com.au

HEADPRESS/EVERETT COLLECTION

FHM TRUE STORIES

Funerals for old folk are great. Clutching a hanky, a tearful sibling will remind those present just how great the guy was, how he only ever had good things to say about everyone, even Uncle Kevin, and, goddamn it, he was just so full of love. And then everyone in the room silently remembers the time he was caught wanking into a policeman's hat one Christmas. But don't wait till you're dead – your finest moment printed in True Stories gets you a snappy Ben Sherman shirt, worth up to $100, and Story Of The Month reaps three. Write to: True Stories, *FHM*, PO Box 1014, Haymarket, NSW 1240, or e-mail us at truestories@emap.com.au



Cut sharp

TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

SECURITY

Punter shames doorman

I'd been working the door as a bouncer at a city nightclub for five hours, and had had just about enough of pissed or under-age wankers trying to bullshit their way inside. About 30 people were lined up in front of the club, when one guy came staggering up to the front door. I could see straightaway that he was blind-drunk: he could hardly walk straight, and he was dribbling whatever he had been drinking (or throwing up) down onto his shirt as he slurringly asked for entry. Irritably I snapped back, "As if, wanker. Have a go at you. You're smashed." "I haven't had a thing to drink," he stuttered. By now most of the crowd at the door was watching, and I had lost the patience for a lengthy debate about why I had the right to eject intoxicated people. Menacingly, I growled, "Look, dickhead, you can't even talk properly let alone walk in a straight fucking line. Just piss off!" The crowd all chuckled at my bluntness, and for a brief moment I was that rarest of creatures, the popular bouncer. For a moment, that is, until the little piss-head looked up with wounded eyes, and with quite some difficulty whimpered, "But I'm not drunk – I've got Cerebral Palsy."

Shannon Ciracovitch, via e-mail

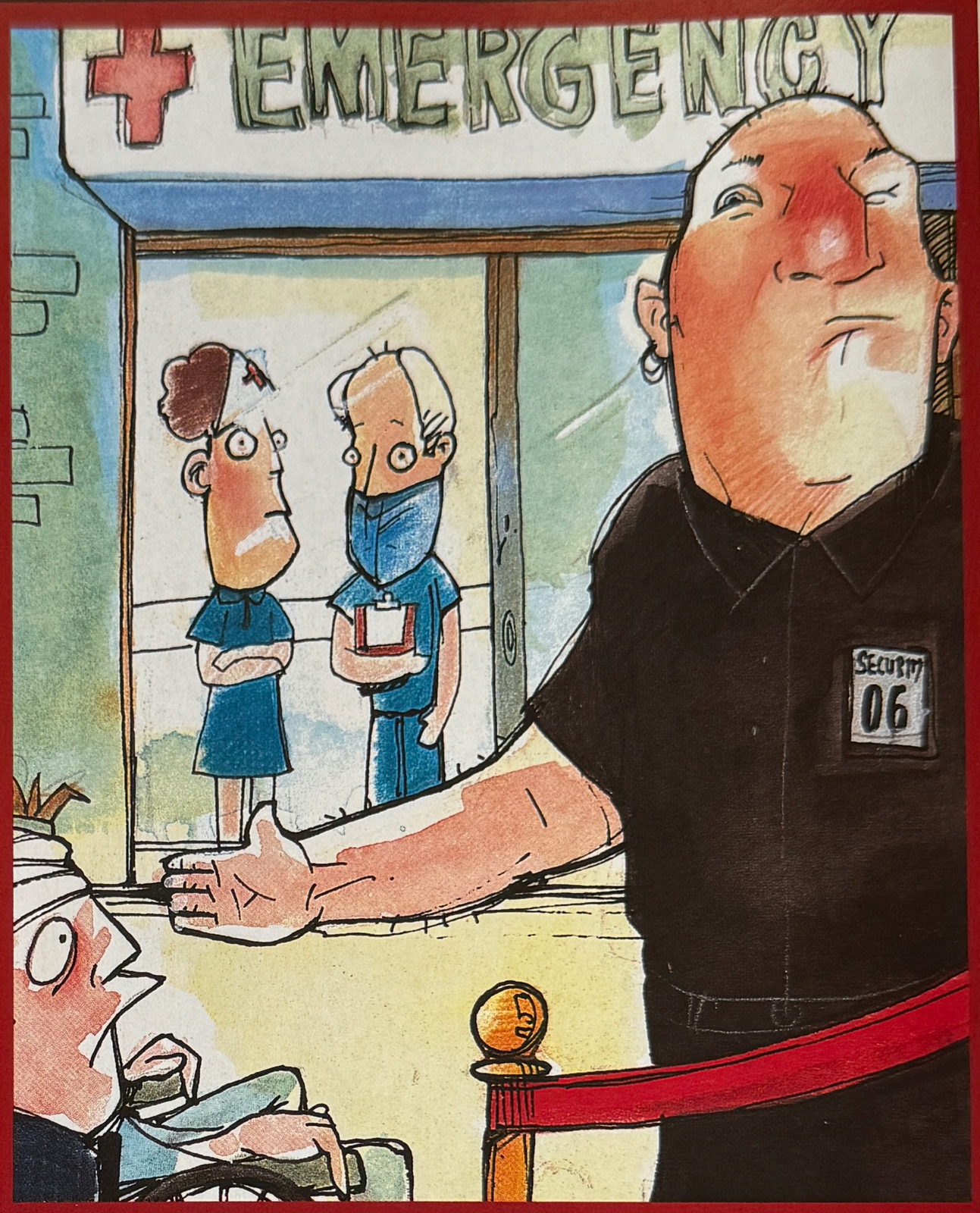


ILLUSTRATION: WARREN TAYLOR

COMEUPPANCE

Evil flatmate loses winnings

Last year two of my mates had trouble with a new flatmate. They'd rented with a female student who had seemed friendly enough, until a week into their lease, when she'd stopped paying rent. So they booted her out. As you'd imagine, she was unpopular – they had to find a replacement, and pay extra rent until they did. However, several weeks later a marketing company man called in, dressed in business clothes. He explained that their ex-boarder had filled out a survey when in residence, and had won $25,000. We think it's a true act of justice that she can't be found now.

Vincent Slatter, Hillcrest, SA

INCEST

Befuddled man head-butts toilet

A mate's party had gone downhill from the start after he'd taken a shine to the girl I fancied, and she to him. So I got drunk: 14 conciliatory beers later I was mindless. The last thing I remember is talking to Sarah, an old friend.
Oddly enough, I woke up in the morning at home, with a splitting headache. As I stumbled downstairs, Mum asked me who Sarah was. Apparently, friends had ferried me home. I'd dragged myself to the bathroom to puke, but had somehow knocked myself out on the toilet bowl. Mum came in to make sure I was still alive, and in my drunken, concussed haze I'd mistaken her for Sarah. I'd told her how much I loved her and wanted her babies. Mum thought this was hilarious, but all Dad could say was "I'm very disappointed in you." I don't know why. He married her in the first place.

Iain Hipkiss, Dunedin, NZ

NUDITY

Groggy patient dons trousers

After a pre-med injection for a minor operation the nurse gave me a green robe and hat to put on. After pulling the curtain, I was horrified to find the gown didn't fit. I had a choice: I could leave the front part of my body exposed, or my arse. I opted for the latter, pulled back the curtains and sat on the bed. By now I was groggy from the needle, so I put on the hat and waited for the nurse. Then I noticed other patients staring at me, and a passing nurse even suppressed a laugh. The joke was on me, but I was unsure why. Defeated, I scratched my head, only to be surprised that, despite my hat, I could still feel my hair. Further exploration revealed the garment had two large holes, but before I could do any more, a giggling nurse took me to theatre and stuck another needle in me. As I realised what had happened, I gently passed out with the knowledge that there was a pair of pants on my head.

Kyle Anesbury, Cumberland, NSW

HEARD IT BEFORE

A man comes home early to find his neighbour's cat beside the road, hit by a car. Gravely, he ends its suffering with a nearby brick. Then the next day he discovers that the cat had just been dozing in its usual spot. Lies!

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